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THE BEST AUTHORS.

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

By CHARLES KNIGHT.

WITH FIFTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

A New Edition,

REMODELLED AND REVISED BY THE ORIGINAL EDITOR.

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HALF-HOURS

WITH

THE BEST AUTHORS.

Of a State of Probation, as implying Trial, Difficulties, and Dangers.

BISHOP BUTLER.

[FROM the "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature." In this work it was the author's aim to demonstrate the connexion between the present and a future state, and to show that there could be but one author of both, and consequently one general system of moral government by which they must be regulated. Of this admirable work it has been justly observed, "Upon the whole, as our author was the first who handled the argument in proof of religion from analogy in a set treatise, he has undeniably merited the character of a first discoverer; others indeed had occasionally dropped some hints and remarks of the argument, but Dr. Butler first brought it to a state of perfection. The treatise contains the finishing and completion of that way of reasoning of which he laid the foundation in his sermons."]

The general doctrine of religion, that our present life is a state of probation for a future one, comprehends under it several particular things, distinct from each other. But the first and most common meaning of it seems to be, that our future interest is now depending, and depending upon ourselves; that we have scope and opportunities here, for that good and bad behaviour, which

God will reward and punish hereafter; together with temptations to one, as well as inducements of reason to the other. And this is, in a great measure, the same with saying, that we are under the moral government of God, and to give an account of our actions to Him. For the notion of a future account and general righteous judgment implies some sort of temptations to what is wrong; otherwise there would be no moral possibility of doing wrong, nor ground for judgment or discrimination. But there is this difference, that the word *probation* is more distinctly and particularly expressive of allurements to wrong, or difficulties in adhering uniformly to what is right, and of the danger of miscarrying by such temptations, than the words *moral government.* A state of probation, then, as thus particularly implying in it trial, difficulties, and danger, may require to be considered distinctly by itself.

And as the moral government of God, which religion teaches us, implies that we are in a state of trial with regard to a future world; so also His natural government over us implies that we are in a state of trial, in the like sense, with regard to the present world. Natural government by rewards and punishments as much implies natural trial, as moral government does moral trial. The natural government of God here meant consists in His annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, which are in our power to do or forbear, and in giving us notice of such appointment beforehand. This necessarily implies, that He has made our happiness and misery, or our interest, to depend in part upon ourselves. And so far as men have temptations to any course of action, which will probably occasion them greater temporal inconvenience and uneasiness than satisfaction; so far their temporal interest is in danger from themselves, or they are in a state of trial with respect to it. Now people often blame others, and even themselves, for their misconduct in their temporal concerns. And we find many are greatly wanting to themselves, and miss of that natural happiness which they might have obtained in the present life: perhaps every one does in some degree. But many run themselves into great inconvenience, and

into extreme distress and misery, not through the incapacity of knowing better, and doing better for themselves, which would be nothing to the present purpose, but through their own fault. And these things necessarily imply temptation, and danger of miscarrying, in a greater or less degree, with respect to our worldly interest or happiness. Every one too, without having religion in his thoughts, speaks of the hazards which young people run upon their setting out in the world: hazards from other causes than merely their ignorance and unavoidable accidents. And some courses of vice, at least, being contrary to men's worldly interest or good; temptations to these must at the same time be temptations to forego our present and our future interest. Thus, in our natural or temporal capacity, we are in a state of trial, *i.e.*, of difficulty and danger, analogous or like to our moral and religious trial.

This will more distinctly appear to any one who thinks it worth while more distinctly to consider what it is which constitutes our trial in both capacities, and to observe how mankind behave under it.

And that which constitutes this our trial, in both these capacities, must be somewhat either in our external circumstances, or in our nature. For, on the one hand, persons may be betrayed into wrong behaviour upon surprise, or overcome upon any other very singular and extraordinary external occasions, who would otherwise have preserved their character of prudence and of virtue: in which cases every one, in speaking of the wrong behaviour of these persons, would impute it to such particular external circumstances. And, on the other hand, men who have contracted habits of vice and folly of any kind, or have some particular passions in excess, will seek opportunities, and, as it were, go out of their way to gratify themselves in these respects, at the expense of their wisdom and their virtue; led to it, as every one would say, not by external temptations, but by such habits and passions. And the account of this last case is, that particular passions are no more coincident with prudence or that reasonable self-love, the end of which is our worldly interest, than they are

with the principle of virtue and religion; but often draw contrary ways to one, as well as to the other; and so such particular passions are as much temptations to act imprudently, with regard to our worldly interest, as to act viciously. However, as when we say men are misled by external circumstances of temptation, it cannot but be understood that there is somewhat within themselves to render those circumstances temptations, or to render them susceptible of impressions from them; so, when we say they are misled by passions, it is always supposed that there are occasions, circumstances, and objects exciting these passions, and affording means for gratifying them. And therefore temptations from within and from without coincide, and mutually imply each other. Now, the several external objects of the appetites, passions, and affections, being present to the senses, or offering themselves to the mind, and so exciting emotions suitable to their nature, not only in cases where they can be gratified consistently with innocence and prudence, but also in cases where they cannot, and yet can be gratified imprudently and viciously: this as really puts them in danger of voluntarily foregoing their present interest or good as their future, and as really renders self-denial necessary to secure one as the other; *i.e.*, we are in a like state of trial with respect to both, by the very same passions, excited by the very same means. Thus, mankind having a temporal interest depending upon themselves, and a prudent course of behaviour being necessary to secure it, passions inordinately excited, whether by means of example, or by any other external circumstance, towards such objects, at such times, or in such degrees as that they cannot be gratified consistently with worldly prudence, are temptations, dangerous and too often successful temptations, to forego a greater temporal good for a less; *i.e.*, to forego what is, upon the whole, our temporal interest, for the sake of a present gratification. This is a description of our state of trial in our temporal capacity. Substitute now the word *future* for *temporal*, and *virtue* for *prudence*, and it will be just as proper a description of our state of trial in our religious capacity, so analogous are they to each other.

If, from consideration of this our like state of trial in both capacities, we go on to observe farther how mankind behave under it, we shall find there are some who have so little sense of it that they scarce look beyond the passing day; they are so taken up with present gratifications as to have, in a manner, no feeling of consequences, no regard to their future ease or fortune in this life, any more than to their happiness in another. Some appear to be blinded and deceived by inordinate passion in their worldly concerns, as much as in religion. Others are not deceived, but, as it were, forcibly carried away by the like passions, against their better judgment and feeble resolutions too of acting better. And there are men, and truly they are not a few, who shamelessly avow, not their interest, but their mere will and pleasure, to be their law of life; and who, in open defiance of everything that is reasonable, will go on in a course of vicious extravagance, foreseeing, with no remorse and little fear, that it will be their temporal ruin; and some of them, under the apprehension of the consequences of wickedness in another state. And, to speak in the most moderate way, human creatures are not only continually liable to go wrong voluntarily, but we see likewise that they often actually do so with respect to their temporal interests, as well as with respect to religion.

Thus our difficulties and dangers, or our trials, in our temporal and our religious capacity, as they proceed from the same causes, and have the same effect upon men's behaviour, are evidently analogous, and of the same kind.

It may be added, that as the difficulties and dangers of miscarrying in our religious state of trial are greatly increased, and, one is ready to think, in a manner wholly *made* by the ill behaviour of others; by a wrong education, wrong in a moral sense, sometimes positively vicious, by general bad example, by the dishonest artifices which are got into business of all kinds, and, in very many parts of the world, by religion being corrupted into superstitions, which indulge men in their vices; so in like manner the difficulties of conducting ourselves prudently in respect to our present interest, and our danger of being led aside from

pursuing it, are greatly increased by a foolish education; and, after we come to mature age, by the extravagance and carelessness of others whom we have intercourse with, and by mistaken notions very generally prevalent, and taken up for common opinion, concerning temporal happiness, and wherein it consists. And persons, by their own negligence and folly in their temporal affairs, no less than by a course of vice, bring themselves into new difficulties, and by habits of indulgence become less qualified to go through them; and one irregularity after another embarrasses things to such a degree that they know not whereabout they are, and often makes the path of conduct so intricate and perplexed, that it is difficult to trace it out—difficult even to determine what is the prudent or the moral part. Thus, for instance, wrong behaviour in one stage of life, youth—wrong, I mean, considering ourselves only in our temporal capacity, without taking in religion—this, in several ways, increases the difficulties of right behaviour in mature age, *i.e.*, puts us into a more disadvantageous state of trial in our temporal capacity.

We are an inferior part of the creation of God. There are natural appearances of our being in a state of degradation. And we certainly are in a condition which *does not seem* by any means the most advantageous we could imagine or desire, either in our natural or moral capacity, for securing either our present or future interest. However, this condition, low, and careful, and uncertain as it is, does not afford any just ground of complaint. For as men may manage their temporal affairs with prudence, and so pass their days here on earth in tolerable ease and satisfaction by a moderate degree of care; so likewise with regard to religion, there is no more required than what they are well able to do, and what they must be greatly wanting to themselves if they neglect. And for persons to have that put upon them which they are well able to go through, and no more, we naturally consider as an equitable thing, supposing it done by proper authority. Nor have we any more reason to complain of it, with regard to the Author of Nature, than of His not having given us other advantages belonging to other orders of creatures.

But the thing here insisted upon is, that the state of trial which religion teaches us we are in is rendered credible by its being throughout uniform, and of a piece with the general conduct of Providence towards us, in all other respects within the compass of our knowledge. Indeed, if mankind, considered in their natural capacity as inhabitants of this world only, found themselves, from their birth to their death, in a settled state of security and happiness, without any solicitude or thought of their own, or if they were in no danger of being brought into inconveniences and distress, by carelessness or the folly of passion, through bad example, the treachery of others, or the deceitful appearances of things—were this our natural condition, then it might seem strange, and be some presumption against the truth of religion, that it represents our future and more general interest, as not secure of course, but as depending upon our behaviour, and requiring recollection and self-government to obtain it. For it might be alleged, "What you say is our condition in one respect is not in anywise of a sort with what we find by experience our condition is in another. Our whole present interest is secured to our hands without any solicitude of ours; and why should not our future interest, if we have any such, be so too?" But since, on the contrary, thought and consideration, the voluntary denying ourselves many things which we desire, and a course of behaviour far from being always agreeable to us, are absolutely necessary to our acting even a common decent and common prudent part, so as to pass with any satisfaction through the present world, and be received upon any tolerable good terms in it—since this is the case, all presumption against self-denial and attention being necessary to secure our higher interest is removed. Had we not experience, it might, perhaps, speciously be urged, that it is improbable anything of hazard and danger should be put upon us by an infinite Being; when everything which is hazard and danger in our manner of conception, and will end in error, confusion, and misery, is now already certain in His foreknowledge. And, indeed, why anything of hazard and danger should be put upon such frail creatures as we are may well be thought a diffi-

culty in speculation, and cannot but be so, till we know the whole, or, however, much more of the case. But still the constitution of Nature is as it is. Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it. Somewhat, and in many circumstances a great deal too, is put upon us either to do or to suffer, as we choose. And all the various miseries of life, which people bring upon themselves by negligence and folly, and might have avoided by proper care, are instances of this; which miseries are beforehand just as contingent and undetermined as their conduct, and left to be determined by it.

These observations are an answer to the objections against the credibility of a state of trial, as implying temptations, and real danger of miscarrying with regard to our general interest, under the moral government of God: and they show that, if we are at all to be considered in such a capacity, and as having such an interest, the general analogy of Providence must lead us to apprehend ourselves in danger of miscarrying, in different degrees, as to this interest, by our neglecting to act the proper part belonging to us in that capacity. For we have a present interest under the government of God, which we experience here upon earth. And this interest, as it is not forced upon us, so neither is it offered to our acceptance, but to our acquisition; in such sort, as that we are in danger of missing it, by means of temptations to neglect or act contrary to it, and without attention and self-denial, must and do miss of it. It is then perfectly credible that this may be our case with respect to that chief and final good which religion proposes to us.

Rienzi.

GIBBON.

[EDWARD GIBBON has written his autobiography. He says, "I was born at Putney, in the county of Surrey, the 27th of April, O.S., in the year 1737; the first child of the marriage of Edward Gibbon, Esq., and of Judith Porten. My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I re-

flect without pleasure on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilised country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune." How much of character there is in this brief notice! Half a century elapses, and we find in the same autobiography this most interesting record of the completion of the great labour of Gibbon's life—the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire:"—"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, [Lausanne,] and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." Gibbon's early education was rather defective; he went to Oxford, where he remained only fourteen months, having become a convert to Romanism; his father sent him to Switzerland, and he was reconverted to Protestantism: all this ended in religious indifference, which is too visible in his great work. The occupations of his life were chiefly literary. He died in London in 1794.]

IN a quarter of the city which was inhabited only by mechanics and Jews, the marriage of an innkeeper and a washerwoman produced the future deliverer of Rome. From such parents Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini could inherit neither dignity nor fortune; and the gift of a liberal education, which they painfully bestowed, was the cause of his glory and untimely end. The study of history and eloquence, the writings of Cicero, Seneca, Livy, Cæsar, and Valerius Maximus, elevated above his equals and contemporaries the genius of the young plebeian; he perused with indefatigable diligence the manuscripts and marbles of antiquity; loved to dispense his knowledge in familiar language; and was often provoked to exclaim, "Where are now these Romans? their virtue, their justice, their power? Why was I not born in those happy times!" When the republic addressed to the throne of Avignon an embassy of the three orders, the spirit and eloquence of Rienzi recommended him to a place among the thirteen deputies of the

commons. The orator had the honour of haranguing Pope Clement the Sixth, and the satisfaction of conversing with Petrarch, a congenial mind; but his aspiring hopes were chilled by disgrace and poverty; and the patriot was reduced to a single garment and the charity of the hospital. From this misery he was relieved by the sense of merit and the smile of favour; and

the employment of apostolic notary afforded him a daily stipend of five gold florins, a more honourable and extensive connexion, and the right of contrasting both in words and actions his own integrity with the vices of the state. . . .

A prophecy, or rather a summons, affixed on the church door of St George, was the first public evidence of his designs; a nocturnal assembly of an hundred citizens on Mount Aventine, the first step to their execution. After an oath of secrecy and aid, he represented to the conspirators the importance and facility of their enterprise; that the nobles, without union or resources, were strong only in the fear of their imaginary strength; that all power, as well as right, was in the hands of the people; that the revenues of the apostolic chamber might relieve the public distress; and that the Pope himself would approve their victory

over the common enemies of government and freedom. After securing a faithful band to protect his first declaration, he proclaimed through the city, by sound of trumpet, that on the evening of the following day all persons should assemble without arms before the church of St Angelo, to provide for the re-establishment of the good estate. The whole night was employed in the celebration of thirty masses of the Holy Ghost; and in the morning, Rienzi, bareheaded, but in complete armour, issued from the church, encompassed by the hundred conspirators. The Pope's vicar, the simple Bishop of Orvieto, who had been persuaded to sustain a part in this singular ceremony, marched on his right hand; and three great standards were borne aloft as the emblems of their design. In the first, the banner of *liberty*, Rome was seated on two lions, with a palm in one hand and a globe in the other; St Paul, with a drawn sword, was delineated in the banner of *justice;* and in the third, St Peter held the keys of *concord* and *peace.* Rienzi was encouraged by the presence and applause of an innumerable crowd, who understood little and hoped much; and the procession slowly rolled forward from the Castle of St Angelo to the Capitol. His triumph was disturbed by some secret emotion which he laboured to suppress; he ascended without opposition, and with seeming confidence, the citadel of the republic; harangued the people from the balcony; and received the most flattering confirmation of his acts and laws. The nobles, as if destitute of arms and counsels, beheld in silent consternation this strange revolution; and the moment had been prudently chosen, when the most formidable, Stephen Colonna, was absent from the city. On the first rumour he returned to his palace, affected to despise this plebeian tumult, and declared to the messenger of Rienzi, that at his leisure he would cast the madman from the windows of the Capitol. The great bell instantly rung an alarm, and so rapid was the tide, so urgent was the danger, that Colonna escaped with precipitation to the suburb of St Lawrence; from thence, after a moment's refreshment, he continued the same speedy career till he reached in safety his castle of Palestrina; lamenting his own imprudence, which had

not trampled the spark of this mighty conflagration. A general and peremptory order was issued from the Capitol to all the nobles, that they should retire to their estates; they obeyed; and their departure secured the tranquillity of the free and obedient citizens of Rome.

But such voluntary obedience evaporates with the first transports of zeal; and Rienzi felt the importance of justifying his usurpation by a regular form and a legal title. At his own choice the Roman people would have displayed their attachment and authority, by lavishing on his head the names of senator or consul, of king or emperor; he preferred the ancient and modest appellation of tribune. The protection of the commons was the essence of that sacred office; and they were ignorant that it had never been invested with any share in the legislative or executive powers of the republic. In this character, and with the consent of the Romans, the tribune enacted the most salutary laws for the restoration and maintenance of the good estate. By the first he fulfils the wish of honesty and inexperience, that no civil suit should be protracted beyond the term of fifteen days. The danger of frequent perjury might justify the pronouncing against a false accuser the same penalty which his evidence would have inflicted; the disorder of the times might compel the legislature to punish every homicide with death, and every injury with equal retaliation. But the execution of justice was hopeless till he had previously abolished the tyranny of the nobles. It was formally provided, that none, except the supreme magistrate, should possess or command the gates, bridges, or towers of the state; that no private garrisons should be introduced into the towns or castles of the Roman territory; that none should bear arms, or presume to fortify their houses in the city or country; that the barons should be responsible for the safety of the highways, and the free passage of provisions; and that the protection of malefactors and robbers should be expiated by a fine of a thousand marks of silver. But these regulations would have been impotent and nugatory, had not the licentious nobles been awed by the sword of the civil power. A sudden alarm from the bell of the Capitol could still

summon to the standard above twenty thousand volunteers; the support of the tribune and the laws required a more regular and permanent force. In each harbour of the coast, a vessel was stationed for the assurance of commerce; a standing militia of three hundred and sixty horse and thirteen hundred foot was levied, clothed, and paid in the thirteen quarters of the city; and the spirit of a commonwealth may be traced in the grateful allowance of one hundred florins, or pounds, to the heirs of every soldier who lost his life in the service of his country. For the maintenance of the public defence, for the establishment of granaries, for the relief of widows, orphans, and indigent convents, Rienzi applied, without fear of sacrilege, the revenues of the apostolic chamber; the three branches of hearth-money, the salt duty, and the customs, were each of the annual produce of one hundred thousand florins: and scandalous were the abuses if in four or five months the amount of the salt duty could be trebled by his judicious economy. After thus restoring the forces and finances of the republic, the tribune recalled the nobles from their solitary independence; required their personal appearance in the Capitol; and imposed an oath of allegiance to the new government, and of submission to the laws of the good estate. Apprehensive for their safety, but still more apprehensive of the danger of a refusal, the princes and barons returned to their houses at Rome in the garb of simple and peaceful citizens. . . . It was the boast of Rienzi, that he had delivered the throne and patrimony of St Peter from a rebellious aristocracy; and Clement the Sixth, who rejoiced in its fall, affected to believe the professions, to applaud the merits, and to confirm the title, of his trusty servant. The speech, perhaps the mind, of the tribune, was inspired with a lively regard for the purity of the faith: he insinuated his claim to a supernatural mission from the Holy Ghost, enforced by a heavy forfeiture the annual duty of confession and communion; and strictly guarded the spiritual as well as temporal welfare of his faithful people.

Never perhaps has the energy and effect of a single mind been more remarkably felt than in the sudden, though transient, refor-

mation of Rome by the tribune Rienzi. A den of robbers was converted to the discipline of a camp or convent: patient to hear, swift to redress, inexorable to punish, his tribunal was always accessible to the poor and stranger; nor could birth, or dignity, or the immunities of the church, protect the offender or his accomplices. The privileged houses, the private sanctuaries in Rome, on which no officer of justice would presume to trespass, were abolished; and he applied the timber and iron of their barricades in the fortifications of the Capitol. The venerable father of the Colonna was exposed in his own palace to the double shame of being desirous, and of being unable, to protect a criminal. A mule, with a jar of oil, had been stolen near Capranica; and the lord of the Ursini family was condemned to restore the damage, and to discharge a fine of four hundred florins for his negligence in guarding the highways. Nor were the persons of the barons more inviolate than their lands or houses; and, either from accident or design, the same impartial rigour was exercised against the heads of the adverse factions. Peter Agapet Colonna, who had himself been senator of Rome, was arrested in the street for injury or debt; and justice was appeased by the tardy execution of Martin Ursini, who, among his various acts of violence and rapine, had pillaged a shipwrecked vessel at the mouth of the Tiber. His name, the purple of two cardinals, his uncles, a recent marriage, and a mortal disease, were disregarded by the inflexible tribune, who had chosen his victim. The public officers dragged him from his palace and nuptial bed; his trial was short and satisfactory: the bell of the Capitol convened the people: stripped of his mantle, on his knees, with his hands bound behind his back, he heard the sentence of death; and after a brief confession, Ursini was led away to the gallows. After such an example, none who were conscious of guilt could hope for impunity, and the flight of the wicked, the licentious, and the idle, soon purified the city and territory of Rome. In this time, (says the historian,) the woods began to rejoice that they were no longer infested with robbers; the oxen began to plough; the pilgrims visited the sanctuaries; the roads and inns were replenished with

travellers; trade, plenty, and good faith, were restored in the markets; and a purse of gold might be exposed without danger in the midst of the highway. As soon as the life and property of the subject are secure, the labours and rewards of industry spontaneously revive: Rome was still the metropolis of the Christian world; and the fame and fortunes of the tribune were diffused in every country by the strangers who had enjoyed the blessings of his government.

The deliverance of his country inspired Rienzi with a vast, and perhaps visionary, idea of uniting Italy in a great federative republic, of which Rome should be the ancient and lawful head, and the free cities and princes the members and associates. His pen was not less eloquent than his tongue; and his numerous epistles were delivered to swift and trusty messengers. On foot, with a white wand in their hand, they traversed the forest and mountains; enjoyed, in the most hostile states, the sacred security of ambassadors; and reported, in the style of flattery or truth, that the highways along their passage were lined with multitudes, who implored Heaven for the success of their undertaking.

Beyond the Alps, more especially at Avignon, the revolution was the theme of curiosity, wonder, and applause. Petrarch had been the private friend, perhaps the secret counsellor, of Rienzi: his writings breathe the most ardent spirit of patriotism and joy; and all respect for the Pope, all gratitude for the Colonna, was lost in the superior duties of a Roman citizen. The poet laureate of the Capitol maintains the act, applauds the hero, and mingles with some apprehension and advice the most lofty hopes of the permanent greatness of the republic.

While Petrarch indulged these prophetic visions, the Roman hero was fast declining from the meridian of fame and power; and the people, who had gazed with astonishment on the ascending meteor, began to mark the irregularity of its course, and the vicissitudes of light and obscurity. More eloquent than judicious, more enterprising than resolute, the faculties of Rienzi were not balanced by cool and commanding reason: he magnified in a tenfold proportion the objects of hope and fear; and prudence,

which could not have erected, did not presume to fortify, his throne. In the blaze of prosperity his virtues were insensibly tinctured with the adjacent vices; justice with cruelty, liberality with profusion, and the desire of fame with puerile and ostentatious vanity. He might have learned, that the ancient tribunes, so strong and sacred in the public opinion, were not distinguished in style, habit, or appearance, from an ordinary plebeian; and that, as often as they visited the city on foot, a single *viator*, or beadle, attended the exercise of their office. The Gracchi would have frowned or smiled, could they have read the sonorous titles and epithets of their successor, "*Nicholas, severe and merciful; deliverer of Rome; defender of Italy; friend of mankind, and of liberty, peace, and justice; tribune august:*" his theatrical pageants had prepared the revolution; but Rienzi abused, in luxury and pride, the political maxim of speaking to the eyes, as well as the understanding, of the multitude. From nature he had received the gift of a handsome person, till it was swelled and disfigured by intemperance; and his propensity to laughter was corrected in the magistrate by the affectation of gravity and sternness. He was clothed, at least on public occasions, in a party-coloured robe of velvet or satin, lined with fur, and embroidered with gold: the rod of justice, which he carried in his hand, was a sceptre of polished steel, crowned with a globe and cross of gold, and enclosing a small fragment of the true and holy wood. In his civil and religious processions through the city, he rode on a white steed, the symbol of royalty: the great banner of the republic, a sun with a circle of stars, a dove with an olive branch, was displayed over his head; a shower of gold and silver was scattered among the populace; fifty guards with halberts encompassed his person; a troop of horse preceded his march; and their cymbals and trumpets were of massy silver.

The ambition of the honours of chivalry betrayed the meanness of his birth, and degraded the importance of his office; and the equestrian tribune was not less odious to the nobles, whom he adopted, than to the plebeians, whom he deserted. All that yet remained of treasure, or luxury, or art, was exhausted on that

solemn day. Rienzi led the procession from the Capitol to the Lateran; the tediousness of the way was relieved with decorations and games; the ecclesiastical, civil, and military orders marched under their various banners; the Roman ladies attended his wife and the ambassadors of Italy might loudly applaud, or secretly deride, the novelty of the pomp. In the evening, when they had reached the church and palace of Constantine, he thanked and dismissed the numerous assembly, with an invitation to the festival of the ensuing day. From the hands of a venerable knight he received the order of the Holy Ghost; the purification of the bath was a previous ceremony; but in no step of his life did Rienzi excite such scandal and censure as by the profane use of the porphyry vase, in which Constantine (a foolish legend) had been healed of his leprosy by Pope Sylvester. With equal presumption the tribune watched or reposed within the consecrated precincts of the baptistry; and the failure of his state bed was interpreted as an omen of his approaching downfall. At the hour of worship he showed himself to the returning crowds in a majestic attitude, with a robe of purple, his sword, and gilt spurs; but the holy rites were soon interrupted by his levity and insolence. Rising from his throne, and advancing towards the congregation, he proclaimed in a loud voice: "We summon to our tribunal Pope Clement; and command him to reside in his diocese of Rome: we also summon the sacred college of cardinals. We again summon the two pretenders, Charles of Bohemia, and Lewis of Bavaria, who style themselves emperors: we likewise summon all the electors of Germany, to inform us on what pretence they have usurped the unalienable right of the Roman people, the ancient and lawful sovereigns of the empire." Unsheathing his maiden sword, he thrice brandished it to the three parts of the world, and thrice repeated the extravagant declaration, "And this too is mine!" The Pope's vicar, the Bishop of Orvieto, attempted to check this career of folly; but his feeble protest was silenced by martial music; and instead of withdrawing from the assembly, he consented to dine with his brother tribune, at a table which had hitherto been reserved for the supreme

pontiff. A banquet, such as the Cæsars had given, was prepared for the Romans. The apartments, porticoes, and the courts of the Lateran were spread with innumerable tables for either sex and every condition; a stream of wine flowed from the nostrils of Constantine's brazen horse; no complaint, except the scarcity of water, could be heard; and the licentiousness of the multitude was curbed by discipline and fear. A subsequent day was appointed for the coronation of Rienzi; seven crowns of different leaves or metals were successively placed on his head by the most eminent of the Roman clergy; they represented the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost; and he still professed to imitate the example of the ancient tribunes. These extraordinary spectacles might deceive or flatter the people; and their own vanity was gratified in the vanity of their leader. But in his private life he soon deviated from the strict rule of frugality and abstinence; and the plebeians, who were awed by the splendour of the nobles, were provoked by the luxury of their equal. His wife, his son, his uncle, (a barber in name and profession,) exposed the contrast of vulgar manners and princely expense: and, without acquiring the majesty, Rienzi degenerated into the vices, of a king.

A simple citizen describes with pity, or perhaps with pleasure, the humiliation of the barons of Rome:—"Bareheaded, their hands crossed on their breast, they stood with downcast looks in the presence of the tribune; and they trembled, good God, how they trembled!" As long as the yoke of Rienzi was that of justice and their country, their conscience forced them to esteem the man, whom pride and interest provoked them to hate: his extravagant conduct soon fortified their hatred by contempt; and they conceived the hope of subverting a power which was no longer so deeply rooted in the public confidence. The old animosity of the Colonna and Ursini was suspended for a moment by their common disgrace: they associated their wishes, and perhaps their designs; an assassin was seized and tortured; he accused the nobles; and as soon as Rienzi deserved the fate, he adopted the suspicions and maxims of a tyrant. On the same day, under various pretences, he invited to the Capitol his prin-

cipal enemies, among whom were five members of the Ursini and three of the Colonna name. But instead of a council or a banquet, they found themselves prisoners under the sword of despotism or justice; and the consciousness of innocence or guilt might inspire them with equal apprehensions of danger. At the sound of the great bell the people assembled; they were arraigned for a conspiracy against the tribune's life; and though some might sympathise in their distress, not a hand, nor a voice, was raised to rescue the first of the nobility from their impending doom. Their apparent boldness was prompted by despair; they passed in separate chambers a sleepless and painful night; and the venerable hero, Stephen Colonna, striking against the door of his prison, repeatedly urged his guards to deliver him by a speedy death from such ignominious servitude. In the morning they understood their sentence from the visit of a confessor and the tolling of the bell. The great hall of the Capitol had been decorated for the bloody scene with red and white hangings: the countenance of the tribune was dark and severe; the swords of the executioners were unsheathed; and the barons were interrupted in their dying speeches by the sound of trumpets. But in this decisive moment, Rienzi was not less anxious or apprehensive than his captives: he dreaded the splendour of their names, their surviving kinsmen, the inconstancy of the people, the reproaches of the world, and, after rashly offering a mortal injury, he vainly presumed that, if he could forgive, he might himself be forgiven. His elaborate oration was that of a Christian and a suppliant; and, as the humble minister of the commons, he entreated his masters to pardon these noble criminals, for whose repentance and future service he pledged his faith and authority. "If you are spared," said the tribune, "by the mercy of the Romans, will you not promise to support the good estate with your lives and fortunes?" Astonished by this marvellous clemency, the barons bowed their heads; and, while they devoutly repeated the oath of allegiance, might whisper secret, and more sincere, assurance of revenge. A priest, in the name of the people, pronounced their absolution: they received the

communion with the tribune, assisted at the banquet, followed the procession; and, after every spiritual and temporal sign of reconciliation, were dismissed in safety to their respective homes, with the new honours and titles of generals, consuls, and patricians.

During some weeks they were checked by the memory of their danger, rather than of their deliverance, till the most powerful of the Ursini, escaping with Colonna from the city, erected at Marino the standard of rebellion. The fortifications of the castle were instantly restored, the vassals attended their lord; the outlaws armed against the magistrate; the flocks and herds, the harvests and vineyards, from Marino to the gates of Rome, were swept away and destroyed; and the people arraigned Rienzi as the author of the calamities which his government had taught them to forget. In the camp, Rienzi appeared to less advantage than in the rostrum; and he neglected the progress of the rebel barons till their numbers were strong, and their castles impregnable. From the pages of Livy he had not imbibed the art, or even the courage, of a general: an army of twenty thousand Romans returned without honour or effect from the attack of Marino; and his vengeance was amused by painting his enemies their heads downwards, and drowning two dogs (at least they should have been bears) as the representatives of the Ursini. The belief of his incapacity encouraged their operations; they were invited by their secret adherents: and the barons attempted, with four thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse, to enter Rome by force or surprise. The city was prepared for their reception: the alarm-bell rung all night: the gates were strictly guarded, or insolently open; and after some hesitation they sounded a retreat. The two first divisions had passed along the walls, but the prospect of a free entrance tempted the headstrong valour of the nobles in the rear; and after a successful skirmish, they were overthrown and massacred without quarter by the crowds of the Roman people. Stephen Colonna the younger, the noble spirit to whom Petrarch ascribed the restoration of Italy, was preceded or accompanied in death by his son John, a gallant youth, by his brother Peter, who might regret the ease and honours of the

church, by a nephew of legitimate birth, and by two bastards of the Colonna race; and the number of seven, the seven crowns as Rienzi styled them, of the Holy Ghost, was completed by the agony of the deplorable parent, of the veteran chief, who had survived the hope and fortune of his house. The visions and prophecies of St Martin and Pope Boniface had been used by the tribune to animate his troops: he displayed, at least in the pursuit, the spirit of a hero; but he forgot the maxims of the ancient Romans, who abhorred the triumphs of civil war. The conqueror ascended the Capitol; deposited his crown and sceptre on the altar; and boasted, with some truth, that he had cut off an ear which neither pope nor emperor had been able to amputate. His base and implacable revenge denied the honours of burial; and the bodies of the Colonna, which he threatened to expose with those of the vilest malefactors, were secretly interred by the holy virgins of their name and family. The people sympathised in their grief, repented of their own fury, and detested the indecent joy of Rienzi, who visited the spot where these illustrious victims had fallen. It was on that fatal spot that he conferred on his son the honour of knighthood; and the ceremony was accomplished by a slight blow from each of the horsemen of the guard, and by a ridiculous and inhuman ablution from a pool, which was yet polluted with patrician blood.

A short delay would have saved the Colonna, the delay of a single month, which elapsed between the triumph and the exile of Rienzi. In the pride of victory, he forfeited what yet remained of his civil virtues, without acquiring the fame of military prowess. A free and vigorous opposition was formed in the city; and when the tribune proposed in the public council to impose a new tax, and to regulate the government of Perugia, thirty-nine members voted against his measures; repelled the injurious charge of treachery and corruption; and urged him to prove, by their forcible exclusion, that, if the populace adhered to his cause, it was already disclaimed by the most respectable citizens. The Pope and the sacred college had never been dazzled by his specious professions; they were justly offended by the insolence of

his conduct; a cardinal legate was sent to Italy, and after some fruitless treaty, and two personal interviews, he fulminated a bull of excommunication, in which the tribune is degraded from his office, and branded with the guilt of rebellion, sacrilege, and heresy. The surviving barons of Rome were now humbled to a sense of allegiance; their interest and revenge engaged them in the service of the church; but as the fate of the Colonna was before their eyes, they abandoned to a private adventurer the peril and glory of the revolution. John Pepin, Count of Minorbino, in the kingdom of Naples, had been condemned for his crimes, or his riches, to perpetual imprisonment; and Petrarch, by soliciting his release, indirectly contributed to the ruin of his friend. At the head of one hundred and fifty soldiers, the Count of Minorbino introduced himself into Rome; barricaded the quarter of the Colonna; and found the enterprise as easy as it had seemed impossible. From the first alarm, the bell of the Capitol incessantly tolled;—but, instead of repairing to the well-known sound, the people were silent and inactive; and the pusillanimous Rienzi, deploring their ingratitude with sighs and tears, abdicated the government and palace of the republic.

On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.

COWPER.

[SOUTHEY has emphatically described Cowper as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter writers." When we are familiar with the strong sense, the earnest piety, the ardent love of nature, the home affections, and the playful humour which characterise both his poetry and his prose, it is painful to know that such a mind was habitually clouded with the deepest gloom, and that occasional insanity was the fearful lot of this gifted being. The events of Cowper's life cannot be understood without much explanatory narrative. We may therefore content ourselves with saying that he was born in 1731, his father being the rector of Great Berkhampstead, and that he died in 1800.]

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

Those lips are thine—thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,

And disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child,
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart; the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—
Me, howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, oh, the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

The Law of Prices.

CHALMERS.

[THE Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., was one of the most eloquent, pious, and philosophical divines of the Scottish Church. He was born about 1780, and received his education at the University of Saint Andrews. As a preacher, few men ever attained such unbounded popularity. He died at Edinburgh, on May 30, 1847. The range of Dr Chalmers's knowledge was very various; but perhaps the most original of his views are those connected with what may be termed the morals of political economy.]

The first thing to be attended to is the way in which the price of any article brought to market is affected by the variations of its supply on the one hand, and of the demand for it on the other. The holders of sugar, for example, after having reserved what they need for their own use, bring the whole surplus to market, where they dispose of it in return for those other things which they do need. It must be quite obvious, that if there be more of this sugar exposed than there is a demand for, the great force of the competition will be among the sellers, to get it off their hands. Each will try to outstrip the others, by holding out a greater inducement for purchasers to buy from him—and this he can only do by holding it out to them on cheaper terms. It

is thus that each tries to undersell the rest—or, in other words, the great supply of any article of exchange is always sure to bring down the price of it.

On the other hand, let the same article have been sparingly brought into the market, insomuch that, among the buyers, there is a demand for it to a greater extent than it is to be had. The force of the competition now changes place. It is among the purchasers, instead of the sellers. Each will try to outstrip his neighbours, by holding out a larger inducement to the holders of a commodity now rare, and, therefore, in more urgent request than usual. This he can only do by offering a greater price for it. It is thus that each tries to overbid the other—or, in other words, the small supply of any article of exchange is always sure to bring up the price of it.

The price, then, of a commodity falls with the increase of the supply, and rises with the diminution of it; a law of political economy which is expressed still more shortly thus—that the price of every article of commerce is inversely in proportion to its supply.

But it is conceivable that there might be no variation whatever in the supply—that, from one week to another, the same quantity of sugar, or corn, or any other commodity, may be brought to market, and yet, for all this, may there be a great weekly variation in the price of them. The truth is, that not only may the holders of an article have not always the same quantity on hand for sale, but the buyers may not always have the same need of it. There may be a fluctuation in the demand for an article, as well as in the supply of it; and it is quite evident that the price just rises and falls with the demand, instead of rising and falling inversely to it. Hence the more extended aphorism in political economy, that the price of any commodity is directly in proportion to the demand, and inversely in proportion to the supply—a doctrine that is somewhat more loosely and generally expressed by saying that the price of an article depends upon the proportion which the demand and the supply bear to each other.

There is nought in the interposition of money to affect this

process. Its office is merely to facilitate the exchange of commodities. But the proportion of their quantities in the exchange is just the same, when made to pass through such an intermedium, as when brought closely and directly into barter. The vendors of so much corn may, with the price of it, buy so much sugar. It is not convenient to bring both these articles, or perhaps either of them, in bulk and body, to the scene of the negotiation; and so the money that is received for the one is given for the other. This, however, does not affect the proportion between the number of quarters of the one commodity, which, in the then state of the market, is held as equivalent to the number of hundredweights of the other commodity. This depends on the two elements of demand and supply alone; and is the same as if the expedient of money for carrying into effect the contracts of merchandise had never been devised.

The mere intervention, then, of money, will not perplex the reader out of a right estimation upon this subject. He has only to remember, that either by adding to the supply of any article, or lessening the demand for it, the price of it is diminished; and that either by lessening the supply, or adding to the demand, the price of it is increased.

Now there are certain articles, that, in this respect, are far more tremulous than others, or that more readily vibrate in price, and with a much wider range too of fluctuation. All are aware of the fluctuations of the corn market; and how, in consequence, the heat, and often the frenzy, of deep and desperate adventure, are associated with the temptations and the losses of such a trade. The truth is, that, generally speaking, the necessaries of life are far more powerfully affected in the price of them by a variation in their quantity, than are the luxuries of life. Let the crop of grain be deficient by one-third in its usual amount, or rather, let the supply of grain in the market, whether from the home produce or by importation, be curtailed to the same extent,—and this will create a much greater addition than of one-third to the price of it. It is not an unlikely prediction, that its cost would be more than doubled by the shortcoming of one-third or one-fourth in

the supply. Not so with an article of luxury, and more especially if something else can be purchased for it in the way of substitution. For example, let such be the failure of West India produce, in any particular year, that rum is deficient by one-third from its usual supply. There will be a consequent rise in the price of it, but nothing at all like the rise which an equal deficiency would create in the price of grain.

Such is the fact; and there can be no difficulty in apprehending the cause of it. Men can more easily suffer the deprivation or the diminution of a luxury; and, when its price offers to rise extravagantly, they can limit their demand for it. I can commute the use of rum for the use of another and a cheaper substitute; or, failing this, I can restrain my consumption, or abandon it altogether. Its scarcity will enhance its cost on the one hand; and this, on the other hand, can be met or counteracted, to any extent, by a slackening of the demand. The point of equilibrium between the sellers and the buyers of rum will be shifted, and its price will become higher than before, but not so high as it would have been had rum been an indispensable of human comfort, and therefore given all the more of urgency to the applications of purchasers. This is not the case with rum; but it is so with grain. The mass of our families could not, without distress or great inconvenience, limit their use of it to two-thirds of their wonted consumption. Each will press forward to obtain a larger share of the general stock than his neighbour; and it is just this earnest competition among the buyers that raises the price of necessaries greatly beyond the proportion by which the supply of them is deficient. Men can live without luxuries; and will be content to put up with a smaller allowance of them for a season, rather than pay that price to which they would be elevated by a demand as intense as all must have for the necessaries of existence. Men cannot live without necessaries, and will not be so content to put up with a reduced allowance of them, as they would of the mere comforts or expensive gratifications of luxury. It is thus that the same proportional lack in each class of commodities gives rise to such a difference of effect in augmenting the

price of each of them; and it is just the more earnest demand, in the one case than in the other, that explains the difference.

A failure in the general supply of esculents to the extent of one-half would more than quadruple the price of the first necessaries of life, and would fall with very aggravated pressure on the lower orders. A failure to the same extent in all the vineyards of the world would most assuredly not raise the price of wine to anything near this proportion. Rather than pay four times the wonted price for Burgundy, there would be a general descent, on the part of its consumers in high life, to claret, or from that to port, or from that to the home-made wines of our own country, or from that to its spirituous, or from that to its fermented liquors. And the facility of thus substituting one indulgence for another, is not the only refuge against an enormous charge upon those articles. There is also the facility of limiting the amount of the indulgence, or of withdrawing from it altogether—a refuge that is not so open to the population under a famine of the first necessaries of existence. There is much of shifting and of substitution certainly among families when such a calamity visits them—as from animal to vegetable food, from flour to meal, from meal to potatoes. But, on the supposition of a general shortcoming in the yearly produce of the land, the price of each of these articles rises successively with the run of purchasers towards them. On the one hand, the eagerness of demand after all the varieties of food will enhance the price of all, and greatly beyond the proportion of the deficiency in the supply of them; and, on the other hand, this enhanced price is necessary so to restrain the consumption of the families as to make the deficient stock of provisions stand out till the coming of the next harvest. It is thus, by the way, that a population survive so well those years of famine, when the prices, perhaps, are tripled. This does not argue, as is obvious from the explanations which we have now given, that they must therefore be three times worse fed than usual. The food of the country may only, for aught we know, have been lessened by a fourth part of its usual supply; or, in other words, the families may, at an average be served with three-fourths of their usual subsistence, at

the very time that the cost of it is three times greater than usual. And, to make out this larger payment, they have just for a year to retrench in other articles—altogether, it is likely, to give up the use of comforts, and to limit themselves more largely in the second than they can possibly do in the first necessaries of life—to forego, perhaps, many of the little seasonings wherewith they were wont to impart a relish to their coarse and humble fare, to husband more strictly their fuel, and be satisfied for a while with vestments more threadbare, and even more tattered, than what, in better times, they would choose to appear in. It is thus that, even although the first necessaries of life should be tripled in price for a season, and although the pecuniary income of the labouring classes should not at all be increased, yet they are found to weather the hardships of such a visitation. The food is still served out to them in a much larger proportion than the cost of it would, in the first instance, appear to indicate. And in the second instance they are enabled to purchase at this cost; because, and more especially if they be a well-habited and a well-conditioned peasantry, with a pretty high standard of enjoyment in ordinary years, they have the more that they can save and retrench upon in a year of severe scarcity. They can disengage much of that revenue which before went to the purchase of dress, and of various luxuries that might, for a season, be dispensed with—and so have the more to expend on the materials of subsistence. It is this which explains how roughly a population can bear to be handled, both by adverse seasons and by the vicissitudes of trade—and how, after all, there is a stability about a people's means which will keep its ground against many shocks, and against many fluctuations. It is a mystery and a marvel to many an observer, how the seemingly frail and precarious interest of the labouring classes should, after all, have the stamina of such endurance, as to weather the most fearful reverses both of commerce and of the seasons; and that, somehow or other, you find, after an interval of gloomy suffering and still gloomier fears, that the families do emerge again into the same state of sufficiency as before. We know not a fitter study for the philanthropist than the workings of that mechanism

by which a process so gratifying is caused, or in which he will find greater reason to admire the exquisite skill of those various adaptions, that must be referred to the providence of Him who framed society, and suited so wisely to each other the elements whereof it is composed.

Characters.

Sir Thomas Overbury.

[Sir Thomas Overbury has been described as "one of the most accomplished gentlemen about the Court of James the First." He was poisoned in the Tower, as is well known to every reader of English history. This horrible event, brought about by a woman as wicked as she was beautiful, the Countess of Essex, took place in 1613. His Miscellaneous Works are comprised in a little volume, which has often been reprinted; and of that volume his "Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons," forms the greatest portion. The extracts which we give are amongst those characters which are most universal in their application.]

A FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for, though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her

feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, seeing her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at the next fair, and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she; and all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have stores of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

A NOBLE SPIRIT

Hath surveyed and fortified his disposition, and converts all occurrences into experience, between which experience and his reason there is marriage, the issue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoots. Men are the instruments of his art, and there is no man without his use; occasion incites him, none exciteth him, and he moves by affection, not for affection; he loves glory, scorns shame, and governeth and obeyeth with one countenance, for it comes from one consideration. He calls not the variety of the world chances, for his meditation hath travelled over them, and his eyes, mounted upon his understanding, seeth them as things underneath. He covers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend its own imbecility, to show or suffer. He licenseth not his weakness to

wear fate, but, knowing reason to be no idle gift of nature, he is the steersman of his own destiny. Truth is his goddess, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her; he knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing, like another, and then another; to these he carries his desires, and not his desires him, and sticks not fast by the way, (for that contentment is repentance,) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents, of all things, to have but one centre or period, without all distraction he hasteth thither, and ends there as his true natural element. He doth not contemn fortune, but not confess her; he is no gamester of the world, (which only complain and praise her,) but, being only sensible of the honesty of actions, contemns a particular profit as the excrement or scum. Unto the society of men he is a sun, whose clearness directs their steps in a regular notion. When he is more particular, he is the wise man's friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him, and he feels age more by the strength of his soul than the weakness of his body. He feels no pain, but esteems all such things as friends, that desire to file off his fetters, and help him out of prison.

A NOBLE AND RETIRED HOUSEKEEPER

Is one whose bounty is limited by reason, not ostentation; and, to make it last, he deals it discreetly as we sow the furrow, not by the sack, but by the handful. His word and his meaning never shake hands and part, but always go together. He can survey and love it, for he loves to do it himself, for its own sake, not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery as to outlive a good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice. His mind is so secure, that thunder rocks him to sleep, which breaks other men's slumbers; nobility lightens in his eyes, and in his face and gesture is painted the god of hospitality. His great houses bear in their front more durance than state, unless this add the greater state to them, that they promise to outlast much of our new fantastical building. His heart grows old no more than his memory, whether at his book, or on horseback; he passes his time in such

noble exercise; a man cannot say any time is lost by him, nor hath he only years to approve he hath lived till he be old, but virtues. His thoughts have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of an humble heart, whence, as by an engine (that raises water to fall, that it may rise higher) he is heightened in his humility. The adamant serves not for all seas, but his doth, for he hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and sounded all her quicksands. He hath his hand over fortune, that her injuries, how violent or sudden soever, do not haunt him; for, whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both nobly; if to fall, his descent with virtue, and even then, like the sun near his set, he shows unto the world his clearest countenance.

A FRANKLIN.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and never fee the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, Go to the field, but, Let us go; and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little: his own fold yields him both food and raiment, he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' pen-knives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect: they are, indeed, his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the avowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare; nor subtilty, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the blackbird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised,

or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hokey, or seed-cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy closet, when the finding an eyry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly, (though he leave his heir young,) in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his quietus is in heaven.

John Locke and William Penn.

BANCROFT.

[GEORGE BANCROFT, who, about thirty years ago, was Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Great Britain, was born in Massachusetts in 1800. The following extract is from his "History of the Colonisation of the United States."]

Penn, despairing of relief in Europe, bent the whole energy of his mind to accomplish the establishment of a free government in the New World. For that "heavenly end," he was prepared by the severe discipline of life, and the love, without dissimulation, which formed the basis of his character. The sentiment of cheerful humanity was irrepressibly strong in his bosom: as with John Elliot and Roger Williams, benevolence gushed prodigally from his ever-flowing heart; and when, in his late old age, his intellect was impaired, and his reason prostrated by apoplexy, his sweetness of disposition rose serenely over the clouds of disease. Possessing an extraordinary greatness of mind, vast conceptions, remarkable for their universality and precision, and "surpassing in speculative endowments;" conversant with men, and books, and governments, with various languages, and the forms of poli-

tical combinations, as they existed in England and France, in Holland, and the principalities and free cities of Germany, he yet sought the source of wisdom in his own soul. Humane by nature and by suffering; familiar with the royal family; intimate with Sunderland and Sidney; acquainted with Russell, Halifax, Shaftesbury, and Buckingham; as a member of the Royal Society, the peer of Newton and the great scholars of his age—he valued the promptings of a free mind more than the awards of learning, and reverenced the single-minded sincerity of the Nottingham Shepherd, more than the authority of colleges and the wisdom of philosophers. And now, being in the meridian of life, but a year older than was Locke, when, twelve years before, he had framed a constitution for Carolina, the Quaker legislator was come to the New World to lay the foundations of states. Would he imitate the vaunted system of the great philosopher? Locke, like William Penn, was tolerant; both loved freedom; both cherished truth in sincerity. But Locke kindled the torch of liberty at the fires of tradition—Penn at the living light in the soul. Locke sought truth through the senses and the outward world; Penn looked inward to the divine revelations in every mind. Locke compared the soul to a sheet of white paper, just as Hobbes had compared it to a slate, on which time and chance might scrawl their experience; to Penn, the soul was an organ which instinctively breathes divine harmonies, like those musical instruments which are so curiously and so perfectly framed, that, when once set in motion, they of themselves give forth all the melodies designed by the artist that made them. To Locke, "Conscience is nothing else than our own opinion of our own actions;" to Penn, it is the image of God, and His oracle in the soul. Locke, who never was a father, esteemed "the duty of parents to preserve their children not to be understood without rewards and punishments;" Penn loved his children, with not a thought for the consequences. Locke, who was never married, declares marriage an affair of the senses; Penn reverenced woman as the object of fervent, inward affection, made, not for lust, but for love. In studying the understanding, Locke begins with the sources of

knowledge; Penn with the inventory of our intellectual treasures. Locke deduces government from Noah and Adam, rests it upon contract, and announces its end to be the security of property; Penn, far from going back to Adam, or even to Noah, declares that "there must be a people before a government," and, deducing the right to institute government from man's moral nature, seeks its fundamental rules in the immutable dictates "of universal reason," its end in freedom and happiness. The system of Locke lends itself to contendings of factions of most opposite interests and purposes; the doctrine of Fox and Penn, being but the common creed of humanity, forbids division, and insures the highest moral unity. To Locke, happiness is pleasure; things are good and evil only in reference to pleasure and pain; and to "inquire after the highest good is as absurd as to dispute whether the best relish be in apples, plums, or nuts;" Penn esteemed happiness to lie in the subjection of the baser instincts to the instinct of Deity in the breast, good and evil to be eternally and always as unlike as truth and falsehood, and the inquiry after the highest good to involve the purpose of existence. Locke says plainly, that, but for rewards and punishments beyond the grave, "it is *certainly right* to eat and drink, and to enjoy what we delight in;" Penn, like Plato and Fénelon, maintained the doctrine so terrible to despots, that God is to be loved for His own sake, and virtue practised for its intrinsic loveliness. Locke derives the idea of infinity from the senses, describes it as purely negative, and attributes it to nothing but space, duration, and number; Penn derived the idea from the soul, and ascribed it to truth, and virtue, and God. Locke declares immortality a matter with which reason has nothing to do, and that revealed truth must be sustained by outward signs and visible acts of power; Penn saw truth by its own light, and summoned the soul to bear witness to its own glory. Locke believed "not so many men in wrong opinions as is commonly supposed, because the greatest part have no opinions at all, and do not know what they contend for;" Penn likewise vindicated the many, but it was truth was the common inheritance of the race. Locke, in his love of tolerance,

inveighed against the methods of persecution as "Popish practices;" Penn censured no sect, but condemned bigotry of all sorts as inhuman. Locke, as an American lawgiver, dreaded a too numerous democracy, and reserved all power to wealth and the feudal proprietors; Penn believed that God is in every conscience, His light in every soul; and therefore, stretching out His arms, He built—such are his own words—"a free colony for all mankind." This is the praise of William Penn, that, in an age which had seen a popular revolution shipwreck popular liberty among selfish factions; which had seen Hugh Peters and Henry Vane perish by the hangman's cord and the axe; in an age when Sidney nourished the pride of patriotism rather than the sentiment of philanthropy, when Russell stood for the liberties of his order, and not for new enfranchisements, when Harrington and Shaftesbury, and Locke, thought government should rest on property,—Penn did not despair of humanity, and, though all history and experience denied the sovereignty of the people, dared to cherish the noble idea of man's capacity for self-government. Conscious that there was no room for its exercise in England, the pure enthusiast, like Calvin and Descartes, a voluntary exile, was come to the banks of the Delaware to institute "THE HOLY EXPERIMENT."

The Lion and the Spaniel.

BROOKE.

[WE give the following extract from a strange and unequal work, little known in our times, but containing many things worth reading, entitled "The Fool of Quality." The author, Henry Brooke, was the son of an Irish clergyman, and was born in 1706. His first poem, "Universal Beauty," received the encouragement of Pope and Swift. His tragedies of "Gustavus Vasa" and the "Earl of Essex" long kept possession of the stage. He died in 1783.]

In the afternoon our company went again to the Tower, to see as well as to hear the recent story of the great lion and the little dog. They found the place thronged, and all were obliged to pay

treble prices, on account of the unprecedented novelty of the show; so that the keeper, in a short space, acquired a little fortune.

The great cage in the front was occupied by a beast, who, by way of pre-eminence, was called the king's lion; and, while he traversed the limits of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel, who frisked and gambolled about him, and at times would pretend to snarl and bite at him; and again the noble animal, with an air of fond complaisance, would hold down his head, while the little creature licked his formidable chaps. Their history, as the keeper related, was this:—

It was customary for all, who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or cat as an oblation to the beast in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up this pretty black spaniel in the streets, and he was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and put forth its tongue, and held up its paws, in supplicatory attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy. In the meantime, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of philosophic inspection. He turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other; and smelled to it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him as it were to be his taster. At length, the little animal's fears being something abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and with trembling ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this day the strictest friendship commenced between them, a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness

on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep, within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron. A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "it would be a great pity to part such loving friends; however, if you insist upon your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas." The gentleman rose into great wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce rather than have a personal dispute with the lion.

As Mr Felton had a curiosity to see the two friends eat together, he sent for twenty pounds of beef, which was accordingly cut in pieces, and given into the cage; when immediately the little brute, whose appetite happened to be eager at the time, was desirous of making a monopoly of the whole, and putting his paws upon the meat, and grumbling and barking, he audaciously flew in the face of the lion. But the generous creature, instead of being offended with his impotent companion, started back, and seemed terrified at the fury of his attack, neither attempted to eat a bit till his favourite had tacitly given permission.

When they were both gorged, the lion stretched and turned himself and lay down in an evident posture for repose, but this his sportive companion would not admit. He frisked and gambolled about him, barked at him, would now scrape and tear at his head with his claws, and again seize him by the ear and bite and pull away; while the noble beast appeared affected by no other sentiment save that of pleasure.

But let us proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary story: a story still known to many, as delivered down from father to son.

In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate of creatures. For a time, the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favourite was asleep. He would continue to smell to him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his

paw; but finding that all his efforts to awake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed regard; and again lift his head, and open his horrible throat, and prolong a roar, as of distant thunder, for several minutes together.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him; he watched it perpetually, and would suffer nothing to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with variety of victuals, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore peacemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passion being thus enflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards, and pluck away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seem enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces. Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; and then utter under-roars of such terrible melancholy as seemed to threaten all around, for the loss of his little playfellow, the only friend, the only companion that he had.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance, or admitting any comfort; till, one morning, he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the carcase of his little friend. They were both interred together, and their grav[illegible] plentifully watered by the tears of the keeper, and his loudly lam[illegible]ing family. But to return.

When our company were on their way from the Tower to their lodgings, "Sir," said Harry, "what we have just seen reminds me of the opinion of my friend Peter Patience, that one who is fearless cannot be provoked. You saw how that little teasing petulant wretch had the insolence to fly in the face of his benefactor, without offending or exciting in him any kind of resentment." "True, Harry, for the lion was sensible that his testy companion was little and impotent, and depended upon him, and had confidence in his clemency, and therefore he loved him with all his faults. Anger, however, in some cases, is not only allowable,

but becomes a duty. The Scriptures says, 'Be angry, but sin not.' We ought to feel and fear for others; and lust, violence, and oppression of every sort, will excite the indignation of a generous and benevolent person, though he may not fear for himself."

After supper, Harry appeared to ruminate, and said, "How comes it, sir, that creatures not endued with reason, shall yet, in the affections that are peculiarly called humane, exceed even most of the human species? You have seen that it was the case between the lion and the little dog."

"It was the opinion, my Harry, of an ancient philosopher, that God was the soul and spirit of brutes; and this he judged from observing, that what we call instinct was incomparably wiser, more sagacious, and more accomplishing for attaining its end, throughout its sphere of action, than the most perfect human reason. Now, had this philosopher, instead of saying that God was the soul of brutes, barely alleged that He ruled and dictated within them, he would not have gone a little wide of the truth. God, indeed, is Himself the beauty and the benefit of all His works. As they cannot exist but in Him and by Him, so His impression is upon them, and His impregnation is through them.

"Though the elements, and all that we know of nature and creation, have a mixture of natural and physical evil, God is, however, throughout, an internal though often a hidden principle of good, and never wholly departs from His right of dominion and operation in His creatures; but is, and is alone, the beauty and beneficence, the whole glory and graciousness, that can possibly be in them.

"As the apostle says, 'The invisible things of God are made manifest by the things that are seen.' He is the secret and central light that kindles up the sun, His dazzling representative; and He lives, enlightens, and comforts in the diffusion of His beams.

"His spirit inspires and actuates the air, and is in it a breath of life to all His creatures. He blooms in the blossom, and unfolds in the rose. He is fragrance in flowers, and flavour in fruits. He holds infinitude in the hollow of His hand, and opens His

world of wonders to the minims of nature. He is the virtue of every heart that is softened by a sense of pity or touch of benevolence. He coos in the turtle, and bleats in the lamb; and, through the paps of the stern bear and implacable tigress, He yields forth the milk of loving-kindness to their little ones. Even, my Harry, when we hear the delicious enchantment of music, it is but an external sketch, a distant and faint echo of those sentimental and rapturous tunings that rise up, throughout the immensity of our God, from eternity to eternity."

The Christian Revelation the Sure Standard of Morality.

LOCKE.

[JOHN LOCKE, whose writings half a century ago were regarded as the text-book of sound philosophy, has now passed into comparative neglect. This is not the place to examine into the causes of this revolution of opinion, which may be equally traced in the poetry and the theology of our own day. His "Essay on the Human Understanding" will, however, always command attention for the clearness of its style and the perspicuity of its reasoning. As a political writer, Locke is to be admired for his consistent advocacy of freedom and toleration, in an age when such opinions were more than unfashionable—were absolutely dangerous. He was born in 1632; was employed in various public offices under the famous Lord Shaftesbury, and shared the disgrace of that statesman; returned from exile at the Revolution of 1688, and was employed by the government of William III. The following extract is from his "Reasonableness of Christianity"—an attempt to show what points of belief were common to all Christians. He died in 1704.]

Next to the knowledge of one God, Maker of all things, a clear *knowledge of their duty* was wanting to mankind. This part of knowledge, though cultivated with some care by some of the heathen philosophers, yet got little footing among the people. All men indeed, under pain of displeasing the gods, were to frequent the temples: every one went to their sacrifices and services; but the priests made it not their business to teach them *virtue.* If they were diligent in their observations and ceremonies, punctual

in their feasts and solemnities, and the tricks of religion, the holy tribe assured them the gods were pleased; and they looked no further. . . . . We see how unsuccessful in this the attempts of philosophers were before our Saviour's time. How short their several systems came of the perfection of a true and complete *morality* is very visible. And if, since that, the Christian philosophers have much outdone them, yet we may observe, that the first knowledge of the truths they have added are owing to revelation; though, as soon as they are heard and considered, they are found to be agreeable to reason, and such as can by no means be contradicted. Every one may observe a great many truths, which he receives at first from others, and readily consents to as consonant to reason, which he would have found it hard, and perhaps beyond his strength, to have discovered himself. Native and original truth is not so easily wrought out of the mine, as we who have it delivered ready dug and fashioned into our hands, are apt to imagine. And how often at fifty or threescore years old are thinking men told what they wonder how they could miss thinking of! which yet their own contemplations did not and possibly never would have helped them to. Experience shows that the knowledge of morality, by mere natural light, (how agreeable soever it be to it,) makes but a slow progress and little advance in the world. And the reason of it is not hard to be found in men's necessities, passions, vices, and mistaken interests, which turn their thoughts another way. And the designing leaders, as well as the following herd, find it not to their purpose to employ much of their meditations this way. Or, whatsoever else was the cause, it is plain in fact, human reason, unassisted, failed men in its great and proper business of *morality*. It never, from unquestionable principles, by clear deductions, made out an entire body of the *law of nature*. And he that shall collect all the moral rules of the philosophers, and compare them with those contained in the New Testament, will find them to come short of the *morality* delivered by our Saviour and taught by His apostles: a college made up for the most part of ignorant but inspired fishermen.

Though yet, if any one should think, that, out of the sayings of the wise heathens before our Saviour's time, there might be a collection made of all those rules of morality which are to be found in the Christian religion; yet this would not at all hinder, but that the world nevertheless stood as much in need of our Saviour, and the morality delivered by Him. Let it be granted (though not true) that all the *moral precepts* of the gospel were known by somebody or other, amongst mankind, before. But where, or how, or of what use, is not considered. Suppose they may be picked up here and there; some from Solon and Bias in Greece; others from Tully in Italy; and, to complete the work, let Confucius, as far as China, be consulted; and Anacharsis the Scythian contribute his share. What will all this do to give the world a *complete morality*, that may be to mankind the unquestionable rule of life and manners? I will not here urge the impossibility of collecting from men so far distant from one another in time, and place, and languages. I will suppose there was a Stobæus in those times, who had gathered the *moral sayings* from all the sages of the world. What would this amount to towards being a steady rule, a certain transcript of a law that we are under? Did the sayings of Aristippus or Confucius give it an authority? Was Zeno a lawgiver to mankind! If not, what he or any other philosopher delivered, was but a saying of his. Mankind might hearken to it, or reject it, as they pleased, or as it suited their interest, passions, principles, or humours; they were under no obligation; the opinion of this or that philosophy was of no authority: and if it were, you must take all he said under the same character. All his dictates must go for law, certain and true, or none of them. And then, if you will take any of the moral sayings of Epicurus (many whereof Seneca quotes with esteem and approbation) for precepts of the *law of nature*, you must take all the rest of his doctrine for such too, or else his authority ceases; and so no more is to be received from him, or any of the sages of old, for parts of the law of nature, as carrying with it an obligation to be obeyed, but what they prove to be so. But such a body of *ethics*, proved to be the law of nature, from principles of reason, and reaching all the duties of

life, I think nobody will say the world had before our Saviour's time. It is not enough that there were scattered up and down sayings of wise men conformable to right reason. The law of nature was the law of convenience too; and it is no wonder that those men of parts, and studious of virtue, (who had occasion to think on any particular part of it,) should by meditation light on the right, even from the observable convenience and beauty of it, without making out its obligation from the true principles of the law of nature, and foundations of morality. But these incoherent apophthegms of philosophers and wise men, however excellent in themselves, and well intended by them, could never make a morality whereof the world could be convinced; could never rise to the force of a law that mankind could with certainty depend on. Whatsoever should thus be universally useful, as a standard to which men should conform their manners, must have its authority either from reason or revelation. It is not every writer of morals, or compiler of it from others, that can thereby be erected into a lawgiver to mankind; and a dictator of rules, which are therefore valid because they are to be found in his books, under the authority of this or that philosopher. He that any one will pretend to set up in this kind, and have his rules pass for authentic directions, must show that either he builds his doctrines upon principles of reason, self-evident in themselves, and that he deduces all the parts of it from thence, by clear and evident demonstration; or must show his commission from heaven, that he comes with authority from God to deliver his will and commands to the world. In the former way nobody that I know before our Saviour's time ever did or went about to give us a *morality*. It is true, there is *a law of nature:* but who is there that ever did or undertook to give it us all entire, as a law; no more nor no less than what was contained in, and had the obligation of, that law? Who ever made out all the parts of it, put them together, and showed the world their obligation? Where was there any such code, that mankind might have recourse to as their unerring rule, before our Saviour's time? If there was not, it is plain there was need of one to give us such a *morality;* such

a law, which might be the sure guide of those who had a desire to go right; and, if they had a mind, need not mistake their duty; but might be certain when they had performed, when failed in it. Such a *law of morality* Jesus Christ hath given in the New Testament; but by the latter of these ways, by revelation, we have from Him a full and sufficient rule for our direction, and conformable to that of reason. But the truth and obligation of its precepts have their force, and are put past doubt to us, by the evidence of His mission. He was sent by God: His miracles show it; and the authority of God in His precepts cannot be questioned. Here morality has a sure standard, that revelation vouches, and reason cannot gainsay nor question; but both together witness to come from God, the great Lawmaker. And such a one as this, out of the New Testament, I think the world never had, nor can any one say is anywhere else to be found. Let me ask any one who is forward to think that the doctrine of morality was full and clear in the world at our Saviour's birth—Whither would we have directed Brutus and Cassius (both men of parts and virtue, the one whereof believed, and the other disbelieved, a future being) to be satisfied in the rules and obligations of all the parts of their duties, if they should have asked him where they might find the law they were to live by, and by which they should be charged or acquitted, as guilty or innocent? If to the sayings of the wise, and the declarations of philosophers, he sends them into a wild wood of uncertainty, to an endless maze, from which they should never get out; if to the religions of the world, yet worse: and if to their own reason, he refers them to that which had some rule and certainty, but yet had hitherto failed all mankind in a perfect rule; and, we see, resolved not the doubts that had arisen amongst the studious and thinking philosophers; nor had yet been able to convince the civilised parts of the world that they had not given, nor could without a crime take away, the lives of their children by exposing them.

If any one should think to excuse human nature, by laying blame on men's negligence, that they did not carry morality to a higher pitch, and make it out entire in every part, with that clear-

ness of demonstration which some think it capable of, he helps not the matter. Be the cause what it will, our Saviour found mankind under a corruption of manners and principles, which ages after ages had prevailed, and, must be confessed, was not in a way or tendency to be mended. The rules of morality were, in different countries and sects, different. And natural reason nowhere had cured, nor was like to cure, the defects and errors in them. Those just measures of right and wrong, which necessity had anywhere introduced, the civil law prescribed, or philosophy recommended, stood not on their true foundations. They were looked on as bonds of society, and conveniences of common life, and laudable practices. But where was it that their obligation was thoroughly known and allowed, and they received as precepts of a law, the highest law, the law of nature? That could not be, without a clear knowledge and acknowledgment of the Lawmaker, and the great rewards and punishments for those that would or would not obey Him. . . . . .

A great many things which we have been bred up in the belief of from our cradles, and are notions grown familiar, (and, as it were, natural to us under the gospel,) we take for unquestionable, obvious truths, and easily demonstrable, without considering how long we might have been in doubt or ignorance of them had revelation been silent. And many are beholden to revelation who do not acknowledge it. It is no diminishing to revelation that reason gives its suffrage too to the truths revelation has discovered. But it is our mistake to think, that because reason confirms them to us, we had the first certain knowledge of them from thence, and in that clear evidence we now possess them. The contrary is manifest in the defective morality of the Gentiles before our Saviour's time, and the want of reformation in the principles and measures of it as well as practice. Philosophy seemed to have spent its strength, and done its utmost; or if it should have gone further, as we see it did not, and from undeniable principles given us ethics in a science like mathematics, in every part demonstrable, this yet would not have been so effectual to man in this imperfect state, nor proper for the cure. The

greatest part of mankind want leisure or capacity for demonstration, nor can carry a train of proofs, which in that way they must always depend upon for conviction, and cannot be required to assent to till they see the demonstration. Whenever they stick, the teachers are always put upon truth, and must clear the doubt by a thread of coherent deductions from the first principle, how long or how intricate soever that be. And you may as soon hope to have all the day-labourers and tradesmen, the spinsters and dairy-maids, perfect mathematicians, and to have them perfect in ethics this way: hearing plain commands is the only course to bring them to obedience and practice: the greatest part cannot know, and therefore they must believe. And, I ask, whether one coming from heaven in the power of God, in full and clear evidence and demonstration of miracles, giving plain and direct rules of morality and obedience, be not likelier to enlighten the bulk of mankind, and set them right in their duties, and bring them to do them, than by reasoning with them from general notions and principles of human reason. And were all the duties of human life clearly demonstrated, yet I conclude, when well considered, that method of teaching men their duties would be thought proper only for a few who had much leisure, improved understandings, and were used to abstract reasonings: but the instruction of the people were best still to be left to the precepts and principles of the gospel. The healing of the sick, the restoring sight to the blind by a word, the raising and being raised from the dead, are matters of fact which they can without difficulty conceive; and that he who does such things must do them by the assistance of a divine power. These things lie level to the ordinariest apprehension; he that can distinguish between sick and well, lame and sound, dead and alive, is capable of this doctrine. To one who is once persuaded that Jesus Christ was sent by God to be a king, and a Saviour of those who do believe in Him, all His commands become principles; there needs no other proof for the truth of what He says, but that He said it: and then there needs no more but to read the inspired books to be instructed; all the duties of morality lie there clear and plain, and easy to be understood. And

here I appeal, whether this be not the surest, the safest, and most effectual way of teaching; especially if we add this further consideration, that, as it suits the lowest capacities of reasonable creatures, so it reaches and satisfies, nay, enlightens the highest. The most elevated understandings cannot but submit to the authority of this doctrine as divine; which, coming from the mouths of a company of illiterate men, hath not only the attestation of miracles, but reason to confirm it, since they delivered no precepts but such, as though reason of itself had not clearly made out, yet it could not but assent to when thus discovered, and think itself indebted for the discovery. The credit and authority our Saviour and His apostles had over the minds of men, by the miracles they did, tempted them not to mix (as we find in that of all the sects of philosophers and other religions) any conceits, any wrong rules, anything tending to their own by interest, or that of a party, in their morality; no tang of prepossession or fancy; no footsteps of pride or vanity; no touch of ostentation or ambition, appears to have a hand in it: it is all pure, all sincere; nothing too much, nothing wanting; but such a complete rule of life, as the wisest men must acknowledge, tends entirely to the good of mankind, and that all would be happy if all would practise it.

The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

MILTON.

[IT is not creditable to the present age that Milton is neglected as a poet, and that many persons approach the "Paradise Lost" and the "Paradise Regained" as if they were entering upon a hard and disagreeable task. This is one of the caprices of fashion which will not last. There is nothing in our language, with the exception perhaps of Shakspere, Spenser, and Wordsworth, that can so fill and satisfy the mind which conceives of poetry as possessing higher capacities than that of mere entertainment, as the poetry of Milton. We cannot expect that his prose works should be equally read, nor have they any just claim to the pre-eminence of his poems. They are formed upon Latin models; and, however eloquent and grand in occasional passages, are necessarily constrained and artificial. The extract which we give is from

one of the most famous of his prose compositions, "Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." John Milton was the son of John and Sarah Milton. He was born on the 9th of December 1608, in London. He was educated at St Paul's School, and at Christ's College, Cambridge. He spent seven years in the University, and afterwards resided for five years in his father's house, during which time it is supposed he wrote "Comus," and his other minor poems. In 1637 he travelled into Italy; he returned after an absence of fifteen months, and, whilst devoting himself to the education of his nephews, became deeply interested in the great political questions of his day. In 1641, he published his first political tract on "Reformation." In 1643, he married Mary Powell; but repudiated her shortly afterwards, and in consequence published his four "Treatises on Divorce." Milton and his wife became reunited after a brief separation. In 1644, he published his "Tractate on Education" and his "Areopagitica." After the execution of Charles I. appeared his tract on "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates;" and after his appointment as Latin secretary to Cromwell in 1649, his "Eiconoclastes," and other tracts. In 1654, he became blind, after his second marriage. He married for the third time in 1660. He published "Paradise Lost" in 1667, and "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" in 1671. He died on the 8th of November 1674, and was buried in St Giles's, Cripplegate.]

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgment, have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hyrcanian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before

any other, that out of her as out of Sion should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther, or of Calvin, had been ever known; the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of reformation itself; what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and, as His manner is, first to His English-men? I say as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest—there need not be five weeks; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fan-

tastic terrors of sect and schism we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grains of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth, could we but forego this prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did, admiring the Roman docility and courage; if such were my Epirus, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a church or kingdom happy. Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries, as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties, and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure. Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses, the great prophet, may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel,

then, though some men, and some good men too, perhaps but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds. and waits the hour; when they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches; nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps, though over timorous, of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me:

First, when a city shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches; that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular good will, contentedness, and confidence in your prudent foresight, and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment. Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtilty, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as it has not only wherewith to

guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy, and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle nursing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city? Should ye set an oligarchy of twenty ingrossers over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons! they who counsel you to such a suppressing, do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild, and free, and humane government: it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us; liberty, which is the nurse of all great wits; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged, and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that

which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that, unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct, and his four nobles of Dangelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.

The Vision of Oliver Cromwell.

Cowley.

[Abraham Cowley, who at one time was ranked amongst the greatest of our poets, is now read by few. He is a curious relic of that school of poetry which rejected simplicity as beneath the dignity of verse, and aimed at expressing the most extravagant thoughts in the most hyperbolical language. Wit and learning he undoubtedly had; but in his poetry his learning becomes pedantry and his wit affectation. He was the son of a grocer in Fleet Street, and was born in 1618. The works of Spenser, which he says used to lie in his mother's parlour, were the delight of his boyhood, and made him an early poet. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and having adhered to the royal cause, left his country for ten years. At the Restoration he obtained a beneficial lease of crown lands at Chertsey, where he died in 1667. His prose writings, unlike his poetry, are elegant without exaggeration.]

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late

battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello;* and in his left hand a thick book, on the back of which was written, in letters of gold—Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, "What art thou?" And he said, "I am called the north-west principality, his Highness the Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place." And I answered and said, "If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge; for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector as was his predecessor Richard III. to the king, his nephew; for he presently slew the Commonwealth which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it; a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more? Such a protector"—

and, as I was proceeding, methought his highness seemed to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondence, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him, "that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know." At which he told me, "that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman," said he, very kindly, and very flatteringly, "for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, nor of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in its very infancy; and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to

overrun each corner of the three nations, and to overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again by the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly, (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory,) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home and triumph abroad, to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?"

On Peace.

CLARENDON.

It was a very proper answer to him who asked, Why any man should be delighted with beauty? that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. Nor can any aversion or malignity towards the object irreconcile the eyes from looking upon it; as a man who hath an envenomed and mortal hatred towards another who hath a graceful and beautiful person, cannot hinder his eye from being delighted to behold that person, though that delight is far from going to the heart; as no man's malice towards an excellent musician can keep his ear from being pleased with his music. No man can ask how or why men came to be delighted with

peace, but he who is without natural bowels; who is deprived of all those affections which can only make life pleasant to him. Peace is that harmony in the state that health is in the body. No honour, no profit, no plenty, can make him happy who is sick with a fever in his blood, and with defluxions and aches in his joints and bones; but health restored gives a relish to the other blessings, and is very merry without them. No kingdom can flourish or be at ease in which there is no peace; which only makes men dwell at home, and enjoy the labour of their own hands, and improve all the advantages which the air, the climate, and the soil administers to them; and all which yield no comfort where there is no peace. God himself reckons health the greatest blessing He can bestow upon mankind, and peace the greatest comfort and ornament He can confer upon states; which are a multitude of men gathered together. They who delight most in war are so ashamed of it, that they pretend to desire nothing but peace—that their heart is set upon nothing else. When Cæsar was engaging all the world in war, he wrote to Tully, "There was nothing worthier of an honest man than to have contention with nobody." It was the highest aggravation that the prophet could find out in the description of the greatest wickedness, that "the way of peace they knew not;" and the greatest punishment of all their crookedness and perverseness was, that "they should not know peace." A greater curse cannot befall the most wicked nation than to be deprived of peace. There is nothing of real and substantial comfort in this world but what is the product of peace; and whatsoever we may lawfully and innocently take delight in, is the fruit and effect of peace. The solemn service of God, and performing our duty to Him in the service of regular devotion, which is the greatest business of our life, and in which we ought to take most delight, is the issue of peace. War breaks all that order, interrupts all that devotion, and even extinguishes all that zeal, which peace had kindled in us; lays waste the dwelling-place of God as well as of man; and introduces and propagates opinions and practice as much against heaven as against earth, and erects a deity that delights in nothing but cruelty and blood. Are we pleased with

the enlarged commerce and society of large and opulent cities, or with the retired pleasures of the country? Do we love stately palaces, and noble houses, or take delight in pleasant groves and woods, or fruitful gardens, which teach and instruct nature to produce and bring forth more fruits, and flowers, and plants, than her own store can supply her with? All this we owe to peace, and the dissolution of this peace disfigures all this beauty, and in a short time covers and buries all this order and delight in ruin and rubbish. Finally, have we any content, satisfaction, and joy, in the conversation of each other, in the knowledge and understanding of those arts and sciences, which more adorn mankind than all those buildings and plantations do the fields and grounds on which they stand? Even this is the blessed effect and legacy of peace; and war lays our natures and manners as waste as our gardens and our habitations; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one, as the integrity of the other, under the cursed jurisdiction of drums and trumpets.

"If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men," was one of the primitive injunctions of Christianity, (Rom. xii. 18;) and comprehends not only particular and private men, (though no doubt all gentle and peaceable nations are most capable of Christian precepts, and most affected with them,) but kings and princes themselves. St Paul knew well, that the peaceable inclinations and dispositions of subjects could do little good, if the sovereign princes were disposed to war; but if they desire to live peaceably with their neighbours, their subjects cannot but be happy. And the pleasure that God himself takes in that temper needs no other manifestation, than the promise our Saviour makes to those who contribute towards it, in his Sermon upon the Mount, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," (Matt. v. 9.) Peace must needs be very acceptable to him, when the instruments towards it are crowned with such a full measure of blessing; and it is no hard matter to guess whose children they are, who take all the pains they can to deprive the world of peace, and to subject it to the rage and fury and desolation of war. If we had not the woful experience of so

many hundred years, we should hardly think it possible that men, who pretend to embrace the gospel of peace, should be so unconcerned in the obligation and effects of it; and when God looks upon it as the greatest blessing He can pour down upon the heads of those who please Him best and observe His commands, "I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid," (Lev. xxvi. 6,) that men study nothing more than how to throw off and deprive themselves and others of this His precious bounty; as if we were void of all natural reason, as well as without the elements of religion; for nature itself disposes us to a love of society, which cannot be preserved without peace. A whole city on fire is a spectacle full of horror, but a whole kingdom on fire must be a prospect much more terrible; and such is every kingdom in war, where nothing flourishes but rapine, blood, and murder, and the faces of all men are pale and ghastly, out of the sense of what they have done, or of what they have suffered, or are to endure. The reverse of all this is peace, which in a moment extinguishes all that fire, binds up all the wounds, and restores to all faces their natural vivacity and beauty. We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell, than by the view of a kingdom in war; where there is nothing to be seen but destruction and fire, and the discord itself is a great part of the torment; nor a more sensible reflection upon the joys of heaven, than as it is all quiet and peace, and where nothing is to be discerned but consent and harmony, and what is amiable in all the circumstances of it. And, as far as we may warrantably judge of the inhabitants of either climate, they who love and cherish discord among men, and take delight in war, have large mansions provided for them in that region of faction and disagreement; so we may presume, that they who set their hearts upon peace in this world, and labour to promote it in their several stations amongst all men, and who are instruments to prevent the breach of it amongst princes and states, or to renew it when it is broken, have infallible title to a place and mansion in heaven; where there is only peace in that perfection that all other blessings are comprehended in it, and a part of it.

Autumn.

VARIOUS.

SPENSER, the great master of personification, thus paints the genius of the season :—

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joy'd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the earth had yold.

One who had a rare talent for imitation has caught the quaint phraseology of the elder poets with something like accuracy;—but the modern antique is palpable :—

When Autumn bleak and sun-burnt do appear,
With his gold hand gilting the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripèd sheaf;
When all the hills with woody seed is white,
When levin fires and lemes do meet from far the sight:

When the fair apple, rudde as even sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fructile ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air and call the eyne around;
Then, be the even foul, or even fair,
Methinks my hearte's joy is stained with some care. CHATTERTON.

Rich and golden as the fruits of Autumn, are the following stanzas of one of the true poets of times not long past:—

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary-floor,
Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or, on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies. KEATS

After this beautiful imagery, the blank verse of another poet of the same period sounds somewhat prosaic;—but it has its charms:—

Nay, William, nay, not so! the changeful year
In all its due successions to my sight
Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
All in their season good. These fading leaves,
That with their rich variety of hues
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter—cold, drear winter, when these trees,
Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
Its bare brown boughs; when not a flower shall spread
Its colours to the day, and not a bird
Carol its joyaunce,—but all nature wear
One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
To me their many-colour'd beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holiday: I call to mind
The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas; when at morn I took
My wooden kalendar, and counting up
Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
Each day with more delight the daily notch.
To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broken,
Bending beneath the burthen of his years,
Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains,
Yet clinging still to life. To me they show
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hope kindles a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water, full of living things,
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man, a strange, perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see

Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be heal'd and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all. SOUTHEY.

SHELLEY, the great master of harmony, has one of his finest lyrics for Autumn:—

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the night-worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away,
Put on white, black, and gray,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Who has not felt that Autumn is a mournful type of human life? Who ever expressed the feeling more tenderly than SHAKSPERE?

That time of year thou mayest in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,

Death's second self, that seals up all in rest,
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

The Ayrshire ploughman paints the season with his own transparent colours:—

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potato bings are snuggèd up frae skaith
O' coming winter's biting, frosty breath;
The bees rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thund'ring guns are heard on every side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

COLERIDGE looks upon the *fields* with the unerring eye of the poet-naturalist:—

The tedded hay, the first fruits of the soil,
The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field,
Show summer gone, ere come. The fox-glove tall
Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust,
Or when it bends beneath the up-springing lark,
Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose
(In vain the darling of successful love)
Stands like some boasted beauty of past years.
The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone

Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk
By rivulet or spring, or wet road-side,
That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook,
Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not!

One of our own day not less poetically and truly describes the Autumn *flower-garden*:—

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As a sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily. TENNYSON.

HAVEN, an American poet, thus moralises:—

Autumn, I love thy bower,
With faded garlands drest;
How sweet alone to linger there,
When tempests ride the midnight air,
To snatch from mirth a fleeting hour,
The sabbath of the breast!

Autumn, I love thee well;
Though bleak thy breezes blow,

I love to see the vapours rise,
And clouds roll wildly round the skies,
Where from the plain the mountains swell,
And foaming torrents flow.

Autumn, thy fading flowers
Droop but to bloom again;
So man, though doom'd to grief a while,
To hang on Fortune's fickle smile,
Shall glow in heaven with nobler powers,
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

Character of Jonathan Wild.

FIELDING.

[HENRY FIELDING, "the father of the English novel," as he has been justly called, was born in 1707. He was the son of General Fielding, a descendant of the Earls of Denbigh. His means, however, were limited; his habits expensive. His life was one of difficulty in its middle period, and of physical suffering in his decline. He died at the age of forty-seven. Fielding's first novel was 'Joseph Andrews,' which was intended as a burlesque on Richardson's 'Pamela.' But, unlike most satirists, the author was led away by his genius to produce something more enduring than banter or travestie. He found out his power of delineating character—and 'Parson Adams' will live as long as the language. 'Tom Jones' is unquestionably Fielding's greatest work. 'Amelia' is more unequal. How greatly is it to be deplored that productions of such undoubted genius have corrupting and grovelling passages in them—in a great degree the result of the habits of the age in which they were produced—which exclude them from general acceptation! 'Jonathan Wild,' from which our extract is taken, is a remarkable production, full of that knowledge of the world which made Fielding the first of novelists, and the most acute of magistrates.]

Jonathan Wild had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them; for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking,

so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONOSTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense, but it was of the rapacious not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole: for, however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said laws were made for the use of *prigs* only, and to secure their property; they were never, therefore, more perverted than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues: wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action; for which reason he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims as the certain method of attaining

greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As—

1. Never to do more mischief to another than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.

2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.

3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.

4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.

5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious, and often dilatory, in revenge.

6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.

7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.

8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang one of another.

9. Never to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.

10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.

11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.

12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; but the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.

13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.

14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.

15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with

these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of King Charles I.; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions; whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming everything he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: for, though it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory, *i.e.* as the tragic poet calls it,

"a privilege to kill,
A strong temptation to do bravely ill;"

yet when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence setting himself at the head of a gang which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publicly, in defiance not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which, without any hazard, they might have retained; here surely he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction, to equal his glory.

Nor had he any of those flaws in his character which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have by the judicious

readers been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature had so grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose or any other feature of a Venus to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned? Now, in Wild everything was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

The Homeless Wanderer.

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

[THREE female writers of fiction, during the nineteenth century, established their claim to a high rank amongst the best authors. It was the good fortune—perhaps it would be better to say, the rare merit—of one publishing house, that of Messrs. Smith and Elder, to give to the world the writings of Miss Brontë, (appearing under the pseudonym of Currer Bell), of the lady who adopted the name of George Eliot, and of Mrs. Gaskell. From the "Jane

Eyre" of the first; from the "Romola" of the second; and from the "Cousin Phillis" of the third, we shall venture to give such extracts as may be read with interest; however each may lose some of its value from being separated from the general narrative. Charlotte Brontë was born in 1824. Her father was the Rev. Patrick Brontë, curate of Haworth in Yorkshire. The novel of "Jane Eyre" was published in 1847. It was not the first production of Miss Brontë's pen; but its surpassing vigour and originality produced a general admiration of the power of the writer, as much as its somewhat eccentric cast of thought furnished some hostile criticism. She married, in June 1854, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, her father's curate, and died in March 1855. Her two sisters, Anne and Emily, had died a few years before of the same pulmonary complaint, which was fatal to this the most gifted of the family.]

To the hill, then, I turned. I reached it. It remained now only to find a hollow where I could lie down, and feel at least hidden, if not secure; but all the surface of the waste looked level. It showed no variation but of tint: green, where rush and moss overgrew the marshes; black, where the dry soil bore only heath. Dark as it was getting, I could still see the changes; though but as mere alterations of light and shade: for colour had faded with the daylight.

My eye still roved over the sullen swell, and along the moor-edge, vanishing amidst the wildest scenery; when at one dim point, far in among the marshes and the ridges, a light sprang up. "That is an *ignis fatuus*," was my first thought; and I expected it would soon vanish. It burnt on, however, quite steadily; neither receding nor advancing. "Is it, then, a bonfire just kindled?" I questioned. I watched to see whether it would spread: but no, as it did not diminish, so it did not enlarge. "It may be a candle in a house," I then conjectured: "but if so, I can never reach it. It is much too far away; and were it within a yard of me, what would it avail? I should but knock at the door to have it shut in my face."

And I sank down where I stood, and hid my face against the ground. I lay still a while: the night-wind swept over the hill and over me, and died moaning in the distance; the rain fell fast, wetting me afresh to the skin. Could I but have stiffened to the

still frost—the friend by numbness of death—it might have pelted on: I should not have felt it; but my yet living flesh shuddered to its chilling influence. I rose ere long.

The light was yet there: shining dim, but constant, through the rain. I tried to walk again: I dragged my exhausted limbs slowly towards it. It led me aslant over the hill, through a wide bog; which would have been impassable in winter, and was splashy and shaking even now, in the height of summer. Here I fell twice; but as often I rose and rallied my faculties. This light was my forlorn hope: I must gain it.

Having crossed the marsh, I saw a trace of white over the moor. I approached it; it was a road or a track: it led straight up to the light, which now beamed from a sort of knoll, amidst a clump of trees—firs, apparently, from what I could distinguish of the character of their forms and foliage through the gloom. My star vanished as I drew near: some obstacle had intervened between me and it. I put out my hand to feel the dark mass before me: I discriminated the rough stones of a low wall—above it, something like palisades, and within, a high and prickly hedge. I groped on. Again a whitish object gleamed before me: it was a gate—a wicket: it moved on its hinges as I touched it. On each side stood a sable bush—holly or yew.

Entering the gate and passing the shrubs, the silhouette of a house rose to view; black, low, and rather long; but the guiding light shone nowhere. All was obscurity. Were the inmates retired to rest? I feared it must be so. In seeking the door, I turned an angle: there shot out the friendly gleam again, from the lozenged panes of a very small latticed window, within a foot of the ground: made still smaller by the growth of ivy or some other creeping plant, whose leaves clustered thick over the portion of the house wall in which it was set. The aperture was so screened and narrow, that curtain or shutter had been deemed unnecessary; and when I stooped down and put aside the spray of foliage shooting over it, I could see all within. I could see clearly a room with a sanded floor, clean scoured; a dresser of walnut, with pewter plates ranged in rows, reflecting the redness and

radiance of a glowing peat-fire. I could see a clock, a white deal table, some chairs. The candle, whose ray had been my beacon, burnt on the table; and by its light an elderly woman, somewhat rough-looking, but scrupulously clean, like all about her, was knitting a stocking.

I noticed these objects cursorily only—in them there was nothing extraordinary. A group of more interest appeared near the hearth, sitting still amidst the rosy peace and warmth suffusing it. Two young, graceful women—ladies in every point—sat, one on a low rocking-chair, the other on a lower stool; both wore deep mourning of crape and bombazeen, which sombre garb singularly set off very fair necks and faces; a large old pointer dog rested its massive head on the knee of one girl—in the lap of the other was cushioned a black cat.

A strange place was this humble kitchen for such occupants! Who were they? They could not be the daughters of the elderly person at the table; for she looked like a rustic, and they were all delicacy and cultivation. I had nowhere seen such faces as theirs; and yet, as I gazed on them, I seemed intimate with every lineament. I cannot call them handsome—they were too pale and grave for the word: as they each bent over a book, they looked thoughtful almost to severity. A stand between them supported a second candle and two great volumes, to which they frequently referred; comparing them seemingly with the smaller books they held in their hands, like people consulting a dictionary to aid them in the task of translation. This scene was as silent as if all the figures had been shadows, and the fire-lit apartment a picture; so hushed was it, I could hear the cinders fall from the grate, the clock tick in its obscure corner; and I even fancied I could distinguish the click-click of the woman's knitting-needles. When, therefore, a voice broke the strange stillness at last, it was audible enough to me.

"Listen, Diana," said one of the absorbed students; "Franz and old Daniel are together in the night-time, and Franz is telling a dream, from which he has awakened in terror—listen!" And in a low voice she read something, of which not one word was

intelligible to me; for it was in an unknown tongue, neither French nor Latin. Whether it were Greek or German I could not tell.

"That is strong," she said, when she had finished: "I relish it." The other girl, who had lifted her head to listen to her sister, repeated, while she gazed at the fire, a line of what had been read. At a later day, I knew the language and the book; therefore I will here quote the line: though when I first heard it, it was only like a stroke on sounding brass to me—conveying no meaning:—

"'Da trat hervor Einer, anzusehen wie die Sternen Nacht.' Good! good!" she exclaimed, while her dark and deep eye sparkled. "There you have a dim and mighty archangel fitly set before you. The line is worth a hundred pages of fustian. 'Ich wäge die Gedanken in der Schale meines Zornes und die Werke mit dem Gewichte meines Grimms.' I like it!"

Both were again silent.

"Is there ony country where they talk i' that way?" asked the old woman, looking up from her knitting.

"Yes, Hannah—a far larger country than England; where they talk in no other way."

"Well, for sure case, I knawn't how they can understand t' one t' other: and if either o' ye went there, ye could tell what they say, I guess?"

"We could probably tell something of what they said, but not all—for we are not as clever as you think us, Hannah. We don't speak German, and we cannot read it without a dictionary to help us."

"And what good does it do you?"

"We mean to teach it some time—or at least the elements, as they say; and then we shall get more money than we do now."

"Varry like; but give ower studying: ye've done enough for to-night."

"I think we have: at least I am tired. Mary, are you?"

"Mortally: after all, it's tough work fagging away at a language with no master but a lexicon."

"It is: especially such a language as this crabbed but glorious Deutsch. I wonder when St John will come home."

"Surely he will not be long now: it is just ten (looking at a little gold watch she drew from her girdle). It rains fast. Hannah, will you have the goodness to look at the fire in the parlour?"

The woman rose: she opened a door, through which I dimly saw a passage: soon I heard her stir a fire in an inner room; she presently came back.

"Ah, childer!" said she, "it fair troubles me to go into yond' room now: it looks so lonesome wi' the chair empty and set back in a corner."

She wiped her eyes with her apron: the two girls, grave before, looked sad now.

"But he is in a better place," continued Hannah! "we shouldn't wish him here again. And then nobody need to have a quieter death nor he had."

"You say he never mentioned us?" inquired one of the ladies.

"He hadn't time, bairn: he was gone in a minute—was your father. He had been a bit ailing like the day before, but naught to signify; and when Mr St John asked if he would like either o' ye to be sent for, he fair laughed at him. He began again with a bit of heaviness in his head the next day—that is, a fortnight sin'—and he went to sleep and niver wakened: he wor a'most stark when your brother went into t' chamber and fand him. Ah, childer, that's t' last o' t' old stock—for you and Mr St John is like of a different soart to them 'at 's gone; for all your mother wor much i' your way; and a'most as book-learned. She wor the pictur' o' ye, Mary: Diana is more like your father."

I thought them so similar I could not tell where the old servant (for such I now concluded her to be) saw the difference. Both were fair-complexioned and slenderly made; both possessed faces full of distinction and intelligence. One, to be sure, had hair a shade darker than the other, and there was a difference in their style of wearing it; Mary's pale brown locks were parted and braided smooth; Diana's duskier tresses covered her neck with thick curls. The clock struck ten.

"Ye 'll want your supper, I am sure," observed Hannah; "and so will Mr St John when he comes in."

And she proceeded to prepare the meal. The ladies rose; they seemed about to withdraw to the parlour. Till this moment I had been so intent on watching them, their appearance and conversation had excited in me so keen an interest, I had half-forgotten my own wretched position: now it recurred to me. More desolate, more desperate than ever, it seemed from contrast. And how impossible did it appear to touch the inmates of this house with concern on my behalf; to make them believe in the truth of my wants and woes—to induce them to vouchsafe a rest for my wanderings! As I groped out the door and knocked at it hesitatingly, I felt that last idea to be a mere chimera. Hannah opened.

"What do you want?" she inquired, in a voice of surprise, as she surveyed me by the light of the candle she held

"May I speak to your mistresses?" I said.

"You had better tell me what you have to say to them. Where do you come from?"

"I am a stranger."

"What is your business here at this hour?"

"I want a night's shelter in an outhouse, or anywhere, and a morsel of bread to eat."

Distrust, the very feeling I dreaded, appeared in Hannah's face. "I 'll give you a piece of bread," she said, after a pause; "but we can't take in a vagrant to lodge. It isn't likely."

"Do let me speak to your mistresses."

"No; not I. What can they do for you? You should not be roving about now; it looks very ill."

"But where shall I go if you drive me away? What shall I do?"

"Oh, I 'll warrant you know where to go, and what to do. Mind you don't do wrong, that 's all. Here is a penny; now go"——

"A penny cannot feed me, and I have no strength to go farther. Don't shut the door—oh, don't, for God's sake!"

"I must; the rain is driving in"——

"Tell the young ladies. Let me see them."

"Indeed, I will not. You are not what you ought to be, or you wouldn't make such a noise. Move off."

"But I must die if I am turned away."

"Not you. I 'm fear'd you have some ill plans agate, that bring you about folk's houses at this time o' night. If you 've any followers—housebreakers or such like—anywhere near, you may tell them we are not by ourselves in the house; we have a gentleman, and dogs, and guns." Here the honest but inflexible servant clapped the door to and bolted it within.

This was the climax. A pang of exquisite suffering—a throe of true despair—rent and heaved my heart. Worn out, indeed, I was; not another step could I stir. I sank on the wet door-step: I groaned, I wrung my hands, I wept in utter anguish. Oh, this spectre of death! Oh, this last hour, approaching in such horror! Alas, this isolation, this banishment from my kind! Not only the anchor of home, but the footing of fortitude was gone—at least for a moment: but the last I soon endeavoured to regain.

"I can but die," I said; "and I believe in God. Let me try to wait His will in silence."

These words I not only thought, but uttered; and thrusting back all my misery into my heart, I made an effort to compel it to remain there, dumb and still.

"All men must die," said a voice quite close at hand; "but all are not condemned to meet a lingering and premature doom, such as yours would be if you perished here of want."

"Who or what speaks?" I asked, terrified at the unexpected sound, and incapable now of deriving from any occurrence a hope of aid. A form was near—what form, the pitch-dark night and my enfeebled vision prevented me from distinguishing. With a loud, long knock, the new comer appealed to the door.

"Is it you, Mr St John?" cried Hannah.

"Yes,—yes; open quickly."

"Well, how wet and cold you must be, such a wild night as it is! Come in; your sisters are quite uneasy about you, and I believe there are bad folks about. There has been a beggar-

woman—I declare she is not gone yet!—laid down there. Get up! for shame! Move off, I say!"

"Hush, Hannah! I have a word to say to the woman. You have done your duty in excluding, now let me do mine in admitting her. I was near, and listened to both you and her. I think this is a peculiar case,—I must at least examine into it. Young woman, rise, and pass before me into the house."

With difficulty I obeyed him. Presently I stood within that clean, bright kitchen—on the very hearth, trembling, sickening; conscious of an aspect in the last degree ghastly, wild, and weather-beaten. The two ladies, their brother Mr St John, the old servant, were all gazing at me.

"St John, who is it?" I heard one ask.

"I cannot tell: I found her at the door," was the reply.

"She does look white," said Hannah.

"As white as clay or death," was responded. "She will fall: let her sit."

And indeed my head swam: I dropped; but a chair received me. I still possessed my senses, though just now I could not speak.

"Perhaps a little water would restore her. Hannah, fetch some. But she is worn to nothing. How very thin, and how very bloodless!"

"A mere spectre!"

"Is she ill, or only famished?"

"Famished, I think. Hannah, is that milk? Give it me, and a piece of bread."

Diana (I knew her by the long curls which I saw drooping between me and the fire as she bent over me) broke some bread, dipped it in milk, and put it to my lips. Her face was near mine: I saw there was pity in it, and I felt sympathy in her hurried breathing. In her simple words, too, the same balm-like emotion spoke: "Try to eat."

"Yes—try," repeated Mary, gently; and Mary's hand removed my sodden bonnet and lifted my head. I tasted what they offered me: feebly at first, eagerly soon.

"Not too much at first—restrain her," said the brother; "she has had enough." And he withdrew the cup of milk and the plate of bread.

"A little more, St John—look at the avidity in her eyes."

"No more at present, sister. Try if she can speak now—ask her her name."

I felt I could speak, and I answered—"My name is Jane Elliot." Anxious as ever to avoid discovery, I had before resolved to assume an *alias*.

"And where do you live? Where are your friends?"

I was silent.

"Can we send for any one you know?"

I shook my head.

"What account can you give of yourself?"

Somehow, now that I had once crossed the threshold of this house, and once was brought face to face with its owners, I felt no longer outcast, vagrant, and disowned by the wide world. I dared to put off the mendicant, to resume my natural manner and character. I began once more to know myself; and when Mr St John demanded an account—which at present I was far too weak to render—I said, after a brief pause—

"Sir, I can give you no details to-night."

"But what, then," said he, "do you expect me to do for you?"

"Nothing," I replied. My strength sufficed for but short answers. Diana took the word:—

"Do you mean," she asked, "that we have now given you what aid you require, and that we may dismiss you to the moor and the rainy night?"

I looked at her. She had, I thought, a remarkable countenance; instinct both with power and goodness. I took sudden courage. Answering her compassionate gaze with a smile, I said: "I will trust you. If I were a masterless and stray dog, I know that you would not turn me from your hearth to-night: as it is, I really have no fear. Do with me and for me as you like; but excuse me from much discourse—my breath is short—I feel a

spasm when I speak." All three surveyed me, and all three were silent.

"Hannah," said Mr St John, at last, "let her sit there at present, and ask her no questions; in ten minutes more give her the remainder of that milk and bread. Mary and Diana, let us go into the parlour and talk the matter over."

They withdrew. Very soon one of the ladies returned—I could not tell which. A kind of pleasant stupor was stealing over me as I sat by the genial fire. In an undertone she gave some directions to Hannah. Erelong, with the servant's aid, I contrived to mount a staircase; my dripping clothes were removed; soon a warm, dry bed received me. I thanked God—experienced amidst unutterable exhaustion a glow of grateful joy—and slept.

Sermon upon the Love of our Neighbour.

Bishop Butler.

["And if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Rom. xiii. 9.]

It is commonly observed, that there is a disposition in men to complain of the viciousness and corruption of the age in which they live, as greater than that of former ones; which observation is usually followed with this further one, that mankind has been in that respect much the same in all times. Now, not to determine whether this last be not contradicted by the accounts of history, thus much can scarce be doubted, that vice and folly take different turns, and some particular kinds of it are more open and avowed in some ages than others: and, I suppose, it may be spoken of as very much the distinction of the present, to profess a contracted spirit, and greater regards to self-interest than appears to have been done formerly. Upon this account it seems worth while to inquire whether private interest is likely to be promoted in proportion to the degree in which self-love engrosses us, and prevails over all other principles; or whether the con-

tracted affection may not possibly be so prevalent as to disappoint itself, and even contradict its own end—private good.

And since, further, there is generally thought to be some peculiar kind of contrariety between self-love and the love of our neighbour; between the pursuit of public and of private good; insomuch that, when you are recommending one of these, you are supposed to be speaking against the other; and from hence ariseth a secret prejudice against, and frequently open scorn of, all talk of public spirit, and real good-will to our fellow-creatures; it will be necessary to inquire what respect benevolence hath to self-love, and the pursuit of private interest to the pursuit of public; or whether there be anything of that peculiar inconsistence and contrariety between them over and above what there is between self-love and other passions and particular affections, and their respective pursuits.

These inquiries, it is hoped, may be favourably attended to; for there shall be all possible concessions made to the favourite passion, which hath so much allowed to it, and whose cause is so universally pleaded; it shall be treated with the utmost tenderness and concern for its interests.

In order to this, as well as to determine the forementioned questions, it will be necessary to consider the nature, the object, and end of that self-love, as distinguished from other principles or affections in the mind, and their respective objects. Every man hath a general desire of his own happiness; and likewise a variety of particular affections, passions, and appetites to particular external objects. The former proceeds from, or is, self-love; and seems inseparable from all sensible creatures who can reflect upon themselves. What is to be said of the latter is, that they proceed from, or together make up, that particular nature according to which man is made. The object the former pursues is somewhat external, our own happiness, enjoyment, satisfaction: whether we have or have not a distinct particular perception what it is, or wherein it consists. The objects of the latter are this or that particular external thing, which the affections tend towards, and of which it hath always a par-

ticular idea or perception. The principle we call self-love never seeks anything external for the sake of the thing, but only as a means of happiness or good; particular affections rest in the external things themselves. One belongs to man as a reasonable creature; the other, though quite distinct from reason, is as much a part of human nature. That all particular appetites and passions are towards external things themselves, distinct from the pleasure arising from them, is manifest from hence, that there could not be this pleasure, were it not for that prior suitableness between the object and the passion; there could be no enjoyment or delight from one thing more than another, from eating food more than from swallowing a stone, if there were not an affection or appetite to one thing more than another. Every particular affection, even the love of our neighbour, is as really our own affection as self-love; and the pleasure arising from its gratification is as much my own pleasure, as the pleasure self-love would have, from knowing I myself should be happy some time hence, would be my own pleasure. And if, because every particular affection is a man's own, and the pleasure arising from its gratification his own pleasure, or pleasure to himself, such particular affection must be called self-love; according to this way of speaking, no creature whatever can possibly act but merely from self-love; and every action and every affection whatever is to be resolved into this one principle. But then this is not the language of mankind, or, if it were, we should want words to express the difference between the principle of an action, proceeding from cool consideration that it will be to my own advantage; and an action, suppose of revenge or of friendship, by which a man runs upon certain ruin to do evil or good to another. It is manifest the principles of these actions are totally different, and so want different words to be distinguished by; all that they agree in is, that they both proceed from, and are done to gratify an inclination in a man's self. But the principle or inclination in one case is self-love; in the other, hatred or love of another. There is then a distinction between the cool principle of self-love, or general desire of our own happiness, as one part of our

nature, and one principle of action; and the particular affections towards particular external objects, as another part of our nature, and another principle of action. How much soever therefore is to be allowed to self-love, yet it cannot be allowed to be the whole of our inward constitution; because, you see, there are other parts or principles which come into it. Further, private happiness or good is all which self-love can make us desire, or be concerned about; in having this consists its gratification: it is an affection to ourselves, a regard to our own interest, happiness, and private good; and in the proportion a man hath this, he is interested, or a lover of himself. Let this be kept in mind; because there is commonly, as I shall presently have occasion to observe, another sense put upon these words. On the other hand, particular affections tend towards particular external things; these are their objects: having these is their end: in this consists their gratification: no matter whether it be or be not, upon the whole, our interest or happiness. An action done from the former of these principles is called an interested action. An action proceeding from any of the latter has its denomination of passionate, ambitious, friendly, revengeful, or any other, from the particular appetite or affection from which it proceeds. Thus self-love as one part of human nature, and the several particular principles as the other part, are, themselves, their objects and ends, stated and shown.

From hence it is easy to see how far, and in what way, each of these can contribute, and be subservient to, the private good of the individual. Happiness does not consist in self-love. The desire of happiness is no more the thing itself, than the desire of riches is the possession or enjoyment of them. People may love themselves with the most entire and unbounded affection, and yet be extremely miserable. Neither can self-love any way help them out, but by setting them on work to get rid of the causes of their misery, to gain or make use of those objects which are by nature adapted to afford satisfaction. Happiness or satisfaction consists only in the enjoyment of those objects, which are by nature suited to our several appetites, passions, and affections. So that,

if self-love wholly engrosses us, and leaves no room for any other principle, there can be absolutely no such thing at all as happiness, or enjoyment of any kind whatever; since happiness consists in the gratification of particular passions, which supposes the having of them. Self-love, then, does not constitute *this* or *that* to be our interest or good; but our interest or good being constituted by nature, and supposed, self-love only puts us upon obtaining and securing it. Therefore, if it be possible that self-love may prevail and exert itself in a degree or manner which is not subservient to this end, then it will not follow that our interest will be promoted in proportion to the degree in which that principle engrosses us, and prevails over others. Nay, further, the private and contracted affection may, for anything that appears, have a direct contrary tendency and effect. And, if we will consider the matter, we shall see that it often really has. *Disengagement* is absolutely necessary to enjoyment; and a person may have so steady and fixed an eye upon his own interest, whatever he places it in, as may give him great and unnecessary solicitude and anxiety, and hinder him from *attending* to many gratifications within his reach, which others have their minds *free* and *open* to. Over-fondness for a child is not generally thought to be for its advantage: and, if there be any guess to be made from appearances, surely that character we call selfish is not the most promising for happiness. Such a temper may plainly be and exert itself in a degree and manner, which may prevent obtaining the means and materials of enjoyment, as well as the making use of them. Immoderate self-love does very ill consult its own interests; and, how much soever a paradox it may appear, it is certainly true, that even from self-love we should endeavour to get over all inordinate regard to, and consideration of, ourselves. Every one of our faculties has its stint and bound: our enjoyments can be but in a determinate measure and degree. The principle of self-love, so far as it sets us on work to gain and make use of the materials of satisfaction, may be to our real advantage; but, beyond or besides this, it is in several respects an inconvenience and disadvantage. Thus it appears, that private interest is

so far from being likely to be promoted in proportion to the degree in which self-love engrosses us, and prevails over all other principles, that the contracted affection may be so prevalent as to disappoint itself, and even contradict its own end, private good.

"But who, except the most sordidly covetous, ever thought there was any rivalship between the love of greatness, honour, power, or sensual appetites, and self-love? No, there is a perfect harmony between them. It is by means of these particular appetites and affections that self-love is gratified in enjoyment, happiness, and satisfaction. The competition and rivalship is between self-love and the love of our neighbour: that affection which leads us out of ourselves makes us regardless of our own interest, and substitutes that of another in its stead." Whether there be any peculiar competition and contrariety in this case, shall now be considered. Self-love and interestedness was stated to consist in or be an affection to ourselves, a regard to our own private good: it is therefore distinct from benevolence, which is an affection to the good of our fellow-creatures. But that benevolence is distinct from, that is, not the same thing with, self-love, is no reason for its being looked upon with any peculiar suspicion; because every principle whatever, by means of which that self-love is gratified, is distinct from it: and all things which are distinct from each other are equally so. A man has an affection or aversion to another; that one of these tends to and is gratified by doing good, that the other tends to and is gratified by doing harm, does not in the least alter the respect which either one or the other of these inward feelings has to self-love. We use the word *property* so as to exclude any other persons having an interest in that of which we say a particular man has the property. And we often use the word *selfish* so as to exclude all regards to the good of others. And as it is taken for granted, in the former case, that the external good, in which we have a property exclusive of all others, must for this reason have a nearer and greater respect to private interest, than it would have if it were enjoyed in common with others; so likewise it is taken for granted, that the principle of an action, which does not proceed

from regard to the good of others, has a nearer and greater respect to self-love, or is less distant from it. But whoever will at all attend to the thing will see that these consequences do not follow. For as the enjoyment of the air in which we breathe is just as much our private interest and advantage now, as it would be if none but ourselves had the benefit of it; so love of our neighbour has just the same respect to, is no more distant from, self-love, than hatred of our neighbour, or than love or hatred of anything else. Thus the principles from which men rush upon certain ruin for the destruction of an enemy, and for the preservation of a friend, have the same respect to the private affection, and are equally interested or equally disinterested: and it is of no avail, whether they are said to be one or the other. Therefore, to those who are shocked to hear virtue spoken of as disinterested, it may be allowed that it is indeed absurd to speak thus of it; unless hatred, several particular instances of vice, and all the common affections and aversions in mankind, are acknowledged to be disinterested too. Is there any less inconsistence between the love of inanimate things or of creatures merely sensitive and self-love, than between self-love and the love of our neighbour? Is desire of and delight in the happiness of another any more a diminution of self-love, than desire of and delight in the esteem of another? They are both equally desire of and delight in somewhat external to ourselves; either both or neither are so. The object of self-love is expressed in the term self; and every appetite of sense, and every particular affection of the heart are equally interested or disinterested, because the objects of them all are equally self or somewhat else. Whatever ridicule, therefore, the mention of a disinterested principle or action may be supposed to be open to, must, upon the matter being thus stated, relate to ambition, and every appetite and particular affection, as much as to benevolence. And, indeed, all the ridicule and all the grave perplexity of which this subject hath had its full share, is merely from words. The most intelligible way of speaking of it seems to be this: that self-love, and the actions done in consequence of it, are interested; that particular affec

tions towards external objects, and the actions done in consequence of those affections, are not so. But every one is at liberty to use words as he pleases. All that is here insisted upon is, that ambition, revenge, benevolence, all particular passions whatever, and the actions they produce, are equally interested or disinterested.

But, since self-love is not private good, since interestedness is not interest, let us now see whether benevolence has not the same respect to, the same tendency toward, promoting private good and interest, with the other particular passions; as it hath been already shown, that they have all in common the same respect to self-love and interestedness. One man's affection is to honour as his end, in order to obtain which he thinks no pains too great. Suppose another with such a singularity of mind, as to have the same affection to public good as his end, which he endeavours with the same labour to obtain. In case of success, surely the man of benevolence hath as great enjoyment as the man of ambition, they both equally having the end their affections in the same degree tended to; but, in case of disappointment, the benevolent man has clearly the advantage, since benevolence, considered as a principle of virtue, is gratified by its own consciousness, *i.e.*, is in a degree its own reward.

And as to these two, or any other particular passions considered in a further view as forming a general temper, which more or less disposes us for enjoyment of all the common blessings of life, distinct from their own gratification, does the benevolent man appear less easy with himself, from his love to his neighbour? Does he less relish his being? Is there any peculiar gloom seated on his face? Is his mind less open to entertainment, to any particular gratification? Nothing is more manifest than that being in good humour, which is benevolence while it lasts, is itself the temper of satisfaction and enjoyment.

Suppose, then, a man sitting down to consider how he might become most easy to himself, and attain the greatest pleasure he could; all that which is his real natural happiness. This can only consist in the enjoyment of those objects which are by nature

adapted to our several faculties. These particular enjoyments make up the sum total of our happiness; and they are supposed to arise from riches, honours, and the gratification of sensual appetites. Be it so; yet none profess themselves so completely happy in these enjoyments, but that there is room left in the mind for others, if they were presented to them: nay, these, as much as they engage us, are not thought so high, but that human nature is capable even of greater. Now, there have been persons in all ages who have professed that they found satisfaction in the exercise of charity, in the love of their neighbour, in endeavouring to promote the happiness of all they had to do with, and in the pursuit of what is just and right and good, as the general bent of their mind and end of their life; and that doing an action of baseness or cruelty would be as great violence to *their* self, as much breaking in upon their nature, as any external force. Persons of this character would add, if they might be heard, that they consider themselves as acting in the view of an infinite Being, who is in a much higher sense the object of reverence and of love than all the world besides; and, therefore, they could have no more enjoyment from a wicked action done under His eye, than the persons to whom they are making their apology could, if all mankind were the spectators of it; and that the satisfaction of approving themselves to His unerring judgment, to whom they thus refer all their actions, is a more continued settled satisfaction than any this world can afford. And, if we go no further, does there appear any absurdity in this? Will any one take upon him to say, that a man cannot find his account in this general course of life, as much as in the most unbounded ambition and the excesses of pleasure? Or that such a person has not consulted so well for himself, for the satisfaction and peace of his own mind, as the ambitious or dissolute man? And though the consideration, that God himself will in the end justify their taste, and support their cause, is not formally to be insisted upon here; yet thus much comes in, that all enjoyments whatever are much more clear and unmixed from the assurance that they will end well. Is it certain, then, that there is nothing in these pretensions to

happiness? especially when there are not wanting persons, who have supported themselves with satisfactions of this kind in sickness, poverty, disgrace, and in the very pangs of death; whereas, it is manifest, all other enjoyments fail in these circumstances This surely looks suspicious of having somewhat in it. Self-love, methinks, should be alarmed. May she not possibly pass over greater pleasures than those she is so wholly taken up with?

The short of the matter is no more than this—happiness consists in the gratification of certain affections, appetites, passions, with objects which are by nature adapted to them. Self-love may indeed set us on work to gratify these; but happiness or enjoyment has no immediate connexion with self-love, but arises from such gratification alone. Love of our neighbour is one of those affections. This, considered as a *virtuous principle*, is gratified by a consciousness of *endeavouring* to promote the good of others; but, considered as a natural affection, its gratification consists in the actual accomplishment of this endeavour. Now, indulgence of this affection, whether in that consciousness or this accomplishment, has the same respect to interest as indulgence of any other affection; they equally proceed from or do not proceed from, self-love, they equally include or equally exclude this principle. Thus it appears, that benevolence and the pursuit of public good hath just the same respect to self-love and the pursuit of private good, with all other particular passions and their respective pursuits.

Neither is covetousness, whether as a temper or pursuit, any exception to this. For, if by covetousness is meant the desire and pursuit of riches for their own sake, without any regard to or consideration of the use of them, this hath as little to do with self-love as benevolence hath. But by this word is usually meant, not such madness and total distraction of mind, but immoderate affection to and pursuit of riches as possessions in order to some further end, namely, satisfaction, interest, or good. This, therefore, is not a particular affection or particular pursuit, but it is the general principle of self-love and the general pursuit of our own interest; for which reason the word selfish is by every one appro-

priated to this temper and pursuit. Now, as it is ridiculous to assert that self-love and the love of our neighbour are the same, so neither is it asserted that following these different affections hath the same tendency and respect to our own interest. The comparison is not between self-love and the love of our neighbour, between pursuit of our own interest and the interests of others; but between the several particular affections in human nature towards external objects, as one part of the comparison, and the one particular affection to the good of our neighbour, as the other part of it; and it has been shown, that all these have the same respect to self-love and private interest.

There is, indeed, frequently an inconsistence or interfering between self-love or private interest, and the several particular appetites, passions, affections, or the pursuits they lead to. But this competition or interfering is merely accidental, and happens much oftener between pride, revenge, sensual gratifications, and private interest, than between private interest and benevolence. For nothing is more common than to see men give themselves up to a passion or an affection to their known prejudice and ruin, and in direct contradiction to manifest and real interest and the loudest calls of self-love. But the seeming competitions and interfering between benevolence and private interest relate much more to the materials or means of enjoyment, than to enjoyment itself. There is often an interfering in the former when there is none in the latter. Thus, as to riches: so much money as a man gives away, so much less will remain in his possession. Here is a real interfering. But, though a man cannot possibly give without lessening his fortune, yet there are multitudes might give without lessening their own enjoyment, because they may have more than they can turn to any real use or advantage to themselves. Thus, the more thought and time any one employs about the interests and good of others, he must necessarily have less to attend to his own; but he may have so ready and large a supply of his own wants that such thought might be really useless to himself, though of great service and assistance to others.

The occasion of the general mistake, that there is some greater

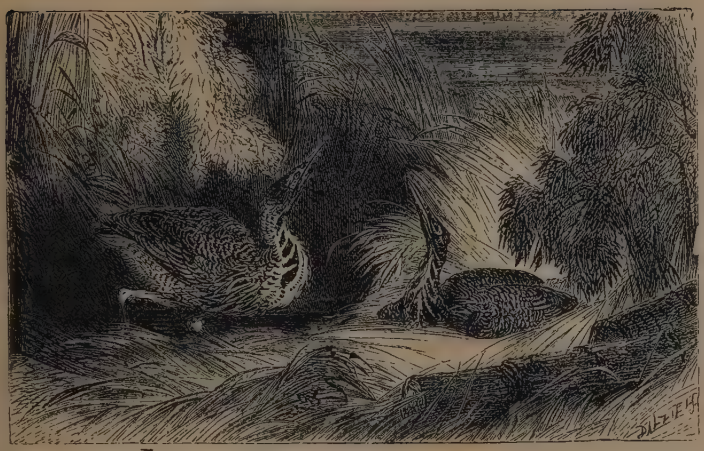
inconsistence between endeavouring to promote the good of another and self-interest, than between self-interest and pursuing anything else, is this, which hath been already hinted; that men consider the means and materials of enjoyment, not the enjoyment of them, as what constitutes interest and happiness. It is the possession, having the property of riches, houses, lands, gardens, in which our interest or good is supposed to consist. Now, if riches and happiness are identical terms, it may well be thought, that, as by bestowing riches on another you lessen your own, so also by promoting the happiness of another you lessen your own. And thus there would be a real inconsistence and contrariety between private and public good. But, whatever occasioned the mistake, I hope it has been fully proved to be one.

And to all these things may be added, that religion is far from disowning the principle of self-love, that on the contrary it addresseth itself to us in that state of mind when reason presides; and there can no access be had to the understanding, but by convincing men that the course of life we would persuade them to is for their interest. It may be allowed, without any prejudice to the cause of virtue and religion, that our ideas of happiness and misery are of all our ideas the nearest and most important to us,—that they will, nay, if you please, that they ought to prevail over those of order, and beauty, and harmony, and proportion, if there should ever be, as it is impossible there ever should be, any inconsistence between them: though these last two, as expressing the fitness of actions, are real as truth itself. Let it be allowed, though virtue or moral rectitude does indeed consist in affection to and pursuit of what is right and good, as such, yet that, when we sit down in a cool hour, we can neither justify to ourselves this or any other pursuit, but from a conviction that it will be for our happiness.

Common reason and humanity will have some influence upon mankind, whatever becomes of speculations; but so far as the interests of virtue depend upon the theory of it being secured from open scorn, so far its very being in the world depends upon its appearing to have no contrariety to private interest and self

love. The foregoing observations, therefore, it is hoped, may have gained a little ground in favour of the precept before us the particular explanation of which shall be the subject of the next discourse.

I will conclude at present with observing the peculiar obligation which we are under to virtue and religion, as enforced in the verses following the text, in the epistle for the day, from our Saviour's coming into the world:—"The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light," &c. The meaning and force of which exhortation is, that Christianity lays us under new obligations to a good life, as by it the will of God is more clearly revealed, and as it affords additional motives to the practice of it, over and above those which arise out of the nature of virtue and vice; I might add, as our Saviour has set us a perfect example of goodness in our own nature. Now love and charity is plainly the thing in which He hath placed His religion; in which, therefore, as we have any pretence to the name of Christians, we must place ours. He hath at once enjoined it upon us by way of command with peculiar force; and by His example, as having undertaken the work of our salvation out of pure love and good-will to mankind. The endeavour to set home this example upon our minds is a very proper employment of this season, which is bringing on the festival of His birth; which as it may teach us many excellent lessons of humility, resignation, and obedience to the will of God, so there is none it recommends with greater authority, force, and advantage, than this of love and charity; since it was "for us men, and for our salvation," that "He came down from heaven, and was incarnate, and was made man," that He might teach us our duty, and more especially that He might enforce the practice of it, reform mankind, and finally bring us to that "eternal salvation," of which "He is the Author to all those that obey Him."



The Bittern.

MUDIE.

[ROBERT MUDIE, a voluminous writer of our own times, died in 1842, aged 64. He was a self-educated Scotsman, full of various knowledge, but that knowledge not always of the most accurate character. As a writer, he was singularly unequal; which may be attributed to the constant pressure of his circumstances, compelling him to be ready to employ his pen upon any subject, however unsuited to his taste or acquirements. He had been a diligent observer of nature before he became familiar with the life of literary toil in London; and there are passages in some of his writings which exhibit the same powers of the genuine naturalist that characterise the works of White and Wilson. His "Guide to the Observation of Nature" contains a fund of hints for the study of natural objects. No one can read the following extract from his "Feathered Tribes of the British Islands" (and the work abounds with passages of similar interest) without being satisfied that this man, neglected as he was by his learned contemporaries, had a rare talent for observation, a vivid imagination, and a power of description that might have achieved very high things, under circumstances more favourable for mental cultivation and moral discipline than his lot afforded.]

The bittern is in many respects an interesting bird, but it is a bird of the wilds—almost a bird of desolation, avoiding alike the neighbourhood of man and the progress of man's improvements.

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It is a bird of rude nature, where the land knows no character save that which the untrained working of the elements impresses upon it; so that, when any locality is in the course of being won to usefulness, the bittern is the first to depart, and when any one is abandoned it is the last to return. "The bittern shall dwell there" is the final curse, and implies that the place is to become uninhabited and uninhabitable. It hears not the whistle of the ploughman or the sound of the mattock; and the tinkle of the sheep-bell or the lowing of an ox (although the latter bears so much resemblance to its own hollow and dismal voice that it has given foundation to the name) is a signal for it to be gone.

Extensive and dingy pools,—if moderately upland, so much the better,—which lie in the hollows, catching like so many traps the lighter and more fertile mould which the rains wash and the winds blow from the naked heights around, and converting it into harsh and dingy vegetation, and the pasture of those loathsome things which mingle in the ooze, or crawl and swim in the putrid and mantling waters, are the habitations of the bittern: places which scatter blight and mildew over every herb which is more delicate than a sedge, a carex, or a rush, and consume every wooded plant that is taller than the sapless and tasteless crowberry, or the creeping upland willow; which shed murrain over the quadrupeds, or chills which eat the flesh off their bones; and which, if man ventures there, consume him by putrid fever in the hot and dry season, and shake to pieces with ague when the weather is cold and humid:—places from which the heath and the lichen stand aloof, and where even the raven, lover of disease, and battener upon all that expires miserably and exhausted, comes rarely, and with more than wonted caution, lest that death which he comes to seal or riot upon in others, should unawares come upon himself. The raven loves carrion on the dry and unpoisoning moor, scents it from afar, and hastens to it upon his best and boldest wing; but "the reek o' the rotten fen" is loathsome to the sense of even the raven, and it is hunger's last pinch ere he come nigh to the chosen habitation,—the only loved abode, of the bittern.

The bittern appears as if it hated the beams of that sun which

calls forth the richness and beauty of nature which it so studiously avoids; for, though with anything but music, it hails the fall of night with as much energy, and no doubt, to its own feeling, with as much glee and joy as the birds of brighter places hail the rising of the morn. Altogether it is a singular bird; and yet there is a sublimity about it of a more heart-stirring character than that which is to be found where the air is balmy and the vegetation rich, and nature keeps holiday in holiday attire. It is a bird of the confines beyond which we can imagine nothing but utter ruin; and all subjects which trench on that terrible bourn have a deep though a dismal interest.

And, to those who are nerved and sinewed for the task, the habitation of the bittern is well worthy of a visit, not merely as it teaches us how much we owe to the successive parent generations that subdued those dismal places, and gradually brought the country to that state of richness and beauty in which we found it, but also on account of the extreme of contrast, and the discovery of that singular charm and enchantment with which nature is in all cases so thoroughly imbued and invested; so that where man cannot inhabit, he must still admire; and even there he can trace the plan, adore the power, and bless the goodness of that Being in whose sight all the works of the creation are equally good.

On a fine clear day in the early part of the season, when the winds of March have dried the heath, and the dark surface, obedient to the action of the sun, becomes soon warm and turns the exhalations which steal from the marsh upwards, so that they are dissipated in the higher atmosphere, and cross not that boundary to injure the more fertile and cultivated places—even the sterile heath and the stagnant pool, though adverse to our cultivation, have their uses in wild nature; but for these, in a climate like ours, and in the absence of nature, the chain of life would speedily be broken.

Upon such a day, it is not unpleasant to ramble toward the abode of the bittern, and, to those especially who dwell where all around is art, and where the tremulous motion of the ever-trundling wheel of society dizzies the understanding, till one fancies

that the stable laws of nature turn round in concert with the minor revolutions of our pursuits, it is far from being unprofitable. Man, so circumstanced, is apt to descend in intellect as low, or even lower, than those unclad men of the woods whom he despises; and there is no better way of enabling him to win back his birthright as a rational and reflective being, than a taste of the cup of wild nature, even though its acerbity should make him writhe at the time. That is the genuine medicine of the mind, far better than all the opiates of the library, and the bounding pulse of glowing and glorious thought returns all the sooner for its being a little drastic.

None perhaps acts more speedily than a taste of the sea. Take a man who has never been beyond the "hum" of the city, or the chime of the village clock, and whose thoughts float along with the current of public news in the one, or stagnate in the lazy pool of village chancings in the other, put him on shipboard on a fine evening, when the glassy water has that blink of greenish purple which landsmen admire, and seamen understand; give him offing till the turn of the night; then let the wind be loosed at once, and the accumulating waves heave fathoms up and sink fathoms down; let there be sea-room, and trim the bark to drive, now vibrating on the ridge of the unbroken wave, now plunging into the thick of that which has been broken by its own violence, and hissing as if the heat of her career and collision were making the ocean to boil, as when the nether fire upheaves a volcanic isle; temper his spirit in those waters for even one night, and when you again land him safely you will find him tenfold more a man of steel.

A calm day in the wilderness is, of course, mildness itself compared with such a night; but still there is an absence of art, and consequently a touch of the sublime of nature in it; it suits the feeble-minded, for it invigorates without fear.

The dry height is silent, save the chirp of the grasshopper, or the hum of some stray bee which the heat of the day has tempted out, to see if there are any honeyed blooms among the heath; but, by and by, you hear the warning whistle of the plover,

sounded perhaps within a few yards of your feet, but so singularly inward and ventriloque, that you fancy it comes from miles off; the lapwing soon comes at the call, playing and wailing around your head, and quits you not till you are so near the marshy expanse that your footing is heavy, and the ground quakes and vibrates under your feet. That is not much to be heeded if you keep the line of the rushes, for a thick tuft of these sturdy plants makes a safe footfall in any bog. You may now perhaps start the twite, but it will utter its peevish chirp, and jerk off; and if there is a stream with banks of some consistency, you may see the more lively wagtail, which will jerk, and run, and flirt about, as if showing off for your especial amusement. If there is a wide portion of clear water, you may perhaps see the wild-duck, with her young brood, sailing out of the reeds, like a vessel of war leading the fleet which she protects; or, if the pool is smaller, you may see the brown and yellow of the snipe gliding through the herbage on the margin, as if it were a snake in the grass. Not a wing will stir, however, or a creature take much heed of your presence, after the lapwing wails her farewell.

In the tuft of tall and close herbage, not very far from the firm ground, but yet so placed near, or rather in the water, that you cannot very easily reach it, the bittern may be close all the time, wakeful, noting you well, and holding herself prepared to "keep her castle," but you cannot raise her by shouting, or even by throwing stones, the last of which is treason against nature, in a place solely under nature's dominion. Wait till the sun is down, and the last glimmer of the twilight has got westward of the zenith, and then return to the place where you expect the bird.

The reeds begin to rustle with the little winds, in which the day settles accounts with the night; but there is a shorter and a sharper rustle, accompanied by the brush of rather a powerful wing. You look round the dim horizon, but there is no bird; another rustle of the wing, and another, still weaker, and weaker, but not a moving thing between you and the sky around. You feel rather disappointed—foolish, if you are daring; fearful, if you are timid. Anon, a burst of uncouth and savage laughter breaks

over you, piercingly, or rather gratingly loud, and so unwonted and odd, that it sounds as if the voices of a bull and a horse were combined, the former breaking down his bellow to suit the neigh of the latter, in mocking you from the sky.

That is the love-song of the bittern, with which he serenades his mate; and, uncouth and harsh as it sounds to you, that mate hears it with far more pleasure than she would the sweetest chorus of the grove; and when the surprise with which you are at first taken is over, you begin to discover that there is a sort of modulation in the singular sound. As the bird utters it, he wheels in a spiral, expanding his voice as the loops widen, and sinking it as they close; and though you can just dimly discover him between you and the zenith, it is worth while to lie down on your back, and watch the style of his flight, which is as fine as it is peculiar. The sound comes better out, too, when you are in that position; and there is an echo, and, as you would readily imagine, a shaking of the ground; not that, according to the tale of the poets, the bird thrusts his bill into the marsh, and shakes that with his booming, though (familiar as I once was for years with the sound, and all the observable habits of the bitterns) some kindly critic on a former occasion laboured to convert me from that heresy. A quagmire would be but a sorry instrument, even for a bittern's music; but when the bittern booms and bleats overhead, one certainly feels as if the earth were shaking; but it is probably nothing more than the general affection of the sentient system by the jarring upon the ear—an affection which we more or less feel in the case of all harsh and grating sounds, more especially when they are new to us.

The length of the bird is about twenty-eight inches, and the extent of the wings about forty-four. It is heavier in proportion to the extent of the wings than the heron; and though it flies more steadily than that bird, it is not very powerful in forward flight, or in gaining height without wheeling; but when once it is up, it can keep the sky with considerable ease; and while it does so, it is safe from the buzzards and harriers, which are the chief birds of prey in its locality.

The nest is constructed by both birds, in a close tuft or bush near by, and sometimes over, the water, but always more elevated than the flood. Indeed, as it builds early, about the time of the spring rains, which bring it abundance of food, in frogs, snails, worms, and the fry of fishes, it has the flood higher at the time of commencing the nest than it is likely to be during the incubation. The nest is constructed wholly of vegetable matter—rushes, the leaves of reeds, and those of the stronger marsh grasses. The eggs are four or five, of a greenish brown colour; the incubation lasts about twenty-five days, and three weeks more elapse before the young are fit for leaving the nest. When they break the shell, they are callow, and have a scraggy appearance; but they are laboriously fed by the parents, and acquire better forms at the same time that they gain their plumage.

The bittern is both a solitary and a peaceful bird; and, excepting the small fishes, reptiles, and other little animals on which it feeds, it offers harm to nothing, animal or vegetable. Unless when the male booms and bleats, or rather bellows and neighs his rude song, the birds are seldom heard, and not often seen, unless sometimes in the severe weather, when they are frozen out, and descend lower down the country in quest of food. They keep in their rushy tents as long as the weather is open, and they can by their long and powerful bills find their food among the roots of these; and they probably also in part subsist upon the seeds, or even the albuminous roots, of some of the aquatic plants; but their feet, which are adapted for rough and spongy surfaces, do not hold well on the ice; at all events, in the places where I used to know them, when the interstices of the plants and the margins of the pools were so far frozen that they would bear, and the wild goose had been driven from more northern haunts by the severity of the weather, the bitterns were not to be found by the most diligent search in the withered tufts, though, if they had the habit of converting the earth into a musical instrument, these would be the times at which it would sound the best. On their departure from the upland moors, they proceed gradually and skulkingly by the margins of the streams to the lower swamps and

marshes, where, from the warmer climate and the thicker mantle of dry vegetables, the frost is much longer in taking effect.

Though the bittern is an unoffending and retiring bird, easily hawked when on a low flight, and not very difficult to shoot when out of its cover, as it flies short and soon alights, it is both a vigilant and a powerful bird on the ground. It stands high, so that, without being seen, it sees all around it, and is not easily surprised. Its bill, too, is so strong yet so sharp, and the thrust of it is given with so much rapidity and effect, that other animals are not very fond of going in upon it; and even when it is wounded it will make a very determined resistance, throwing itself on its back, so that it may use both its bill and its claws.

It would not be very consistent to regret the diminished and diminishing numbers of the bittern, a bird which, wherever it appears, proclaims that there the resources of the country are running to waste; for such is the indication given by the bird. It is not an indication of hopeless sterility. It does not inhabit the naked height on which the fertilising rain not only falls without producing fertility, but washes away the small quantity of mould which the few starveling plants produce. The elements of a more profitable crop are always in existence in the abode of the bittern; and, though the quantity of skill and labour required from man varies much, those elements *can* always to a certain extent be claimed to man's use. The place where I used to hear the bittern every evening during the first month after the storm broke, for it began before the short supplemental winter, the fleeting storm of flaking snow which used to season the lapwing, has been in great part under crop for years. Where that is not the case, it has been planted; and the partridge and the ring-dove have come close upon the margin of what remains of the mere. The winding stream—"the burnie wimplin doon the glen," with its little daisied meadows, its primrosed banks, its tangled thickets, its dimpling pools, and its dark nooks, each having a name, and altogether clear to trout, to bird, and to boyhood, has become a straight ditch between bushless banks, and runs so low and shallow in the dry season, as hardly to have

depth for the minnow and the stickle-back, and the very tadpoles lie stranded, dead, and dry, by the little runs of sand. There might be more *breadth* in the country; but to me, at least, there seemed to be, in every sense of the word, less *depth*. The crops, too, were thin and stunted, and the domestic beasts which were nibbling among the stems of the scattered ray-grass, which looked very like a thin bristling of copper wire, had certainly as many and as easily counted bones as the smaller breed which were wont to roam at freedom over the moor. To me, the plaint of the dove brought more of melancholy than the booming of fifty bitterns, even with the gloom of the twilight, and a lingering dread of beings of the darkness to boot. But change is the course of nature, and the foundation of art; and in all places, under all circumstances, *mors janua vitæ*.

A Rill from the Town Pump.

HAWTHORNE.

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, the American writer, was born about 1807, and died in 1864. He was the author of several volumes of Tales and Essays.]

(*Scene—The corner of two principal Streets. The Town Pump talking through its nose.*)

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sun-beams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly we public characters have a tough time of it! And among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians

to the Board of Health. As a keeper of the peace, all water-drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are pasted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster-day, I cry aloud to all and sundry in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice, Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamacia, strong beer, or wine of any price, here it is by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cow-hide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles to-day; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well-curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and a fire within, you would have been burnt to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all in the fashion of a jelly fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers hitherto; nor, to express the truth, will my

nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature Tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram-shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavour of cold water. Good-bye; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand. Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other school-boy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall set you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again. Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe you mouths, my good friends; and while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strown earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fearful

deluge of fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash-bowl of the vicinity,—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards—at least the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting-house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cart-loads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud-puddle at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town-pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as the wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people; I must interrupt my stream of

eloquence and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water-mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two a-piece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking-vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing-days: though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick, or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The *Town Pump* and the *Cow!* Such is the

glorious co-partnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brew-houses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider-presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolise the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, find no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war —the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand and hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honour of the Town Pump. And when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon the spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true

friends I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honourable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or can the excellent qualities of cold water be no otherwise exemplified than by plunging, slap dash, into hot water, and woefully scalding yourself and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and indeed in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulent and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner-bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old! Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink "SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. § 1.

COLERIDGE.

PART I.

IT is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set.
"Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with a skinny hand :
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child :
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through.

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow;
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo.

In mist or cloud, or mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine:
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!—
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross!

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

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Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night,
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!

Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd;
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tack'd, and veer'd.

With throats unslak'd, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslak'd, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Grammercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done;
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleck'd with bars
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud,)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horn'd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan,)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it pass'd me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest!
This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
But, or ever a prayer had gush'd
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more terrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
And, where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charm'd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Oh, happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, § 2.

COLERIDGE.

PART V.

O SLEEP! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I awoke, it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear:
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,

The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship
Yet how the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes:
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on;
Yet never a breeze up-blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"—
Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their courses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawn'd—they dropp'd their arms,
And cluster'd round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon:
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sail'd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;

But ere my living life return'd,
I heard, and in my soul discern'd,
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

First Voice.

But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast—
What is the ocean doing?

Second Voice.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

First Voice.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

Second Voice.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far north, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sail'd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar
And I with sobs did pray—
Oh let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat:
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood!

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light:

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk:
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights, so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the hermit said—
"And they answer'd not our cheer!
The planks look warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lay
My forest-brook along:
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply),
I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round:
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shriek'd
And fell down in a fit;
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars: the pilot's boy,—
Who now doth crazy go,—
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row."

And now all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit cross'd his brow,
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And, till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself,
Scarce seem'd there to be.

Oh, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

Advice to his Family.

William Penn.

[In a preceding article, page 36, we have exhibited the views of an American writer upon the opinions of William Penn. It appears to us that the philosophical theories of Mr Bancroft have led him to speak of the doctrines of John Locke, which he contrasts with those of Penn, in a manner which scarcely does justice to the love of truth and freedom which characterise the author of the "Essay on the Human Understanding." But be this as it may, Penn, the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, was a man worthy to be held in reverence, although some parts of his political conduct, in an age of corruptness and subserviency, have been attacked by a great writer. He was the only son of Sir William Penn, a distinguished admiral; was born in 1634; received an excellent education, but disappointed the ambitious hopes of his father by his determined adherence to the new doctrines of the Society of Friends. After a variety of persecutions, which he bore with exemplary courage and patience, he obtained from Charles II. a grant of country on the west side of the Delaware, in consideration of a public debt due to his father. His Treaty with the

Indians, and his Code for the government of his province, are familiar to all. He returned to England, and died in 1718. Previous to his embarkation for America, he addressed a letter to his wife and children, which is highly characteristic of the simplicity and piety of the man.]

MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN—

My love, which neither sea, nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen toward you, most endearingly visits you with eternal embraces and will abide with you for ever; and may the God of my life watch over you, and bless you, and do you good in this world and for ever!—Some things are upon my spirit to leave with you in your respective capacities, as I am to one a husband and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

My dear wife! Remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved as well as most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.

[After some counsel relative to godliness and economy, he proceeds:—]

And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children; abundantly beloved of me, as the Lord's blessings, and the sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection. Above all things endeavour to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world in no part of it get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred as to outward behaviour; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety. Religion in the heart leads into this true civility, teach-

ing men and women to be mild and courteous in their behaviour; an accomplishment worthy indeed of praise.

Next breed them up in love one of another; tell them it is the charge I left behind me; and that it is the way to have the love and blessing of God upon them. Sometimes separate them, but not long; and allow them to send and give each other small things to endear one another with.

Once more I say, tell them it was my counsel they should be tender and affectionate one to another. For their learning be liberal. Spare no cost; for by such parsimony all is lost that is saved; but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind; but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and the mind too. I recommend the useful parts of mathematics, as building houses or ships, measuring, surveying, dialling, navigation; but agriculture is especially in my eye; let my children be husbandmen and housewives; it is industrious, healthy, honest, and of good example: like Abraham and the holy ancients, who pleased God, and obtained a good report. This leads to consider the works of God and nature, of things that are good, and diverts the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world. Rather keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them, than send them to schools, too many evil impressions being commonly received there. Be sure to observe their genius, and do not cross it as to learning; let them not dwell too long on one thing; but let their change be agreeable, and all their diversions have some little bodily labour in them. When grown big, have most care for them; for then there are more snares both within and without. When marriageable, see that they have worthy persons in their eye, of good life, and good fame for piety and understanding. I need no wealth, but sufficiency: and be sure their love be dear, fervent, and mutual, that it may be happy for them. I choose not they should be married to earthly covetous kindred; and of cities and towns of concourse beware; the world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there: a country life and estate I

like best for my children. I prefer a decent mansion, of an hundred pounds per annum, before ten thousand pounds in London, or such like place, in a way of trade.

[He next addresses himself to his children.]

Be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtue and good name is an honour to you; for she hath been exceeded by none in her time for her integrity, humanity, virtue, and good understanding; qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight; nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, choosing him before all her many suitors: and though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she descended to the utmost tenderness and care for you, performing the painfullest acts of service to you in your infancy, as a mother and a nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish, your dear mother.

Next: betake yourselves to some honest industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose, with the knowledge and consent of your mother if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you. And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourself by kindness to others for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship; neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

[After a great number of other affectionate counsels, he turns particularly to his elder boys.]

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I do charge you before the Lord God and His holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice

have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live therefore the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers; cherish no informers for gain or revenge; use no tricks; fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in Him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

[He concludes as follows:—]

Finally, my children, love one another with a true endeared love, and your dear relations on both sides, and take care to preserve tender affection in your children to each other, often marrying within themselves, so as to be without the bounds forbidden in God's law, that so they may not, like the forgetting unnatural world, grow out of kindred and as cold as strangers; but, as becomes a truly natural and Christian stock, you and yours after you, may live in the pure and fervent love of God towards one another, as becometh brethren in the spiritual and natural relation.

So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children!

Yours, as God pleaseth, in that which no waters can quench, no time forget, nor distance wear away, but remains for ever,

WILLIAM PENN.

Worminghurst,
Fourth of Sixth Month, 1682.

Cowper's Tame Hares.

[THE following account of the treatment of his hares was inserted by the poet Cowper in the "Gentleman's Magazine:"—]

In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books,

and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything that would engage my attention, without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives I must inform you, that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure should pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the daytime they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him, (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick,) and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery: a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first

the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society that when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage: Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always

superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration there is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one, at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered, by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a birdcage when the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat; straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw, never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not, indeed, require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overset it in their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins, by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his

tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel, that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28th, 1784.

[MEMORANDUM FOUND AMONG MR COWPER'S PAPERS.]

Tuesday, March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

[We subjoin to this interesting narrative Cowper's "EPITAPH ON A HARE:"]

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
  Nor swifter greyhound follow;
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
  Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo;

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
  Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
  Was still a wild Jack hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
  His pittance every night,

He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw:
Thistles or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled.
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads fail'd,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound;
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I keep him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save;
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

On Prayer.

Ogden.

[The Sermons of Dr Ogden are well-known to the theological student. They are distinguished by that combination of earnestness and acute reasoning which many of the divines of the last century inherited from their great predecessors. Samuel Ogden, the son of poor parents, was born at Manchester in 1716. His merits were rewarded by considerable preferment in the Church. He died at Cambridge in 1778.]

You may remember a little ancient fable to the following purpose:—"An old man upon his death-bed said to his sons, as they stood round him, I am possessed, my dear children, of a treasure of great value, which, as it is fit, must now be yours: they drew nearer: nay, added the sick man, I have it not here in my hands; it is deposited somewhere in my fields; dig, and you will be sure to find. They followed his directions, though they mistook his meaning. Treasure of gold or silver there was none; but, by means of this extraordinary culture, the land yielded in the time of harvest such an abundant crop, as both rewarded them for their obedience to their parent, and at the same time explained the nature of his command."

Our Father, who is in heaven, hath commanded us in our wants to apply to Him in prayer, with an assurance of success:—"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find." Now, it is certain, that without His immediate interposition, were His ear "heavy," as the Scripture phrase is, "that He could not hear," there is a natural efficacy in our prayers themselves to work in our minds those graces and good dispositions which we beg of the Almighty, and by consequence to make us fitter objects of His mercy. Thus it is that we ask, and receive; we seek, and,

like the children of the sagacious old husbandman, find also the very thing which we were seeking, though in another form: our petitions produce in fact the good effect which we desired, though not in the manner which we ignorantly expected.

But yet, allowing this consideration its full force, there is no necessity of stopping here, and confining the power of prayer to this single method of operation. Does the clear assurance of its use in this way preclude the hopes of every other advantage? Must we needs be made acquainted with all the efficacy of everything that is our duty, and know the whole ground and reason of all the actions which Almighty God can possibly require of us?

When the Israelites under the conduct of Joshua were commanded, upon hearing the sound of the trumpet, to shout "with a great shout; and the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city;" was the reason of this command, and the operation of the means to be made use of, understood by all that were concerned? Was it the undulation of the air, think you, the physical effect of many concurrent voices, that overthrew the walls of Jericho? or, suppose the people were commanded to shout in token of their faith, (for it was by faith, as the apostle speaks, that the walls of Jericho fell down,) which way is it that faith operates in the performance of such wonders?

You will say, no doubt, that these were wonders, and the case miraculous; and that we are not from such extraordinary events to draw conclusions concerning the general duties of Christianity.

The drought that was in the land of Israel in the time of Elijah, I suppose no one will deny to have been miraculous. Yet we have the authority of an apostle to conclude from it in general, that good men's petitions are efficacious and powerful. "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months." What is this brought to prove? That "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And this is the apostle's argument:—the prayer of the prophet produced first a famine, and then plenty in all the

land of Israel; and if you, Christians, exercise yourselves in confession and prayer, the disposition of your minds will be the better for your devotions.

But the prayer, concerning which St James is speaking, may seem to you to belong to the same class with that of Elijah, and to be the prayer of men that could work miracles.

Hear another apostle:—"Be careful for nothing; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God." The plainest places in the Scriptures will be mysteries, if the sense be this, that we can expect no help from God in our distresses; but may try, by acts of devotion, to bring our own minds to a state of resignation and contentment.

"Give us this day our daily bread. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. The hairs of your head are numbered." Can the meaning of all this be, that God Almighty made the world; that it is not to be altered; and we must take the best care we can of ourselves while we live in it?

"King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?" said the great apostle, arguing with equal solidity and eloquence in defence of that capital doctrine—the resurrection of our Lord from the dead. He desired no other concession than the belief of the Scripture; on this foundation he undertook to erect the whole fabric of Christianity.

Do you believe the Scriptures? If not, it is to no purpose to stand disputing concerning the duty of prayer, or any other duty commanded in the gospel. We must rather return back to the first principles of religion, and lay again, as the same apostle speaks, the foundation of faith towards God.

But there is no occasion for this; you are desirous to go on to perfection; admitting the truth of Christianity, and believing the Scriptures to be the Word of God.

The Scriptures teach you, that our Lord Christ being crucified, dead, and buried, the third day He rose again from the dead. Now this is a great and astonishing miracle; it is a thing of which we have no experience: it is against all our rules and

observations; and directly contrary to the established order of the world, and the course of nature: yet you believe this.

The Scriptures also tell you, that hereafter your own bodies, in like manner, shall be raised from the grave, and stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. This event, too, whenever it shall take place, will surely be another most amazing miracle, brought about by no rules or laws that are made known to us, or ever fell within the limits of our observation and experience. Yet we believe it; and live, or should do, under the influence of this persuasion.

The same Scripture to which we give credit, while it records past miracles, is equally entitled to our assent, when it predicts, as in this instance, miracles to come.

Suppose, then, the Scriptures were to acquaint us that there are miracles performed at this present time, but either at such a distance from us, or else in such a latent manner, that we could not know by experience whether they were wrought or no; still there could be no room to doubt; a ready assent must be yielded to such a revelation by all who believe the Scripture.

Now, if the gospel teach doctrines from which the existence of these miracles may be inferred, or if it command duties in which these interpositions of Providence are supposed or implied, it does enough to prove the reality of them though we see them not, any more than we see yet the resurrection of the dead; or, than we did ever behold any of those miracles which were performed by our Lord when He was here on earth.

There appears to be no difficulty in this matter to those who believe that any miracles were ever wrought, that is, who believe the Scriptures to be true; nor any inducement or occasion to put ourselves to trouble in giving hard interpretations of texts, or forced and unnatural explications of any part of our duty, in order to avoid what can be no impediment in the way of a Christian, the acknowledgment of God's government and providence, His particular interposition, and continual operation; as it is written. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

How magnificent is this idea of God's government! That He inspects the whole and every part of His universe every moment,

and orders it according to the counsels of His infinite wisdom and goodness, by His omnipotent will; whose thought is power; and His acts ten thousand times quicker than the light; unconfused in a multiplicity exceeding number, and unwearied through eternity!

How much comfort and encouragement to all good and devout persons are contained in this thought! That Almighty God, as He hath His eye continually upon them, so He is employed in directing, or doing what is best for them. Thus may they be sure, indeed, that "all things work together for their good." They may have the comfort of understanding all the promises of God's protection, in their natural, full, and perfect sense, not spoiled by that philosophy which is vain deceit. The Lord is truly their Shepherd; not leaving them to chance or fate, but watching over them Himself, and therefore can they lack nothing.

What a fund of encouragement is here, as for all manner of virtue and piety, that we may be fit objects of God's gracious care and providence, so particularly for devotion; when we can reflect that every petition of a good man is heard and regarded by Him who holds the reins of nature in His hand. When God, from His throne of celestial glory, issues out that uncontrollable command to which all events are subject, even your desires, humble pious Christians, are not overlooked or forgotten by Him. The good man's prayer is among the reasons by which the Omnipotent is moved in the administration of the universe.

How little is all earthly greatness! How low and impotent the proudest monarchs, if compared with the poorest person in the world who leads but a good life! for their influence, even in their highest prosperity, is only among weak men like themselves, and not seldom their designs are blasted from heaven, for the insolence of those that formed them. "Is not this great Babylon that I have built by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, "The kingdom is departed from thee." But the poor man's prayer pierceth the clouds: and, weak and contemptible as he seems, he can draw down the host of

heaven, and arm the Almighty in his defence, so long as he is able only to utter his wants, or can but turn the thought of his heart to God.

The Wreck of the Hesperus.

LONGFELLOW.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailòr,
Had sail'd to the Spanish main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast,
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"

But the father answer'd never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turn'd to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands, and pray'd
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ who still'd the waves
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roar'd!

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

The Industry of the British Nation.

CHENEVIX.

[THE following extract is from a posthumous work, in two volumes, entitled, "An Essay upon National Character," published in 1832. There are many striking reflections in this book, which is now little read. Richard Chenevix was well known in the literary and scientific circles of his day, and was the author of two plays, which were considered a most successful imitation of the old dramatists.]

England, now the most renowned seat of industry, was not always thus active in pursuing her industrious speculations. Like every country in which early obstacles are great, she was retarded at the first outset in her career; but, like every country where those difficulties are no more than enough to awaken salutary exertions, she has finally taken a lead, and has left all her early competitors in amaze at her inexplicable progress. The other advantages which she possesses, her laws, her constitution, her Shakspere, her Newton, other nations are more apt to dispute; and, as the Grecian officers did to Themistocles after the battle of Salamis, each allows her only the second place next to itself. But in industry all are compelled to own, as did the Athenian generals to Miltiades, before the day of Marathon, that she has no rival, and to give her up the place of eminence.

Many were the nations who had the start of England in industry; and the Italians, the Germans, the Flemish, and in some respects the Dutch, were her predecessors. In very early times, indeed, she possessed neither manufactures nor commerce, although the aptitude of her mind for the mechanical arts was observed by the Romans, at the end of the third century, to be superior to that of the Gauls. Still, however, sharpened as it was by necessity, it was not applied to general purposes even in the time of Alfred; nor does the history of her trade or manufacture present any memorable feature, except its backwardness, till long afterwards. The thirteenth century, indeed, can boast of some commercial treaties with Norway and Flanders, a considerable exportation of wool, the manufacture of some fine linens, the society of the staple, the merchants of the steelyard, &c. But these were far from being even the prognostics of the future development of British industry; for the principal business was in the hands of foreigners, and the mint was conducted by Italians. The next century witnessed much greater progress, and opened under the favourable auspices of the Charta Mercatoria, given by Edward I., granting safety to all merchants of Almaine, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c., who traffic with England—a measure the more expedient, because as yet the

natives did not much navigate to other countries, and the produce was carried away by foreigners in foreign ships. Some English vessels did, indeed, trade to the Baltic, but none had penetrated into the Mediterranean. The condition of the shipping, too, was mean and poor, as may be learned from the navy lent by Edward I. to Philip the Fair, the largest vessels of which were manned by forty men; and in 1338 the galleys of Edward III. were built at Nice. Notwithstanding this, however, the balance in favour of Britain must have been considerable, since the exports were equal to more than seven times the value of the imports. But, unfortunately, they still consisted in raw produce, as wool, wool-fells, lead, tin, &c., with the exception of some leather and some coarse cloths; for the natives did not learn how to fabricate those materials for themselves until the conclusion of this era, when manufactured articles became a little less uncommon among the goods exported. The navigation act, prohibiting all British subjects to carry merchandise, except in British ships, manned mostly by Britons, dates from 1381, and the importation of woollen cloths was forbidden in 1399.

The fifteenth century, which revealed so many important secrets to the world, could not fail to be beneficial to England, although it contained the most disastrous period of her history. Still, however, she found means to apply much attention to her woollen manufactures; and a long list of foreign wares, prohibited in 1463, shows that their fabrication at home had made their importation useless. These, too, principally consisted in woollens of all descriptions; in a variety of articles of which leather and iron are the immediate ingredients; and in a few silken goods; and prove that necessary industry had made more progress than luxury.

But the advantages which she was destined to reap from the general proficiency of Europe were to accrue to her more largely at a later period; and not even the sixteenth century saw them fully expand. Nevertheless, her trade increased, and her ships ventured into the seas of the Levant, where they carried woollen stuffs and calf skins. She traded also with the west coast of Africa, with Brazil, with Turkey, with the islands of the Mediter-

ranean; and her commerce with the Netherlands became most extensive. Although the exportation of wool continued, that of woollen cloths increased to an incredible amount; and the ruin of Antwerp gave her the manufacture of silk. So much, indeed, had her traffic augmented, that in 1590, her customs, which Queen Elizabeth had farmed for fourteen thousand pounds, were raised to fifty thousand pounds; and while her ships, both royal and commercial, were increasing in burden and in number, her ports, docks, storehouses, &c., were improved; and she undertook voyages of discoveries and circumnavigation.

The events in which England was engaged during the seventeenth century produced a very different effect upon the enterprising spirit of the nation from those which occurred two hundred years before. The age of Henry V. was the chivalrous age of that country, and chivalry is not propitious to the plodding drudgery of commerce. In the civil wars between the two Roses, the people took no more part than did the Roman people in the wars of Marius and Sylla. No improvement, then, could accrue to them from such ill-directed efforts. But the civil wars of the seventeenth century were for liberty. Every victory, every defeat, enlightened the people, and rapid strides were made; colonies were planted in the New World—the foundation of Anglo-American prosperity was laid—commercial treaties were formed, and manufactures received an increase which would appear incredible did not a later period far surpass it. Such was the prosperity of trade, that in 1613 the customs, which but twenty-three years earlier were farmed for fifty thousand pounds sterling, amounted to one hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds; and between the years 1641 and 1647, the parliament levied forty millions, to wage war against the king. Even in the worst times of the republic, commerce was protected, as the generalisation of the navigation act and other wise measures of Cromwell sufficiently prove. Sir James Childe, in his "Discourses on Trade," states that, in 1670, the exportation of home manufactures, notwithstanding the loss of some branches, had, upon the whole, increased one-third; and another high authority, Sir William Petty,

including a period of forty years, rates this proportion even at a greater average; for, besides that, many things had doubled during that time, many had trebled and quadrupled, and the revenues of the post-office, a sure criterion of public business and commercial activity, had arisen in the proportion of twenty to one. At the expulsion of the Stuarts, the following statement appears in the writings of Davenant:—That the tonnage of the royal navy had increased between the years 1660 and 1688, from sixty-two thousand tons to one hundred and eleven thousand tons, while that of the commercial navy had been doubled; that the customs had increased from three hundred and ninety thousand pounds, to five hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds; and the rental of England in lands, houses, mines, &c., which in 1660 was valued at six million pounds, was in 1698 fourteen million pounds: while the total value of the territory, estimated at the first epocha at twelve years' purchase, and at the latter at eighteen, had risen from seventy-two to two hundred and fifty-two millions.

These successive augmentations have been considered by their contemporaries as so many limits which it was impossible to pass; and England was supposed, at each of them, to have reached the zenith of her prosperity; nevertheless, she has continued still to culminate, and men to think she can rise no higher. The eighteenth century, when so many colonies received the produce of so many manufactories, and returned such valuable commodities for new barter; when all the wonders of the preceding epocha were so much outdone, was held, in its turn, as one of the eras which must inevitably bring on a retrograde motion. And, indeed, if unbounded prosperity must absolutely be followed by ruin, these apprehensions may be in some measure excused, though they were not realised.

The revolution which established the present constitution gave a development to British commerce of which history records no precedent. According to Davenant, the exports in 1703, a year so marked with disasters occasioned by the weather, amounted to more than six millions and a-half. In 1709, the net amount of customs was near one million and a-half; and the revenue of the

post-office, which at the Restoration was twenty-one thousand pounds, had become ninety thousand pounds in 1715, including the addition of one-third of the original postage enacted by parliament, but which the extent of business made easily supportable. Successive reductions of the interest of money took place, till at length, in 1749, it reached three per cent., which low rate, however, was no impediment to levying the most extraordinary supplies, in 1761 amounting to near twenty millions sterling, besides near three millions of interest on the national debt. A war which ensued shortly afterwards threatened a diminution of this prosperity; yet, but two years after its conclusion, and the recognition of Anglo-American independence (1786), the customs of England netted above five millions and a-half, the exports sixteen millions, the post-office half a million; the tonnage of the navy, royal and commercial, was equal at least to three-fourths of that of all the rest of civilised Europe and America united, and the public revenue was fifteen million three hundred and ninety-seven thousand four hundred and seventy-one pounds, leaving a surplus above the expenditure of nine hundred and nineteen thousand two hundred and ninety pounds. Thus had this nation, the most extraordinary that civilisation has witnessed, again attained one of those impassable limits which touch the verge of ruin, and, as usual, amid the melancholy forebodings of all who rejoiced in her prosperity.

The period which followed these predictions has not realised them, but has shown that even beyond those last limits there is still another limit. In 1823, the customs were eleven millions and a half, the export fifty-two millions, of which forty-three consisted in home manufactures; the post-office was one million and a half, the revenue fifty-seven millions and a half, leaving a surplus of six millions and a half above the expenditure. The reign of Queen Elizabeth is often hailed by modern despondents as the good time of old England; yet the entire customs of the country amounted, in her days, to one eight-hundredth part of the present customs, and to one-tenth part of the present post-office alone. Such a proportion of wealth, resulting from honest industry, never yet belonged to twenty millions of human beings; and what happy

grounds does not such prosperity as this afford to all who would prophesy that the ruin of England is nearer at hand than ever.

One of the most remarkable and fortunate circumstances in the above statement is, that the domestic and proper industry of Englishmen—the produce of their hands and minds—furnishes four-fifths of their exports. Of all the modes of traffic, the most advantageous would be for one and the same people to perform every operation relating to it; that is to say, for them to grow the raw material, and fabricate it at home, and then export the manufactured commodity in ships of their own construction, and manned by themselves. To complete this process in all its stages has not fallen to the lot of any empire extensively engaged in industry; nor could it be possible for the same country to produce all the materials employed in manufactures, some of which belong to the coldest, others to the warmest climates. But if the soil be occupied in producing what it can best produce, and if the returns of trade bring home other materials, the advantage is nearly as great; and the rationale of industry is fully satisfied by the proportion of labour which remains to be bestowed upon them. Now, though England does not produce the silks which she weaves, or the dyes with which she colours them; though all the wool which she spins, all the iron which she converts into steel, may not be of native growth, yet her commercial superiority enables her to procure those primary substances at as low a price as they would cost her were they the produce of the land. It is, then, with great wisdom that she has turned her attention, not to compel an unpropitious soil and climate to yield the drugs and spices of the East, but to import them; not to work ungrateful ores into imperfect instruments, but to purchase the crude matter wherever it is best, and to bestow upon it that which gives it value, that which alone is value—labour. Neither is she the only country that has pursued the same prudent system; almost all commercial nations have adopted it. But there never did exist an empire which bestowed so much of its own—of itself—upon the raw productions of nature, and spun so large a portion of its wealth out of the unsubstantial, intangible, abstract commodity,

composed of time, intellect, and exertion, and which is marketable only in the staples of civilisation. In the ten millions of foreign or colonial produce which England exported in 1823, there was much important labour—much nautical skill and industry; but, in the remaining forty millions, there was not merely four times, but perhaps sixty times as much happy application of time, intellect, and exertion; and they who appreciate her by her colonies, and by her mere transport of external produce, have a feeble idea of her state of improvement.

Could any single principle suffice to designate, with absolute precision, the difference between civilisation and luxury, it might be the value of time. Time must be estimated by what it produces; and superior understanding can make a minute bring more blessings to mankind than ages in the hands of idleness. Neither is it by the selfish enjoyments of luxury that our moments can be rendered precious, but by the acquisition and application of intellectual force, and their productive power is the justest measure of civilisation.

Now, the productive power of time must be estimated by the quantity and the quality—by the usefulness and the multitude of its productions. The most civilised and enlightened nation is that whose industry can pour upon the world the greatest proportion of the best and most valuable commodities in the shortest time.

From the rapidity with which such a nation fabricates good things, is derived a necessary appendage to this mode of appreciating civilisation—cheapness. It must not, however, be supposed that this is unlimited, or that a low price of manufactures can compensate for their mediocrity. Civilisation does not make bad things for nothing; this is the work of idleness, or of luxury affecting to be industrious. *The bent of civilisation is to make good things cheap.*

It is a proud and true distinction, that, in this island, the average consumption of woollens per head is more than double of what it is in the most favoured country of Europe; and more than four times as much as the average of the entire Continent, including even its coldest regions.

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The English Translators of Homer.

[Our literature is rich in poetical translations of the Iliad and the Odyssey. The most famous of the early versions is that of George Chapman, the dramatic contemporary of Shakspere. The more popular verse of Pope consigned Chapman to long and undeserved neglect, but his merit has been recognised in the present age by the publication of several new editions of the folio. It has been truly said of Pope, that, if he did not give us Homer, he produced a magnificent poem that will hold its place with the original productions of his genius. After Pope came Cowper, whose translation in blank verse is far more literal, and therefore approaches to a true reflection of the spirit of that "Tale of Troy" which has so largely influenced poetical thought in ancient and modern Europe. In our immediate times the prevailing desire to become more intimately acquainted with the Greek bard has given us new poetical versions, the most successful of which is that of the Earl of Derby, published in 1864. This is also in blank verse. It is an encouraging example to all who have arduous duties to perform, that a statesman, the powerful leader of a great party, found his true recreation in intellectual pleasures, which are open to the humblest, as well as the highest, to cultivate. The passage which we have selected for parallel translation is the Opening of the Eleventh Iliad. This affords us an opportunity of giving a fragment by Sydney Walker, whose scholarship and genius might have produced a standard version, had his time been less engrossed by desultory labours. Mr. Walker's specimen appeared in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, vol. iii., 1824.]

George Chapman, born 1557, died 1634.

Aurorâ, out of restful bed, did from bright Tython rise,
To bring each deathless essence light, and use, to mortal eyes,
When Jove sent Eris to the Greeks, sustaining in her hand
Stern signs of her designs for war: she took her horrid stand
Upon Ulysses' huge black bark, that did at anchor ride
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds might ring on every side;
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th' authors of their smarts;
Who held, for fortitude and force, the navy's utmost parts.
The red-eyed goddess, seated there, thunder'd th' Orthian song,
High, and with horror, through the ears of all the Grecian throng;
Her verse with spirits invincible did all their breasts inspire;
Blew out all darkness from their limbs, and set their hearts on fire;

And presently was bitter war, more sweet a thousand times
Than any choice in hollow keels, to greet their native climes.
Atrides summon'd all to arms, to arms himself disposed.

. . . . . .

Then all enjoin'd their charioteers to rank their chariot horse
Close to the dyke: forth march'd the foot, whose front they did r'enforce
With some horse troops: the battle then was all of charioteers,
Lined with light horse: but Jupiter disturb'd this form with fears,
And from air's upper region did bloody vapours rain;
For sad ostent, much noble life should ere their times be slain.
The Trojan host at Ilus' tomb was in battalia led,
By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchises' seed,
Who god-like was esteem'd in Troy; by grave Antenor's race,
Divine Agenor, Polybus, unmarried Acamas,
Proportion'd like the states of heaven: in front of all the field,
Troy's great Priamides did bear his always-equal shield,
Still plying th' ordering of his power. And as amid the sky
We sometimes see an ominous star blaze clear and dreadfully,
Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appear again;
So Hector otherwhiles did grace the vanguard, shining plain,
Then in the rearguard hid himself, and labour'd everywhere
To order and encourage all: his armour was so clear,
And he applied each place so fast, that like a lightning thrown
Out of the shield of Jupiter, in every eye he shone.
And as upon a rich man's crop of barley or of wheat,
(Opposed for swiftness at their work,) a sort of reapers sweat,
Bear down the furrows speedily, and thick their handfuls fall:
So at the joining of the hosts ran Slaughter through them all;
None stoop'd to any fainting thought of foul inglorious flight,
But equal bore they up their heads, and fared like wolves in fight:
Stern Eris with such weeping sights rejoiced to feed her eyes;
Who only show'd herself in field of all the deities.
The other in Olympus' tops sat silent, and repined
That Jove to do the Trojans grace should bear so fix'd a mind.
He cared not, but (enthroned apart) triumphant sat in sway

Of his free power; and from his seat took pleasure to display
The cities so adorn'd with tow'rs, the sea with vessels fill'd;
The splendour of refulgent arms, the killer and the kill'd.

ALEXANDER POPE, born 1688, died 1744.

The saffron morn, with early blushes spread
Now rose refulgent from Tithonius' bed:
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the course of heaven with sacred light:
When baleful Eris, sent by Jove's command,
The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
Through the red skies her bloody sign extends,
And, wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends.
High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
She took, and thunder'd through the seas and land.
Even Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
Thence the black Fury through the Grecian throng
With horror sounds the loud Orthian song:
The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
No more they sigh, inglorious to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.
The king of men his hardy host inspires
With loud command, with great example fires;
Himself first rose, himself before the rest
His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.

. . . . . .

Close to the limits of the trench and mound
The fiery coursers, to their chariots bound
The squires restrain'd; the foot, with those who wield
The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
To second these, in close array combined,
The squadrons spread their sable wings behind.
Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
As with the light the warriors' toils begun.

Even Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field;
The woes of men unwilling to survey,
And all the slaughters that must stain the day.
Near Ilus' tomb, in order ranged around,
The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground:
There wise Polydamas and Hector stood,
Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god;
Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine,
The brother warriors of Antenor's line;
With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face
And fair proportion match'd th' ethereal race;
Great Hector cover'd with his spacious shield,
Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
Through the dark clouds, and now in night retires;
Thus through the ranks appear'd the god-like man,
Plunged in the rear, or blazing in the van;
While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
Flash from his arms as lightning from the skies.
As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
Ranged in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,
Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick falls the heapy harvest at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strew'd on every side.
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight;
But horse to horse, and man to man, they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resign the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large laughter at her sanguine eyes:
Discord alone, of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain:
The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Ranged in bright order on th' Olympian hill;

But general murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accused the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, superior and alone,
Th' eternal monarch on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sate;
And, fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate;
On earth he turn'd his all-considering eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's towers arise;
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying and the dead.

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER, born early in the century, died 1846.

Now from the couch of Tithon, ministering
New light to gods and men, rose Morn; when Strife,
Despatch'd by Jove, to the Achaian ships
Rush'd down, and in her hand the sign of war
Waved fearful. On Ulysses' broad black ship,
The midmost of the fleet, whence easily
Thy shout might by Achilles have been heard,
Or Ajax, at its far extremities,
She stood, and to the congregated Greeks
Raised the loud Orthian war-song, that each heart
With sudden valour fired; and had a God
Then given them choice of battle or return,
They would have chosen battle. Loud was heard
The voice of Agamemnon, as he call'd
His men to arm, and in the midst himself
Braced on his glittering armour.

The hosts
Array'd for battle: on the trench's verge
They left their chariots, and in arms themselves,
Horsemen and foot, pour'd forth. Incessant shouts
Vex'd the still morn. The foot moved first, the horse
Close follow'd: Jove, the martial tumult wide
Awakening, sent from heaven a rain-shower mix'd
With blood, in sign that many a valiant soul

Should to its reckoning fleet. On th' other side
The Trojans arm'd for battle; Hector them
Array'd, and wise Polydamas, and he
Honour'd by Trojans even as a god,
Æneas, and Antenor's warrior sons,
Agenor, Polybus, Acamas of form
Unmatch'd by mortals. In the foremost rank
Was Hector, by his round effulgent shield
Distinguish'd. As the star of pestilence
Now breaks in all its glory forth, anon
Cowers under darkness, Hector now was seen
The van exhorting, now amidst the rear
Conspicuous, while his frame, all o'er with arms
Flash'd, like the lightnings of our father Jove.
As reapers in some rich man's field mow down
Opposed, the harvest, barley, or wheat; the sheaves
Fall thick: so, each to each opposed, they held
In even scale the war; equal were set
The squadrons, and like wolves their rage; with joy
Discord beheld, she only of the gods
There present; from on high the deities
Each at his shining threshold set, survey'd
The war, while all arraign'd the Thunderer's will
Too partial to the Trojans. He of them
Light heeding, sate on Ida's top apart,
Rejoicing in his glory; thence survey'd
The towers of Ilion, and the ships of Greece,
The flash of arms, the slayers and the slain.

EDWARD, EARL OF DERBY, born 1799, died 1869.

Now rose Aurora from Tithonus' bed,
To mortals and immortals bringing light;
When to the ships of Greece came Discord down,
Despatch'd from Jove, with dire portents of war.
Upon Ulysses' lofty ship she stood,
The midmost, thence to shout to either side,

Or to the tents of Ajax Telamon,
Or of Achilles, who at each extreme,
Confiding in their strength, had moor'd their ships.
There stood the goddess, and in accents loud
And dread she call'd, and fix'd in every breast
The fierce resolve to wage unwearied war;
And dearer to their hearts than thoughts of home
Or wish'd return, became the battle-field.
Atrides, loudly shouting, call'd the Greeks
To arms: himself his flashing armour donn'd.

. . . . . .

Forthwith they order'd, each his charioteer,
To stay his car beside the ditch; themselves,
On foot, in arms accoutred, sallied forth,
And loud, ere early dawn, the clamour rose.
Advanc'd before the cars, they lin'd the ditch;
Follow'd the cars, a little space between:
But Jove with dire confusion fill'd their ranks,
Who sent from heaven a show'r of blood-stain'd rain,
In sign of many a warrior's coming doom,
Soon to the viewless shades untimely sent.
Meanwhile upon the slope, beneath the plain,
The Trojan chiefs were gather'd; Hector's self,
Polydamas, Æneas, as a god
In rev'rence held; Antenor's three brave sons,
Agenor's godlike presence, Polybus,
And, heav'nly fair, the youthful Acamas.
In front was seen the broad circumference
Of Hector's shield; and as amid the clouds
Shines forth the fiery dog-star, bright and clear,
Anon beneath the cloudy veil conceal'd;
So now in front was Hector seen, and now
Pass'd to the rear, exhorting; all in brass,
His burnish'd arms like Jove's own lightning flash'd.
As in the corn-land of some wealthy lord
The rival bands of reapers mow the swathe,

Barley or wheat: and fast the trusses fall;
So Greeks and Trojans mow'd th' opposing ranks;
Nor these admitted thought of faint retreat,
But still made even head; while those, like wolves,
Rushed to the onset; Discord, goddess dire,
Beheld, rejoicing; of the heavenly powers
She only mingled with the combatants;
The others all were absent; they, serene,
Reposed in gorgeous palaces, for each
Amid Olympus' deep recesses built.
Yet all the cloud-girt son of Saturn blamed,
Who will'd the vict'ry to the arms of Troy.
He heeded not their anger; but withdrawn
Apart from all, in pride of conscious strength,
Surveyed the walls of Troy, the ships of Greece,
The flash of arms, the slayers and the slain.

Urn-Burial.

Sir Thomas Browne.

[Sir Thomas Browne, a learned physician of the seventeenth century, was born in London in 1605. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, took his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Leyden, and settled at Norwich as a physician in 1636. His two great works are "Religio Medici," and "Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors." He wrote also many tracts. A complete edition of his works, including his Life and Correspondence, was edited by Mr Wilkin in 1835. He was knighted by Charles the Second in 1671, and died in 1682. Sir Thomas Browne was not only one of the most learned writers of his time, but his style is singularly powerful and idiomatic. It is commonly held that Dr Johnson, who wrote his life, founded his own style upon that of this remarkable writer; but although the Latin forms prevail to a great extent in each, it seems to us that there is a striking difference between the balanced periods of Johnson and the rush and crowding of the thoughts of Browne. His discourse on "Urn-Burial," from which the following is an extract, was occasioned by the discovery of some ancient sepulchral urns in Norfolk. The passage which we give is the fifth and concluding chapter of this most original production.]

Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard underground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above it; and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests: what prince can promise such diuturnity unto his relics, or might not gladly say—

"Sic ego componi versus in ossa velim?"*

Time, which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments. In vain we hope to be known by open and visible conservatories, when to be unknown was the means of their continuation, and obscurity their protection. If they died by violent hands, and were thrust into their urns, these bones became considerable, and some old philosophers would honour them, whose souls they considered most pure, which were thus snatched from their bodies, and to retain a stronger propension unto them; whereas they weariedly left a languishing corpse, and with faint desires of reunion. If they fell by long and aged decay, yet wrapt up in the bundle of time, they fall into indistinction, and make but one blot with infants. If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment. How many pulses made up the life of Methuselah were work for Archimedes: common counters sum up the life of Moses his man. Our days become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations; where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers; and our days of a span long make not one little finger.

If the nearness of our last necessity brought a nearer conformity into it, there were a happiness in hoary hairs, and no calamity in half senses. But the long habit of living indisposeth us for dying; when avarice makes us the sport of death, when

* The line is from the second Elegy of the third book of Tibullus, where he dwells on the rites which will attend his funeral, and wishes that his obsequies might be so performed.

even David grew politically cruel, and Solomon could hardly be said to be the wisest of men. But many are too early old, and before the date of age. Adversity stretcheth our days, misery makes Alcmena's nights, and time hath no wings unto it. But the most tedious being is that which can unwish itself, content to be nothing, or never to have been, which was beyond the malcontent of Job, who cursed not the day of his life, but his nativity; content to have so far been, as to have a title to future being, although he had lived here but in an hidden state of life, and as it were an abortion.

What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and councillors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names, as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and madding vices. Pagan vain-glories which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition; and, finding no *atropos* unto the immortality of their names, were never dampt with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already out-lasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of

Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore, restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names, as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. 'Tis too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration which maketh pyramids pillars of snow and all that's past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries, who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself. Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our

memories, the *entelecheia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodotus with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Erostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana, he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the *Lucina* of life, and even Pagans could doubt, whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right declensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration;—diuturnity is a dream and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we

slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which notwithstanding is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days, and, our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successes, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings, and, enjoying the fame of their past selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the uncomfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies, to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon: men have been deceived even in their flatteries above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven. The various cosmography of that part hath already varied the names of contrived constellations; Nimrod is lost in Orion, and Osiris in the dog-star. While we look for incorruption in the heavens, we find they are but like the earth;—durable in their main bodies, alterable in their parts; whereof, beside comets and new stars, perspectives begin to tell tales, and the spots that wander about the sun, with Phaëton's favour, would make clear conviction.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning, may be confident of no end;—which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself; and the highest strain of omnipotency, to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself: all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration. Wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration; and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.*

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us. A small fire sufficeth for life, great flames seemed too little after death, while men vainly affected furious fires, and to burn like Sardanapalus; but the wisdom of funeral laws found the folly of prodigal blazes, and reduced undoing fires unto the rule of sober obsequies, wherein few could be so mean as not to provide wood, pitch, a mourner, and an urn.

Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus. The man of God lives longer without a tomb than any by one, invisibly interred by angels, and adjudged to obscurity, though not without some marks directing human discovery. Enoch and Elias, without either tomb or burial, in an anomalous state of being, are the great examples of perpetuity, in their long and living memory, in strict account being still on this side death, and having a late part yet to act upon this stage of earth. If in the decretory term of the world we shall not all die but be changed, according to received translation, the last day will make but few graves; at least, quick resurrections will anticipate lasting sepul-

* Southey, who quotes this passage in his "Colloquies," conjectures that Browne wrote *infimy*.

tures. Some graves will be opened before they be quite closed, and Lazarus no wonder. When many that feared to die, shall groan that they can die but once, the dismal state is the second and living death, when life puts despair on the damned; when men shall wish the coverings of mountains, not of monuments, and annihilation shall be courted.

While some have studied monuments, others have studiously declined them, and some have been so vainly boisterous, that they durst not acknowledge their graves; wherein Alaricus seems most subtle, who had a river turned to hide his bones at the bottom. Even Sylla, that thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues and stones thrown at his monument. Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next; who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination, and night of their forebeings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had an handsome anticipation of heaven; the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their production, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief.

To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be anything, in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the *moles* of Adrianus.

Harvest.

VARIOUS.

THE glad harvest-time has not been neglected by the poets. THOMSON takes us into "the ripened field" with his solemn cadences:—

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves,
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandman! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh! think,
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,

And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The prosaic character of the field-work is somewhat changed when we hear the song of WORDSWORTH'S solitary reaper:—

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain.
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers, in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands:
Such thrilling voice was never heard
In spring-time, from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd—motionless and still;
And, when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

But all the practical poetry of Harvest-Home belongs to a past time. Will it ever come again as HERRICK has described it?—

Come, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest-home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock-cart crowned.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,

Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves;
Some cross the thill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat,
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;

With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumentie;
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There 's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough, the common-wealth,
Next to your flails, your fanes, your fatts;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
To the rough sickle, and crooked scythe,
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blythe.
Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat;
And know, besides, you must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they 're hanged up now.
And you must know your lord's word 's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

We want the spirit of brotherhood to bring back the English country life which gladdened the hearts of the old poets :—

Sweet country life to such unknown,
Whose lives are others', not their own;
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west:
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds;
For well thou know'st 'tis not the extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soiled, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands:
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough:
This done, then to the enamell'd meads
Thou go'st, and, as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present god-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine;
Here thou behold'st thy large sleak neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,

To make a pleasing pastime there;
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the homely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too, with garlands graced,
Thy morris-dance, thy whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail,
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,
That 's toss'd up after Fox i' th' hole,
Thy mummeries, thy twelve-tide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it;
To these thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw and get
The lark into the trammel-net;
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade,
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls, then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
Oh, happy life! if that their good
Their husbandmen but understood;
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

HERRICK.

The last poet who has described Harvest-Home was BLOOMFIELD, the "Farmer's Boy." Even this solitary festival belongs, we fear, to the things that were before the flood.

Here once a year distinction lowers her crest;
The master, servant, and the merry guest,
Are equal, all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And warm'd with gratitude he quits his place,
With sunburnt hands, and ale-enlivened face,
Refills the jug his honoured host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend;
Proud thus to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

Moving Onward.

H. MARTINEAU.

[The following reflective passage is from Miss Martineau's admirable novel of "Deerbrook." Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the tendencies of some of this lady's works—and no modern writer has been more attacked by unjust prejudices—no candid mind can doubt that the mainspring of her writings was an ardent desire for the well-being of the human race. Miss Martineau was born 1802; died 1876.]

The world rolls on, let what will be happening to the individuals who occupy it. The sun rises and sets, seed-time and harvest come and go, generations arise and pass away, law and authority hold on their course, while hundreds of millions of human hearts have stirring within them struggles and emotions eternally new;—and experience so diversified as that no two days appear alike to any one, and to no two does any one day appear the same. There is something so striking in this perpetual contrast between the external uniformity and internal variety of the procedure of existence, that it is no wonder that multitudes have formed a conception of Fate—of a mighty unchanging power, blind to the differences of spirits, and deaf to the appeals of human delight and misery; a huge insensible force, beneath which all that is spiritual is sooner or later wounded, and is ever liable to be crushed. This conception of fate is grand, is natural, and fully warranted to minds too lofty to be satisfied with the details of human life, but which have not risen to the far higher conception of a Providence to whom this uniformity and variety are but means to a higher end than they apparently involve. There is infinite blessing in having reached the nobler conception; the feeling of helplessness is relieved; the craving for sympathy from the ruling power is satisfied; there is a hold for veneration; there is room for hope; there is, above all, the stimulus and support of an end perceived or anticipated; a purpose which steeps in sanctity all human experience. Yet even where this blessing is the most fully felt and recognised, the spirit cannot but be at times overwhelmed by the vast regu-

arity of aggregate existence—thrown back upon its faith for support, when it reflects how all things go on as they did before it became conscious of existence, and how all would go on as now, if it were to die to-day. On it rolls—not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere;—on it rolls; and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen and heard above the general stir and hum of life, than Chimborazo or the loftiest Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere. On, on it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary mote of the myriads that swim in space; no shriek of passion, nor shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations or a continent, could attain the ear of the eternal silence, as she sits throned among the stars. Death is less dreary than life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart, believe that they are not the accidents of fate, but the children of a Father. In the house of every wise parent may then be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into his parent's pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he can only venerate! Which of these little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parent's thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household—its going forth and coming in, its rising and its rest—having been different before his birth, or that it would be altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when it now and then occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him—that he has clothes and couch, and that his mother thinks and cares for him. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it—his father thoughtful, his mother occupied, and the rest gay, with the one difference of his

not being there. This he believes, and has no other trust than in his shriek of terror, for being ever remembered more. Yet, all the while, from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parent around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening his passions, nourishing his affections—now troubling it with salutary pain, now animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while is the order of household affairs regulated for the comfort and profit of these lowly little ones, though they regard it reverently, because they cannot comprehend it. They may not know of all this—how their guardian bends over their pillow nightly, and lets no word of their careless talk drop unheeded, and records every sob of infant grief, hails every brightening gleam of reason and every chirp of childish glee—they may not know this, because they could not understand it aright, and each little heart would be inflated with pride, each little mind would lose the grace and purity of its unconsciousness; but the guardianship is not the less real, constant, and tender, for its being unrecognised by its objects. As the spirit expands, and perceives that it is one of an innumerable family, it would be in danger of sinking into the despair of loneliness if it were not capable of

> "Belief
> In mercy carried infinite degrees
> Beyond the tenderness of human hearts,"

while the very circumstance of multitude obviates the danger of undue elation. But, though it is good to be lowly, it behoves every one to be sensible of the guardianship of which so many evidences are around all who breathe. While the world and life roll on and on, the feeble reason of the child of Providence may be at times overpowered by the vastness of the system amidst which he lives; but his faith will smile upon his fear, rebuke him for averting his eyes, and inspire him with the thought, "Nothing can crush me, for I am made for eternity. I will do, suffer, and enjoy, as my Father wills; and let the world and life roll on!"

Such is the faith which supports, which alone can support, the

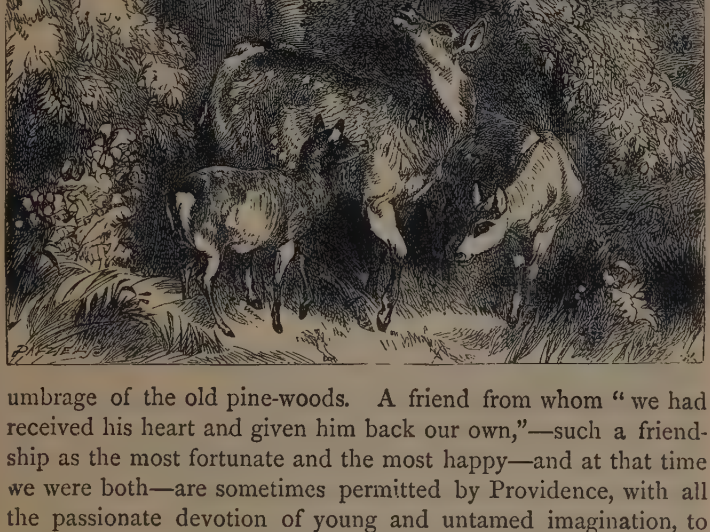
many who, having been whirled into the eddying stream of social affairs, are withdrawn by one cause or another, to abide in some still little creek, the passage of the mighty tide. The broken-down statesman, who knows himself to be spoken of as politically dead, and sees his successors at work, building on his foundations, without more than a passing thought on him who had laboured before them, has need of this faith. The aged, who find affairs proceeding at the will of the young and hardy, whatever the gray-haired may think and say, have need of this faith. So have the sick, when they find none but themselves disposed to look on life in the light which comes from beyond the grave. So have the persecuted, when, with or without cause, they see themselves pointed at in the street; and the despised, who find themselves neglected whichever way they turn. So have the prosperous, during those moments which must occur to all, when sympathy fails, and means to much desired ends are wanting, or when satiety makes the spirit roam abroad in search of something better than it has found. This universal, eternal, filial relation, is the only universal and eternal refuge. It is the solace of royalty weeping in the inner chambers of its palaces, and of poverty drooping beside its cold hearth. It is the glad tidings preached to the poor, and in which all must be poor in spirit to have part. If they be poor in spirit, it matters little what is their external state, or whether the world, which rolls on beside or over them, be the world of a solar system, or of a conquering empire, or of a small-souled village.

Youthful Friendship.

John Wilson.

Sublime solitudes of our boyhood! where each stone in the desert was sublime, unassociated though it was with dreams of memory, in its own simple native power over the human heart! Each sudden breath of wind passed by us like the voice of a

spirit. There were strange meanings in the clouds—often so like human forms and faces threatening us off, or beckoning us on, with long black arms, back into the long-withdrawing wilderness of heaven. We wished then, with quaking bosoms, that we had not been all alone in the desert—that there had been another heart, whose beatings might have kept time with our own, that we might have gathered courage in the silent and sullen gloom from the light in a brother's eye—the smile on a brother's countenance. And often had we such a friend in these our far-off wanderings, over moors and mountains, by the edge of lochs, and through the



umbrage of the old pine-woods. A friend from whom "we had received his heart and given him back our own,"—such a friendship as the most fortunate and the most happy—and at that time we were both—are sometimes permitted by Providence, with all the passionate devotion of young and untamed imagination, to enjoy, during a bright dreamy world, of which that friendship is as the polar star. Emilius Godfrey! for ever holy be the name! a boy when we were but a child—when we were but a youth, a man. We felt stronger in the shadow of his arm—happier, bolder, better in the light of his countenance. He was the protector—

the guardian of our moral being. In our pastimes we bounded with wilder glee—at our studies we sat with intenser earnestness, by his side. He it was that taught us how to feel all those glorious sunsets, and imbued our young spirit with the love and worship of nature. He it was that taught us to feel that our evening prayer was no idle ceremony to be hastily gone through—that we might lay down our head on the pillow, then soon smoothed in sleep—but a command of God, which a response from nature summoned the humble heart to obey. He it was who for ever had at command, wit for the sportive, wisdom for the serious hour. Fun and frolic flowed in the merry music of his lips—they lightened from the gay glancing of his eyes—and then, all at once, when the one changed its measures, and the other gathered, as it were, a mist or a cloud, an answering sympathy chained our own tongue, and darkened our own countenance, in intercommunion of spirit felt to be, indeed, divine! It seemed as if we knew but the words of language—that he was a scholar who saw into their very essence. The books we read together were, every page, and every sentence of every page, all covered over with light. Where his eye fell not as we read, all was dim or dark, unintelligible, or with imperfect meanings. Whether we perused with him a volume writ by a nature like our own, or the volume of the earth and the sky, or the volume revealed from heaven, next day we always knew and felt that something had been added to our being. Thus imperceptibly we grew up in our intellectual stature, breathing a purer moral and religious air; with all our finer affections towards other human beings, all our kindred and our kind, touched with a dearer domestic tenderness, or with a sweet benevolence that seemed to our ardent fancy to embrace the dwellers in the uttermost regions of the earth. No secret of pleasure or pain—of joy or grief—of fear or hope—had our heart to withhold or conceal from Emilius Godfrey. He saw it as it beat within our bosom, with all its imperfections—may we venture to say, with all its virtues. A repented folly—a confessed fault—a sin for which we were truly contrite—a vice flung from us with loathing and with shame—in such moods as these, happier

were we to see his serious and his solemn smile than when in mirth and merriment we sat by his side, in the social hour, on a knoll in the open sunshine. And the whole school were in ecstasies to hear tales and stories from his genius; even like a flock of birds chirping in their joy, all newly alighted in a vernal land. In spite of that difference in our age—or oh! say rather because that very difference did touch the one heart with tenderness, and the other with reverence! how often did we two wander, like elder and younger brother, in the sunlight and the moonlight solitudes! Woods into whose inmost recesses we should have quaked alone to penetrate, in his company were glad as gardens, through their most awful umbrage; and there was beauty in the shadows of the old oaks. Cataracts, in whose lonesome thunder, as it pealed into those pitchy pools, we durst not, by ourselves, have faced the spray—in his presence, dinned with a merry music in the desert, and cheerful was the thin mist they cast sparkling up into the air. Too severe for our uncompanied spirit, then easily overcome with awe, was the solitude of those remote inland lochs. But as we walked with him along the winding shores, how passing sweet the calm of both blue depths—how magnificent the white-crested waves, tumbling beneath the black thunder-cloud! More beautiful, because our eyes gazed on it along with his, at the beginning or the ending of some sudden storm, the Apparition of the Rainbow. Grander in its wildness, that seemed to sweep at once all the swinging and stooping woods to our ear, because his too listened, the concerto by winds and waves played at midnight when not one star was in the sky. With him we first followed the Falcon in her flight—he showed us on the Echo-cliff the Eagle's-eyry. To the thicket he led us, where lay couched the lovely-spotted Doe, or showed us the mild-eyed creature browsing on the glade with her two fawns at her side. But for him we should not then have seen the antlers of the red-deer, for the forest was indeed a most savage place, and haunted—such was the superstition at which those who scorned it trembled—haunted by the ghost of a huntsman whom a jealous rival had murdered as he stooped, after the chase, at a little moun-

tain well that ever since oozed out blood. What converse passed between us two in all those still shadowy solitudes! Into what depths of human nature did he teach our wandering eyes to look down! Oh! what was to become of us, we sometimes thought in sadness that all at once made our spirits sink—like a lark falling suddenly to earth, struck by the fear of some unwonted shadow from above—what was to become of us when the mandate should arrive for him to leave the Manse for ever, and sail away in a ship for India never more to return! Ever as that dreaded day drew nearer, more frequent was the haze in our eyes; and in our blindness we knew not that such tears ought to have been far more rueful still, for that he then lay under orders for a longer and more lamentable voyage—a voyage over a narrow strait to the eternal shore. All—all at once he drooped: on one fatal morning the dread decay began—with no forewarning, the springs on which his being had so lightly, so proudly, so grandly moved—gave way. Between one Sabbath and another his bright eyes darkened—and while all the people were assembled at the sacrament, the soul of Emilius Godfrey soared up to heaven. It was indeed a dreadful death; serene and sainted though it were—and not a hall—not a house—not a hut—not a shieling within all the circle of those wide mountains, that did not on that night mourn as if it had lost a son. All the vast parish attended his funeral—Lowlanders and Highlanders, in their own garb of grief. And have time and tempest now blackened the white marble of that monument—is that inscription now hard to be read—the name of Emilius Godfrey in green obliteration—nor haply one surviving who ever saw the light of the countenance of him there interred! Forgotten as if he had never been! for few were that glorious orphan's kindred—and they lived in a foreign land—forgotten but by one heart; faithful through all the chances and changes of this restless world! And therein enshrined, amongst all its holiest remembrances, shall be the image of Emilius Godfrey, till it too, like his, shall be but dust and ashes!

Oh! blame not boys for so soon forgetting one another in absence or in death. Yet forgetting is not just the very word;

call it rather a reconcilement to doom and destiny—in thus obeying a benign law of nature that soon streams sunshine over the shadows of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ongoings of this world be continued. The nascent spirit outgrows much in which it once found all delight; and thoughts delightful still, thoughts of the faces and the voices of the dead, perish not, lying sometimes in slumber—sometimes in sleep. It belongs not to the blessed season and genius of youth to hug to its heart useless and unavailing griefs. Images of the well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mould, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our main business —our prime joys and our prime sorrows—ought to be—must be with the living. Duty demands it; and Love, who would pine to death over the bones of the dead, soon fastens upon other objects with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows. So was it with us. Ere the midsummer sun had withered the flowers that spring had sprinkled over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to happiness; and we felt that we did wrong to visit, too often, that corner of the kirkyard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies; in our dreams we saw him—most often all alive as ever—sometimes a phantom away from that grave! If the morning light was frequently hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us along with the feeling that he was dead, it more frequently cheered and gladdened us with resignation, and sent us forth a fit playmate to the dawn that rang with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river, or along the loch—once more following the flight of the Falcon along the woods—eyeing the Eagle on the Echo-cliff. Days passed by, without so much as one thought of Emilius Godfrey—pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently—just as if he had never been! But often and often, too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight towards us—his very figure—we could not be deceived—but the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden—the grief-worn spectre melted into the mist. The strength that formerly had come from his counsels, now began to grow up of itself

within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became more our own, moulded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies; and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and saw the faces of the mountaineers on their way to their work, or coming and going to the house of God.

Holy Sonnets.

DONNE.

[COWLEY was called by Dr Johnson the last and the best of the metaphysical poets. He enumerates Donne amongst them, and quotes some of his "quaint conceits." There is no writer in our language who is such a master of the subtleties of thought as he whose "Holy Sonnets" we now extract; but at the same time there are few authors who excel him in strength and fervour. The life of John Donne has been written by Izaak Walton. He entered the church late in life, and died Dean of St Paul's, in his fifty-fourth year, being born in 1573.]

I.—Thou hast made me, and shall Thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh,
Only Thou art above, and when t'wards Thee
By Thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And Thou like adamant draw mine iron heart

II.—As due, by many titles, I resign
Myself to Thee, O God. First I was made

By Thee and for Thee; and, when I was decayed,
Thy blood bought that, the which before was Thine;
I am Thy son, made with Thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains Thou hast still repayed,
Thy sheep, Thine image, and, till I betrayed
Myself, a temple of Thy Spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay ravish, that's Thy right?
Except Thou rise, and for Thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That Thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loath to lose me.

III.—Oh! might these sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourned in vain;
In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th' hydropic drunkard and night-scouting thief,
The itchy lecher and self-tickling proud,
Have the remembrance of past joys, for relief
Of coming ills. So poor me is allowed
No ease; for long, yet vehement, grief hath been
Th' effect and cause—the punishment and sin.

IV.—Oh! my black soul, now thou art summoned
By sickness, Death's herald and champion;
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which, till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But, damn'd and haul'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b' imprisoned:

Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh! make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin:
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That being red, it dyes red souls to white.

V.—I am a little world made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic spright;
But black sin hath betrayed to endless night
My world's both parts, and, oh! both parts must die.
You, which beyond that heav'n, which was most high,
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly;
Or wash it if it must be drown'd no more:
But, oh! it must be burnt; alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and Thy house, which doth in eating heal.

VI.—This is my play's last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point;
And gluttonous Death will instantly unjoint
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face
Whose fear already shakes my every joint:
Then as my soul to heav'n, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they 're bred, and would press me to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purged of evil;
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil

VII.—At the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall, o'erthrow;
All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance, hath slain; and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent: for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

VIII.—If faithful souls be alike glorified
As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
That valiantly I hell's wide mouth o'erstride:
But if our minds to these souls be descryed
By circumstances and by sighs, that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be tried?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And style blasphemous conjurers to call
On Jesus' name, and pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O pensive soul, to God; for He knows best
Thy grief, for He put it into my breast.

IX.—If poisonous minerals, and if that tree
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
Cannot be damned, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?

And mercy being easy and glorious
To God, in His stern wrath, why threatens He?
But who am I, that dare dispute with Thee?
O God, oh! of Thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood
And drown in it my sin's black memory:
That Thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if Thou wilt forget.

X.—Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery,
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou, then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die.

XI.—Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me;
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd; and only He,
Who could do no iniquity, hath died;
But by my death cannot be satisfied
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They killed once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify Him daily, being now glorified.
Oh, let me then His strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but He bore our punishment;
And Jacob came, clothed in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:

God clothed Himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.—Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me! and worse than you;
You have not sinned, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue!
But their Creator, whom sin nor nature tied,
For us, His creatures and His foes, hath died.

XIII.—What if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether His countenance can thee affright!
Tears in His eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills His frowns, which from His pierced head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for His foes' fierce spite?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour; so I say to thee:
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.—Batter my heart, three-personed God, for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend:
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend

Your force to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town, to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, we should defend,
But is captived, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy.
Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.—Wilt thou love God as He thee? then digest,
My soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the Spirit, by angels waited on
In heav'n, doth make His temple in thy breast;
The Father having begot a Son most bless'd,
And still begetting, (for He ne'er begun,)
Had deign'd to choose thee by adoption,
Co-heir to His glory, and Sabbath's endless rest,
And as a robbed man, which by search doth find
His stolen stuff sold, must lose or buy 't again:
The Son of glory came down and was slain,
Us whom He had made and Satan stole t' unbind;
'Twas much that man was made like God before;
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

XVI.—Father, part of His double interest
Unto Thy kingdom Thy Son gives to me;
His jointure in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me His death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath blessed,
Was from the world's beginning slain; and He
Hath made two wills, which with the legacy
Of His and Thy kingdom, Thy sons invest:
Yet such are these laws that men argue yet

Whether a man those statutes can fulfil;
None doth; but Thy all-healing grace and Spirit
Revive again what law and letter kill:
Thy law's abridgment and Thy last command
Is all but love; oh let this last will stand!

FROM THE FRENCH OF DESBARREAUX.

H. K. White.

Thy judgments, Lord, are just; Thou lovest to wear
The face of pity and of love divine;
But mine is guilt—Thou must not, canst not, spare,
While Heaven is true, and equity is Thine.
Yes, O my God! such crimes as mine, so dread,
Leave but the choice of punishment to Thee;
Thy interest calls for judgment on my head,
And even Thy mercy dares not plead for me!
Thy will be done—since 'tis Thy glory's due,
Did from mine eyes the endless torrents flow;
Smite—it is time—though endless death ensue,
I bless the avenging hand that lays me low.
But on what spot shall fall Thine anger's flood,
That has not first been drench'd in Christ's atoning blood?

Luxury.

Sir G. Mackenzie.

[Sir George Mackenzie, who filled the distinguished post of King's Advocate in Scotland, was born at Dundee in 1636, and died in 1691. He has the reputation of being among the first Scotsmen who wrote the English language with purity. The following extract is from a treatise published after his death, and dedicated by him to the University of Oxford, entitled, "The Moral History of Frugality."]

One might reasonably have thought that as the world grew older luxury would have been more shunned; for the more men

multiplied, and the greater their dangers grew, they should have been the more easily induced to shun all expense, that they might the more successfully provide against those inconveniences. But yet it proved otherwise, and luxury was the last of all vices that prevailed over mankind; for after riches had been hoarded up, they rotted, as it were, into luxury; and after that tyranny and ambition had robbed many poor innocents, luxury, more cruel than they, was made use of by Providence to revenge their quarrel, and so triumphed over the conquerors. Thus, when Rome had by wit and courage subdued the world, it was drowned in that inundation of riches which these brought upon it.

This voice has its own masks and disguises too; for it transforms itself into virtue, whilst, like that, it runs faster from avarice, and laughs more loudly at it than liberality itself does, and to that height that it seems to be angry at liberality, as being only a kind of niggardliness. It pretends to keep open table to those who starve, and to have an open purse always for men of merit. Beauty and learning are its pensioners, and all manner of divertisements are still in his retinue. It obliges the peaceable to favour it, as an enemy to everything that is uneasy; and it engages men of parts to speak for it, because, whilst it lavishes the treasures others have hoarded up, it feeds the hope and expectations of such as were provided by nature of nothing but a stock of wit. And there being seldom other matches betwixt liberality and prodigality but such as are to be measured by exact reflections upon the estates of the spenders, it sometimes praises that as liberality which ought to be condemned as luxury; and even where the transgression may be discerned, the bribed and interested multitude will not acknowledge that liberality, by exceeding its bounds, has lost its name. Some, also, from the same principle, authorise this vice by the pretext of law, crying out that every man should have liberty to dispose of his own as he pleases, and by the good of commerce, saying, with a serious face, that frugality would ruin all trade, and if no man spent beyond his measure riches would not circulate; nor should virtuous, laborious, or witty men find in this circulation occasions to excite

or reward their industry. And from this, probably, flows the law of England's not interdicting prodigals, denying him the administration of his own estate, as the laws of all other nations do.

The great arguments that weigh with me against luxury are, first, that luxury disorders, confounds, and is inconsistent with that just and equal economy, whereby God governs the world as His own family, in which all men are but children or servants; for as the avaricious hoards up for one that which should be distributed among many, so, in luxury, one vicious man spends upon himself what should maintain many hundreds; and he surfeits to make them starve. This is not to be a steward, but master. Nor can we think that the wise and just Judge of all things will suffer, in His beautiful world, what the most negligent and imprudent amongst us could not suffer in his private family.

The second argument is, that nature should be man's chief rule in things relating to this world; and reason his great director, under God, in making use of that rule, and the eyes (as it were) by which we are to see how to follow it. By this nature teaches us how to proportion the means to the end, and not to employ all the instruments whereby such an end may be procured, but only such as are necessary and suitable for the procuring of it, which proportion luxury neither understands nor follows; and therefore we must conclude it unnatural and unreasonable, and that frugality is the true mathematics of moral philosophy: and by this we may condemn, not only such as *Senecio* was in the Roman History, who delighted to have his clothes and his shoes twice as large as were fit for his body and feet, which the luxurious laughed at with others; but even such as keep twice as great tables, build twice as great houses, pay twice as many servants as are fit for them, are as mad as he. For though that disproportion be not so very perceptible as the other, because the bulk of a man's estate is not so easily measured and known as that of his person, and because there are twice as many fools of this kind as there are of the other, so that reason is out-voted though it cannot be answered, yet the folly is the same everywhere; and in this

it is more dangerous, that Senecio wronged only himself, whilst they oft-times wrong and ruin both their posterity and neighbours. Thus I have seen a man, otherwise judicious enough, much surprised when it was represented that his building, though it seemed to him and many others to carry no great disproportion to his estate, yet would, in forty-four years, (which is but a short time,) equal his estate, allowing the interest of his money to equal the capital sum in the space of eleven years and a-half, which it did by law; for £100, forborne for forty-eight years, at *six per cent* compound interest, amounts to £1734, 4s. 2d. And how many may forbear £100? and this sum, in ten years, which is but a very short time, will amount to £2774, 12s. by simple multiplication, without compound interest. We should be proportionable in our expense, for that which widens a man's fancy in any one thing makes it extravagant in all things, as they who use their stomachs to too much of any one meat will make it craving as to all others. Whereas, on the other hand, that which should enamour men of frugality is, that it accustoms us to reasoning and proportion, observing exactly the least perceptible proportions, and the smallest consequences, which makes me call to mind the remarkable story of the Holland merchant, who, having married his daughter to a luxurious rich citizen, to the great dissatisfaction of his wife, she came the next day to the bride and bridegroom, and offered them the egg of a turkey hen, and desired her daughter to use herself, in exactly looking to the product of that egg, to consider the great things which frugality can do in other matters. But, her husband and she having laughed at the lesson, the mother improved so far the egg, that within twenty years the advantage of it and the luxury of that married couple grew so fast, that they needed the meanest assistance, and the product of the egg afforded a comfortable one; for with the considerable sum that was gathered by it they stocked themselves anew, and by the help of the (formerly slighted) lesson of not despising the meanest things, raised themselves again to a very considerable estate. And if any man will but consider yearly what he superfluously spends, and how much that would multiply in process of

time, he will easily perceive that what he spends in the consequence is vastly greater than appears to him in the first calculation; as, for instance, if a man who may spend £500 per annum does spend £600, this small error of £100 a-year will amount, in forty-four years, at six per cent., to the sum of £1373, 6s. and odd pence. And though a man thinks it scarce worth his pains to manage so as to preserve £100, he must be very luxurious who thinks it not worth his pains to gain the sum of £1373. And it is a great defect in our reason, that those ills which follow as necessary consequence are despised as mean, because the consequences themselves are remote. And as that is the best eye, so that is likewise the best reason, which sees clearly at a great distance. Another great error that luxury tempts us to, by not reasoning exactly, is, that it makes us calculate our estates without deducting what is payable out of them to the poor, to the king, and to creditors, before we proportion our expense; whereas we should spend only what is truly our own; and the law, to prevent luxury, tells us that *id tantum nostrum est quod, deductis debitis, apud nos remanet:* That is only ours which remains with us, after our debts are deducted. Nor will a proportional part of our estates answer the equivalent of our debts. For, if I owe £100 a-year, no part of my estate that pays me £100 a-year will pay it; for many accidents may hinder me to get my own rent, but no accident will procure an abatement of my debt. And this leads me to consider that frugality numbers always the accidents that may intervene amongst other creditors; and the wise Hollander observes, that a man should divide his estate in three parts; upon one-third he should live, another third he should lay up for his children, and the last he should lay by for accidents. There are few men who do not in their experience find that, their whole life being balanced together, they have lost a third part always of their revenue by accidents. And most families are destroyed by having the children's provision left as a debt upon them. So that a man should at least endeavour to live upon the one half, and leave the other half for his children.

The next argument that discredits luxury with me is, that it occa-

sions many and great inconveniences, both to him who labours under it, and to the commonwealth under which he lives.

The luxurious man oppresses that nature which should be the foundation of his joy; and, by false reasoning, he is made by this vice to believe, that because some ease and aliments are pleasant, therefore, the more he takes of them, the more he will be pleased. And the first proofs by which he is convinced that he is cheated in this are those diseases, into which those vices, when they are swelled, overflow, and destroy that ground which a gentle watering would have refreshed. Then he begins to understand that a mediocrity is the Golden Rule, and that proportion is to be observed in all the course of our life.

Luxury also makes a man so soft, that it is hard to please him, and easy to trouble him. So that his pleasures at last become his burden. Luxury is a nice master, hard to be pleased: *Res est severa voluptas*, said he who knew it best. Whereas the frugal and temperate man can, by fasting till a convenient time, make any food pleasant; and is by travelling, when it is convenient, hardened sufficiently not to be troubled by any ordinary accidents. The luxurious must at last owe to this temperance that health and ease which his false pleasures have robbed him of; he must abstain from his wines, feastings, and fruits, until temperance has cured him. And I have known many, who after they have been tortured by the tyranny of luxury, whilst they had riches in abundance to feed it, become very healthful and strong when they fell into that poverty which they had so abhorred. Some whereof have confessed to me, that they never thought themselves so happy, and that they were never so well pleased, as since they had escaped the temptations of that dangerous vice. Luxury does not more ruin a man's body, than it debases his mind; for it makes him servilely drudge under those who support his luxury in pimping to all their vices, flattering all their extravagances, and executing the most dreadful of their commands. I have oft-times remarked, with great pleasure, that in commonwealths, where to be free was accounted the greatest glory, nothing reigned save frugality, and nothing was rich save the common treasure. But

under those monarchies which have degenerated into tyranny, care is taken to have those who get the public pay spend it luxuriously, to the end, that those they employ may still want, and so may be obliged to that contemptible slavery, to which none would bow if they could otherwise live. It is also very observable that those who dwell in the richest countries, which incline men to luxury, such as Greece and Italy, are poor and slaves; whereas the hard rocks of Switzerland breed men who think themselves rich and happy. I like well his reply, who, being tempted to comply with what his conscience could not digest, said to him who tempted him, "I can contentedly walk on foot, but you cannot live without a coach. I will be advised by my innocency; consult you with your grandeur. Rulers can bestow treasures, but virtue only can bestow esteem."

From these reflections may arise remedies against luxury to any thinking man: for though when we consider the luxurious as they shine at courts, live in sumptuous palaces, saluted in the streets, adorned with panegyrics; it is probable that most men will think that philosophers and divines have only writ against luxury, because they could not attain to the riches that are necessary for maintaining it: yet, to balance this, let us consider the vast numbers of those whom it has drowned in pleasures, others whom it has sent to starve in prisons, and dragged to scaffolds by its temptations. I have oft-times seen the luxurious railed at with much malice by those they had sumptuously entertained, who envied the entertainer for being able to treat them so highly, and for living so far above their own condition: concluding, that they were rather called to be witnesses of the entertainer's abundance than sharers in his bounty. And though some think to make an atonement for their oppression, by living sumptuously upon its spoils; yet no wise man will pardon a robber, because he gives back a small share of the great riches he has taken.

Some think riches necessary for keeping great tables, and excuse this by the hopes they have of good company. And a great man told me, he wished such a man's estate, that he might keep us all about him. But my answer was, that the luxurious gathered

about them ordinarily the worst of company; and worthy men valued more virtuous conversation than sumptuous diet, which they rather shunned than followed. I believe there are few so prodigal of their money, but that they have oft some regrets for having spent it; from which the frugal man is exempted, by the assurance he has from his virtue that he can live happily upon the little he has, and can with pleasure find, that he is neither oppressed with the weight of riches, nor terrified by the fear of want; breeding up his posterity not to need these great patrimonies, which he cannot give.

This discourse tends not to forbid the use of all pleasure, nor even the pleasing our senses; for it is not to be imagined that God Almighty brought man into the world to admire His greatness, and taste His goodness, without allowing Him to rejoice in these things which he sees and receives. The best way to admire an artist is to be highly pleased with what he has made; and a benefactor is ill rewarded, when the receiver is not pleased with what is bestowed: his joy being the justest measure and standard of his esteem. We find that in Eden the tasting of all the sweet and delicious fruits was allowed, save only that of the Tree of Knowledge. And why should all these fruits have been made so pleasant to the eye, and so delicious to the taste, if it had not been to make man, His beloved guest, happy there? And I really think that the eye has got the quality of not being satisfied long with any object, nor the ear with hearing any sound, to the end that they might, by this curiosity, be obliged to seek after that variety in which they may every moment discover new proofs of their Master's greatness and goodness. But I condemn the pleasing of the senses only, where more pains is taken, and more time is spent in gratifying them, than is due to those inferior or less noble parts of the reasonable creature. The soul being the nobler and more sublime part, our chief care should be laid out in pleasing it, as a wise subject should take more care in pleasing the king than his ministers, and the master than his servants. The true and allowable luxury of the soul consists in contemplation and thinking, or else in the practice of virtue, whereby we may employ

our time in being useful to others; albeit, when our senses and other inferior faculties have served the soul in these great employments, they ought to be gratified as good servants, but not so as to make them wild masters, as luxury does, when it rather oppresses than refreshes them. I do also think that our chief pleasure should not be expected from the senses: because they are too dull and inactive to please a thinking man; they are only capable to enjoy little, and are soon blunted by enjoyment: whereas religion and virtue do, by the ravishing hopes of what we are to expect, or the pleasant remembering of what we have done, afford constantly new scenes of joy, and which are justly augmented by the concurring testimonies of the best of mankind, who applaud our virtuous actions and decry the vicious. So that the virtuous man is by as many degrees pleased beyond the vicious, as the past and future exceed the single moment of the present time, or as many suffrages exceed one. Nor doubt I but those who have relieved a starving family by their charity have feasted upon the little which they have bestowed with more joy, than ever Lucullus or Apicius did in all the delicacies their cooks could invent. I am convinced, that any generous gentleman would be much more troubled to think that his poor tenants, who toil for him, are screwed up to some degrees that look too like oppression, than he could be pleased with any delicacies which that superplus of rent could buy for him: and that he who has rescued a poor innocent creature from the jaws of ravenous oppression, finds a greater joy irradiated on his spirit, by the great and just Judge, than any general does in that night wherein he has defeated his enemies merely for his glory. We remember to this day, with veneration and esteem, John the Baptist's locusts and wild honey; but the deliciousness of Herod's feasts lasted no longer than the taste; and even the pleasure of the present moment, which the luxurious only enjoy, is much lessened, by the prevailing conviction which arises from that small remaining force, which is still left in the reasonable faculty of the most corrupted man: and which can never be so blinded, as not to have some glimmerings whereby it can discover the ugliness and deformity of vice.

Mirth.

ARCHDEACON HARE.

[THE following extract is from a remarkable work, "Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers." (3d edit.) Those brothers were Julius and Augustus Hare. For some years after Augustus had "been raised from the earth to the full fruition of that truth of which he had first been the earnest seeker, and then the dutiful servant and herald," Julius lived to benefit the world by the exercise of his sacred duties as a pastor. He died in 1855.]

*Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?** In the first place, all the sour faces in the world, stiffening into a more rigid asperity at the least glimpse of a smile. I have seen faces, too, which, so long as you let them lie in their sleepy torpor, unshaken and unstirred, have a creamy softness and smoothness, and might beguile you into suspecting their owners of being gentle: but, if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts on them like thunder, and they also turn sour. Nay, strange as it may seem, there have been such incarnate paradoxes as would rather see their fellow-creatures cry than smile.

But is not this in exact accordance with the spirit which pronounces a blessing on the weeper, and a woe on the laugher?

Not in the persons I have in view. That blessing and woe are pronounced in the knowledge how apt the course of this world is to run counter to the kingdom of God. They who weep are declared to be blessed, not because they weep, but *because they shall laugh:* and the woe threatened to the laughers is in like manner, that *they shall mourn and weep.* Therefore, they who have this spirit in them, will endeavour to forward the blessing and to avert the woe. They will try to comfort the mourner, so as to lead him to rejoice: and they will warn the laugher, that he may be preserved from the mourning and weeping, and may exchange his passing for lasting joy. But there are many who merely indulge in the antipathy, without opening their hearts to the sympathy. Such is the spirit found in those who have cast off the bonds of the lower earthly affections, without having risen as yet

* What forbids one to say what is true in a laughing manner?

into the freedom of heavenly love—in those who have stopped short in the state of transition between the two lives, like so many skeletons stripped of their earthly, and not yet clothed with a heavenly, body. It is the spirit of Stoicism, for instance, in philosophy, and of vulgar Calvinism, which in so many things answers to Stoicism, in religion. They who feel the harm they have received from worldly pleasures are prone at first to quarrel with pleasure of every kind altogether: and it is one of the strange perversities of our self-will to entertain anger, instead of pity, towards those whom we fancy to judge or act less wisely than ourselves. This, however, is only while the scaffolding is still standing around the edifice of their Christian life, so that they cannot see clearly out of the windows, and their view is broken up into disjointed parts. When the scaffolding is removed, and they look abroad without hindrance, they are readier than any to delight in all the beauty and true pleasure around them. They feel that it is their blessed calling not only to *rejoice always* themselves, but likewise to *rejoice with all who do rejoice* in innocence of heart. They feel that this must be well-pleasing to Him who has filled His universe with ever-bubbling springs of gladness; so that whithersoever we turn our eyes, through earth and sky as well as sea, we behold the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* of nature. On the other hand, it is the harshness of an irreligious temper clothing itself in religious zeal, and not seldom exhibiting symptoms of mental disorganization, that looks scowlingly on every indication of happiness and mirth.

Moreover, there is a large class of people who deem the business of life far too weighty and momentous to be made light of; who would leave merriment to children, and laughter to idiots; and who hold that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips as on a gravestone or in a ledger. Wit and wisdom being sisters, not only are they afraid of being indicted for bigamy were they to wed them both, but they shudder at such a union as incestuous. So, to keep clear of temptation, and to preserve their faith where they have plighted it, they turn the younger out of

* Boundless laughter.

doors; and if they see or hear of anybody taking her in, they are positive he can know nothing of the elder. They would not be witty for the world. Now, to escape being so is not very difficult for those whom nature has so favoured that wit with them is always at zero, or below it. Or, as to their wisdom, since they are careful never to overfeed her, she jogs leisurely along the turnpike-road, with lank and meagre carcase, displaying all her bones, and never getting out of her own dust. She feels no inclination to be frisky, but, if a coach or a waggon passes her, is glad, like her rider, to run behind a thing so big. Now, all these people take grievous offence if any one comes near them better mounted, and they are in a tremor lest the neighing and snorting and prancing should be contagious.

Surely, however, ridicule implies contempt; and so the feeling must be condemnable, subversive of gentleness, incompatible with kindness?

Not necessarily so, or universally; far from it. The word *ridicule*, it is true, has a narrow, one-sided meaning. From our proneness to mix up personal feelings with those which are more purely objective and intellectual, we have in great measure restricted the meaning of *ridicule*, which would properly extend over the whole region of the *ridiculous*, the laughable, where we may disport ourselves innocently, without any evil emotion; and we have narrowed it, so that in common usage it mostly corresponds to *derision*, which does indeed involve personal and offensive feelings. As the great business of wisdom in her speculative office is to detect and reveal the hidden harmonies of things, those harmonies which are the sources and the ever-flowing emanations of Law, the dealings of Wit, on the other hand, are with incongruities. And it is the perception of incongruity flashing upon us, when unaccompanied, as Aristotle observes, (*Poet.* c. v.,) by pain, or by any predominant moral disgust, that provokes laughter, and excites the feeling of the ridiculous. But it no more follows that the perception of such an incongruity must breed or foster haughtiness or disdain, than that the perception of anything else that may be erroneous or wrong should do so. You might as well argue that

a man must be proud and scornful because he sees that there is such a thing as sin or such a thing as folly in the world. Yet, unless we blind our eyes, and gag our ears, and hoodwink our minds, we shall seldom pass through a day without having some form of evil brought in one way or other before us. Besides, the perception of incongruity may exist, and may awaken laughter, without the slightest reprobation of the object laughed at. We laugh at a pun, surely without a shade of contempt either for the words punned upon or for the punster; and if a very bad pun be the next best thing to a very good one, this is not from its flattering any feeling of superiority in us, but because the incongruity is broader and more glaring. Nor, when we laugh at a droll combination of imagery, do we feel any contempt, but often admiration at the ingenuity shown in it, and an almost affectionate thankfulness toward the person by whom we have been amused, such as is rarely excited by any other display of intellectual power, as those who have ever enjoyed the delight of Professor Sedgwick's society will bear witness.

It is true, an exclusive attention to the ridiculous side of things is hurtful to the character, and destructive of earnestness and gravity. But no less mischievous is it to fix our attention exclusively, or even mainly, on the vices and other follies of mankind. Such contemplations, unless counteracted by wholesomer thoughts, harden or rot the heart, deaden the moral principle, and make us hopeless and reckless. The objects toward which we should turn our minds habitually are those which are great, and good, and pure; the throne of virtue, and she who sits upon it; the majesty of truth, the beauty of holiness. This is the spiritual sky through which we should strive to mount, "springing from crystal step to crystal step," and bathing our souls in its living, life-giving ether. These are the thoughts by which we should whet and polish our swords for the warfare against evil, that the vapours of the earth may not rust them. But in a warfare against evil, under one or other of its forms, we are all of us called to engage: and it is a childish dream to fancy that we can walk about among mankind without perpetual necessity of remarking

that the world is full of many worse incongruities besides those which make us laugh.

Nor do I deny that a laugher may often be a scoffer and a scorner. Some jesters are fools of a worse breed than those who used to wear the cap. Sneering is commonly found along with a bitter splenetic misanthropy; or it may be a man's mockery at his own hollow heart, venting itself in mockery at others. Cruelty will try to season or to palliate its atrocities by derision. The hyena grins in its den; most wild beasts over their prey. But though a certain kind of wit, like other intellectual gifts, may coexist with moral depravity, there has often been a playfulness in the best and greatest men—in Phocion, in Socrates, in Luther, in Sir Thomas More—which, as it were, adds a bloom to the severer graces of their character, shining forth with amaranthine brightness when storms assail them, and springing up in fresh blossoms under the axe of the executioner. How much is our affection for Hector increased by his tossing his boy in his arms, and laughing at his childish fears! Smiles are the language of love; they betoken the complacency and delight of the heart in the object of its contemplation. Why are we to assume that there must needs be bitterness or contempt in them, when they enforce a truth or reprove an error? On the contrary, some of those who have been richest in wit and humour have been among the simplest and kindest-hearted of men. I will only instance Fuller, Bishop Earle, La Fontaine, Matthes Claudius, Charles Lamb. "Le méchant n'est jamais comique," is wisely remarked by De Maistre, when canvassing the pretensions of Voltaire, (*Soirées*, i. 273;) and the converse is equally true: *le comique, le vrai comique, n'est jamais méchant.* A laugh, to be joyous, must flow from a joyous heart; but without kindness there can be no true joy. And what a dull, plodding, tramping clanking would the ordinary intercourse of society be, without wit to enliven and brighten it! When two men meet, they seem to be kept at bay through the estranging effects of absence, until some sportive sally opens their hearts to each other. Nor does anything spread cheerfulness so rapidly over a whole party, or an assembly of

people, however large. Reason expands the soul of the philosopher; imagination glorifies the poet, and breathes a breath of spring through the young and genial, but if we take into account the numberless glances and gleams whereby wit lightens our every-day life, I hardly know what power ministers so bountifully to the innocent pleasures of mankind.

Surely, too, it cannot be requisite, to a man's being in earnest, that he should wear a perpetual frown. Or is there less of sincerity in Nature during her gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom? Does not the bird's blithe carolling come from the heart quite as much as the quadruped's monotonous cry? And is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode with Truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as on a kind father or mother, and to sport with it, and hold light and merry talk with it, as with a loved brother or sister; and to fondle it, and play with it, as with a child? No otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with Truth; no otherwise did Cervantes and Shakspere. This playfulness of Truth is beautifully represented by Landor, in the conversation between Marcus Cicero and his brother, in an allegory which has the voice and the spirit of Plato. On the other hand, the outcries of those who exclaim against every sound more lively than a bray or a bleat, as derogatory to truth, are often prompted, not so much by their deep feeling of the dignity of the truth in question, as of the dignity of the person by whom that truth is maintained. It is our vanity, our self-conceit, that makes us so sore and irritable. To a grave argument we may reply gravely, and fancy that we have the best of it; but he who is too dull or too angry to smile, cannot answer a smile, except by fretting and fuming. Olivia lets us into the secret of Malvolio's distaste for the Clown.

For the full expansion of the intellect, moreover, to preserve it from that narrowness and partial warp which our proneness to give ourselves up to the sway of the moment is apt to produce, its various faculties, however opposite, should grow and be trained up side by side—should twine their arms together, and strengthen

each other by love-wrestles. Thus will it be best fitted for discerning and acting upon the multiplicity of things which the world sets before it. Thus, too, will something like a balance and order be upheld, and our minds be preserved from that exaggeration on the one side, and depreciation on the other side, which are the sure results of exclusiveness. A poet, for instance, should have much of the philosopher in him; not, indeed, thrusting itself forward at the surface—this would only make a monster of his work, like the Siamese twins, neither one thing nor two—but latent within: the spindle should be out of sight, but the web should be spun by the Fates. A philosopher, on the other hand, should have much of the poet in him. A historian cannot be great without combining the elements of the two minds. A statesman ought to unite those of all the three. A great religious teacher, such as Socrates, Bernard, Luther, Schleiermacher, needs the statesman's practical power of dealing with men and things, as well as the historian's insight into their growth and purpose. He needs the philosopher's ideas, impregnated and impersonated by the imaginations of the poet. In like manner our graver faculties and thoughts are much chastened and bettered by a blending and interfusion of the lighter, so that "the sable cloud" may "turn her silver lining on the night;" while our lighter thoughts require the graver to substantiate them and keep them from evaporating. Thus Socrates is said, in Plato's "Banquet," to have maintained that a great tragic poet ought likewise to be a great comic poet: an observation the more remarkable, because the tendency of the Greek mind, as at once manifested in their Polytheism, and fostered by it, was to insulate all its ideas; and as it were to split up the intellectual world into a cluster of Cyclades; whereas the appetite of union and fusion, often leading to confusion, is the characteristic of modern times. The combination, however, was realised in himself, and in his great pupil; and may, perhaps, have been so to a certain extent in Æschylus, if we may judge from the fame of his satiric dramas. At all events the assertion, as has been remarked more than once —for instance by Coleridge ("Remains," ii. 12)—is a wonderful

prophetical intuition, which has received its fulfilment in Shakspere. No heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello, except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He, too, is an example that the perception of the ridiculous does not necessarily imply bitterness and scorn. Along with his intense humour, and his equally intense piercing insight into the darkest and most fearful depths of human nature, there is still a spirit of universal kindness, as well as universal justice, pervading his works; and Ben Jonson has left us a precious memorial of him, where he calls him "My *gentle* Shakspere." This one epithet sheds a beautiful light on his character: its truth is attested by his wisdom, which could never have been so perfect unless it had been harmonised by the gentleness of the dove. A similar union of the graver and lighter powers is found in several of Shakspere's contemporaries, and in many others among the greatest poets of the modern world; in Boccaccio, in Cervantes, in Chaucer, in Göthe, in Tieck; so was it in Walter Scott.

The Page's Scenes in Philaster.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

[The Page's Scenes in "Philaster" have been held unsurpassed in tender delicacy. It is difficult to quote a scene or scenes from Beaumont and Fletcher without being offended by some inherent grossness, which is here happily wanting. The date of the first play of these dramatists is 1607. Francis Beaumont was born in 1586, and died in 1615. John Fletcher was born in 1576, and died in 1625.]

The story of "Philaster" is that of a rightful heir to a throne falling in love with the daughter of the usurper. Their affection is disturbed by jealousies excited by a designing woman, and encouraged by the tyrannical king, but the lovers are finally happy and triumphant. The page is a lady in disguise, in love with Philaster. Charles Lamb says, "For many years after the date of Philaster's first exhibition on the stage, scarce a play can be found without one of these women pages in it, following in the train of some pre-engaged lover, calling on the gods to bless her happy rival."

Philaster tells the princess Arethusa how his page became known to him:—

Philaster. I have a boy sent by the gods,
Not yet seen in the court; hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay

Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.

Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd; so that, methought, I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,
That ever master kept.

Bellario, the page, is told by Philaster that he has preferred him to the service of the princess.

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask, ay, or deserve.

Bellario. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing,
And only yet am something by being yours;
You trusted me unknown; and that which you are apt
To construe a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Harden'd in lies and theft; yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me: for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet:
But, when thy judgment comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee too.

Bell. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept

To greater men than he, but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bell. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn.
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle boy; 'tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bell. I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs.
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one. [*Exit.*
Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange:
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy,
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks

And speech,) would outdo story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

There is also a fine scene in which Philaster, who has become jealous of Bellario, discharges him. At length the page throws off her disguise, and confesses the motive of her conduct:—

My father would oft speak
Your worth and virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates;
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had put it forth, and suck'd it in
Like breath; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heaved from a sheep-cot to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I; you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so. Alas! I found it love,
Yet far from lust, for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and drest myself
In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,

For other than I seemed; that I might ever
Abide with you: then sate I by the fount
Where first you took me up.
King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.
Bell. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

On the Inherent Pleasure of the Virtuous and Misery of the Vicious Affections.

CHALMERS.

[THE following is from Dr Chalmers's Bridgewater Treatise, "The Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man."]

There is a felt satisfaction in the thought of having done what we know to be right; and, in counterpart to this complacency of self-approbation, there is a felt discomfort, amounting often to bitter and remorseful agony, in the thought of having done what conscience tells us to be wrong. This implies a sense of the rectitude of what is virtuous. But, without thinking of its rectitude at all, without viewing it in reference either to the law of conscience or the law of God, with no regard to jurisprudence in the matter, there is, in the virtuous affection itself, another and a distinct enjoyment. We ought to cherish and to exercise benevolence; and there is a pleasure in the consciousness of doing what we ought: but beside this moral sentiment, and beside the peculiar pleasure appended to benevolence as moral, there is a sensation in the merely physical affection of benevolence; and that sensation, of itself, is in the highest degree pleasurable. The

primary or instant gratification which there is in the direct and immediate feeling of benevolence is one thing: the second or reflex gratification which there is in the consciousness of benevolence as moral is another thing. The two are distinct of themselves; but the contingent union of them, in the case of every virtuous affection, gives a multiple force to the conclusion, that God is the lover, and, because so, the patron or the rewarder of virtue. He hath so constituted our nature, that in the very flow and exercise of the good affections there shall be the oil of gladness. There is instant delight in the first conception of benevolence; there is sustained delight in its continued exercise; there is consummated delight in the happy, smiling, and prosperous result of it. Kindness, and honesty, and truth, are of themselves, and irrespective of their rightness, sweet unto the taste of the inner man. Malice, envy, falsehood, injustice, irrespective of their wrongness, have, of themselves, the bitterness of gall and wormwood. The Deity hath annexed a high mental enjoyment, not to the consciousness only of good affections, but to the very sense and feeling of good affections. However closely these may follow on each other—nay, however implicated or blended together they may be at the same moment into one compound state of feeling—they are not the less distinct, on that account, of themselves. They form two pleasurable sensations, instead of one; and their opposition, in the case of every virtuous deed or virtuous desire, exhibits to us that very concurrence in the world of mind which obtains with such frequency and fulness in the world of matter, affording, in every new part that is added, not a simply repeated only, but a vastly multiplied evidence for design, throughout all its combinations. There is a pleasure in the very sensation of virtue; and there is a pleasure attendant on the sense of its rectitude. These two phenomena are independent of each other. Let there be a certain number of chances against the first in a random economy of things, and also a certain number of chances against the second. In the actual economy of things, where there is the conjunction of both phenomena, it is the product of these two numbers which represents the amount

of evidence afforded by them, for a moral government in the world, and a moral governor over them.

In the calm satisfactions of virtue, this distinction may not be so palpable as in the pungent and more vividly felt disquietudes which are attendant on the wrong affections of our nature. The perpetual corrosion of that heart, for example, which frets in unhappy peevishness all the day long, is plainly distinct from the bitterness of that remorse which is felt, in the recollection of its harsh and injurious outbreakings on the innocent sufferers within its reach. It is saying much for the moral character of God, that He has placed a conscience within us, which administers painful rebuke on every indulgence of a wrong affection. But it is saying still more for such being the character of our Maker, so to have framed our mental constitution that, in the very working of these bad affections, there should be the painfulness of a felt discomfort and discordancy. Such is the make or mechanism of our nature, that it is thwarted and put out of sorts by rage, and envy, and hatred; and this irrespective of the adverse moral judgments which conscience passes upon them. Of themselves, they are unsavoury; and no sooner do they enter the heart, than they shed upon it an immediate distillation of bitterness. Just as the placid smile of benevolence bespeaks the felt comfort of benevolence; so, in the frown and tempest of an angry countenance, do we read the unhappiness of that man who is vexed and agitated by his own malignant affections, eating inwardly, as they do, on the vitals of his enjoyment. It is therefore that he is often styled, and truly, a self-tormentor, or his own worst enemy. The delight of virtue, in itself, is a separate thing from the delight of the conscience which approves it. And the pain of moral evil, in itself, is a separate thing from the pain inflicted by conscience in the act of condemning it. They offer to our notice two distinct ingredients, both of the present reward attendant upon virtue, and of the present penalty attendant upon vice, and so enhance the evidence that is before our eyes for the moral character of that administration under which the world has been placed by its author. The appetite of hunger is rightly alleged in evidence of

the care wherewith the Deity hath provided for the well-being of our natural constitution; and the pleasurable taste of food is rightly alleged as an additional proof of the same. And so, if the urgent voice of conscience within, calling us to virtue, be alleged in evidence of the care wherewith the Deity hath provided for the well-being of our moral constitution; the pleasurable taste of virtue in itself with the bitterness of its opposite, may well be alleged as additional evidence thereof. They alike afford the present and the sensible tokens of a righteous administration, and so of a righteous God.

Our present argument is grounded neither on the rectitude of virtue, nor on its utility in the grosser and more palpable sense of that term, but on the immediate sweetness of it. It is the office of a conscience to tell us of its rectitude. It is by experience that we learn its utility. But the sweetness of it, the *dulce* of virtue as distinguished from its *utile*, is a thing of instant sensation. It may be decomposed into two ingredients, with one of which conscience has to do—even the pleasure we have, when any deed or affection of ours receives from her a favourable verdict. But it has another ingredient which forms the proper and the distinct argument that we are now urging—even the pleasure we have in the mere relish of the affection itself. If it be a proof of benevolence in God, that our external organs of taste should have been so framed as to have a liking for wholesome food, it is no less the proof both of a benevolent and a righteous God, so to have framed our mental economy, as that right and wholesome morality should be palatable to the taste of the inner man. Virtue is not only seen to be right—it is felt to be delicious. There is happiness in the very wish to make others happy. There is a heart's ease, or a heart's enjoyment, even in the first purposes of kindness, as well as in its subsequent performances. There is a certain rejoicing sense of clearness in the consistency, the exactitude of justice and truth. There is a triumphant elevation of spirit in magnanimity and honour. In perfect harmony with this, there is a placid feeling of serenity and blissful contentment in gentleness and humility. There is a noble satisfaction in those

victories which, at the bidding of principle, or by the power of self-command, may have been achieved over the propensities of animal nature. There is an elate independence of soul, in the consciousness of having nothing to hide and nothing to be ashamed of. In a word, by the constitution of our nature, each virtue has its appropriate charm; and virtue, on the whole, is a fund of varied as well as of perpetual enjoyment, to him who hath imbibed its spirit and is under the guidance of its principles. He feels all to be health and harmony within, and without he seems as if to breathe in an atmosphere of beauteous transparency, proving how much the nature of man and the nature of virtue are in unison with each other. It is hunger which urges to the use of food; but it strikingly demonstrates the care and benevolence of God, so to have framed the organ of taste as that there shall be a superadded enjoyment in the use of it. It is conscience which urges to the practice of virtue; but it serves to enhance the proof of a moral purpose, and therefore of a moral character in God, so to have framed our mental economy, that, in addition to the felt obligation of its rightness, virtue should of itself be so regaling to the taste of the inner man.

In counterpart to these sweets and satisfactions of virtue, is the essential and inherent bitterness of all that is morally evil. We repeat, that with this particular argument we do not mix up the agonies of remorse. It is the wretchedness of vice in itself, not the wretchedness which we suffer because of its recollected and felt wrongness, that we now speak of. It is not the painfulness of the compunction felt because of our anger, upon which we at this moment insist, but the painfulness of the emotion itself; and the same remark applies to all the malignant desires of the human heart. True, it is inseparable from the very nature of a desire, that there must be some enjoyment or other at the time of its gratification; but in the case of these evil affections, it is not unmixed enjoyment. The most ordinary observer of his own feelings, however incapable of analysis, must be sensible, even at the moment of wreaking in full indulgence of his resentment on the man who has provoked or injured him, that all is not perfect and

entire enjoyment within; but that in this, and indeed in every other malignant feeling, there is a sore burden of disquietude—an unhappiness tumultuating in the heart, and visibly pictured on the countenance. The ferocious tyrant, who has only to issue forth his mandate, and strike dead at pleasure the victim of his wrath, with any circumstance too of barbaric caprice and cruelty which his fancy in the very waywardness of passion unrestrained and power unbounded might suggest to him—he may be said to have experienced through life a thousand gratifications in the solaced rage and revenge, which, though ever breaking forth on some new subject, he can appease again every day of his life by some new execution. But we mistake it if we think otherwise than that, in spite of these distinct and very numerous, nay, daily gratifications, if he so choose, it is not a life of fierce internal agony notwithstanding. It seems indispensable to the nature of every desire, and to form part indeed of its very idea, that there should be a distinctly felt pleasure, or, at least, a removal at the time of a distinctly felt pain, in the act of its fulfilment—yet, whatever recreation or relief may have thus been rendered, without doing away the misery, often in the whole amount of it the intense misery, inflicted upon man by the evil propensities of his nature. Who can doubt, for example, the unhappiness of the habitual drunkard?—and that, although the ravenous appetite by which he is driven along a stormy career, meets every day, almost every hour of the day, with the gratification that is suited to it. The same may be equally affirmed of the voluptuary, or of the depredator, or of the extortioner, or of the liar. Each may succeed in the attainment of his specific object; and we cannot possibly disjoin from the conception of success the conception of some sort of pleasure—yet in perfect consistency, we affirm, with a sad and heavy burthen of unpleasantness or unhappiness, on the whole. He is little conversant with our nature who does not know of many a passion belonging to it, that it may be the instrument of many pleasurable, nay, delicious or exquisite sensations, and yet be a wretched passion still—the domineering tyrant of a bondsman, who at once knows himself to be degraded, and feels

himself to be unhappy. A sense of guilt is one main ingredient of this misery; yet physically, and notwithstanding the pleasure or the relief inseparable at the moment from every indulgence of the passions, there are other sensations of bitterness, which of themselves, and apart from remorse, would cause the suffering to preponderate.

There is an important discrimination made by Bishop Butler in his sermons, and by the help of which this phenomenon of apparent contradiction or mystery in our nature may be satisfactorily explained. He distinguishes between the final object of any of our desires, and the pleasure attendant on, or rather inseparable from, its gratification. The object is not the pleasure, though the pleasure be an unfailing and essential accompaniment on the attainment of the object. This is well illustrated by the appetite of hunger, of which it were more proper to say that it seeks for food than that it seeks for the pleasure which there is in eating the food. The food is the object; the pleasure is the accompaniment. We do not here speak of the distinct and secondary pleasure which there is in the taste of food, but of that other pleasure which strictly and properly attaches to the gratification of the appetite of hunger. This is the pleasure, or relief, which accompanies the act of eating; while the ultimate object, the object in which the appetite rests and terminates, is the food itself. The same is true of all our special affections. Each has a proper and peculiar object of its own, and the mere pleasure attendant on the prosecution of the indulgence of the affection, as has been clearly established by Butler, and fully reasserted by Dr Thomas Brown, is not that object. The two are as distinct from each other, as a thing loved is distinct from the pleasure of loving it. Every special inclination has its special and counterpart object. The object of the inclination is one thing; the pleasure of gratifying the inclination is another; and, in most instances, it were more proper to say, that it is for the sake of the object than for the sake of the pleasure that the inclination is gratified. The distinction that we now urge, though felt to be a subtle, is truly a substantial one, and pregnant both with important principle and important

application. The discovery and clear statement of it by Butler, may well be regarded as the highest service rendered by any philosopher to moral science; and that, from the light which it casts both on the processes of the human constitution and on the theory of virtue. As one example of the latter service, the principle in question, so plainly and convincingly unfolded by this great Christian philosopher in his sermon on "The Love of our Neighbour,"* strikes, and with most conclusive effect, at the root of the selfish system of morals—a system which professes that man's sole object, in the practice of all the various moralities, is his own individual advantage. Now, in most cases of a special, and more particularly of a virtuous affection, it can be demonstrated that the object is a something out of himself, and distinct from himself. Take compassion, for one instance out of the many. The object of this affection is the relief of another's misery, and, in the fulfilment of this, does the affection meet with its full solace and gratification, that is, in a something altogether external from himself. It is true that there is an appropriate pleasure in the indulgence of this affection, even as there is in the indulgence of every other; and in the proportion, too, to the strength of the affection will be the greatness of the pleasure. The man who is doubly more compassionate than his fellow will have doubly a greater enjoyment in the relief of misery; yet that, most assuredly, not because he of the two is the more intently set on his own gratification, but because he of the two is the more intently set on an outward accomplishment, the relief of another's wretchedness. The truth is, that, just because more compassionate than his fellow, the more intent is he than the other on the object of this affection, and the less intent is he than the other on himself the subject of this affection. His thoughts and feelings are more drawn away *to* the sufferers, and therefore more drawn away *from* himself. He is the most occupied with the object of this affection, and on that very account the least occupied with the pleasure of its indulgence. And it is precisely the objective

* Butler has two sermons on this subject. The sermon to which Dr Chalmers alludes in this passage is the first of these.

quality of these regards which stamps upon compassion the character of a disinterested affection. He surely is the most compassionate whose thoughts and feelings are most drawn away to the sufferer, and most drawn away from self; or, in other words, most taken up with the direct consideration of him who is the object of this affection, and least taken up with the reflex consideration of the pleasure that he himself has in the indulgence of it. Yet this prevents not the pleasure from being actually felt; and felt, too, in very proportion to the intensity of the compassion; or, in other words, more felt the less it has been thought of at the time, or the less it has been pursued for its own sake. It seems unavoidable in every affection that the more a thing is loved, the greater must be the pleasure of indulging the love of it; yet it is equally unavoidable that the greater in that case will be our aim towards the object of the affection, and the less will be our aim towards the pleasure which accompanies its gratification. And thus, to one who reflects profoundly and carefully on these things, it is no paradox, that he who has had doubly greater enjoyment than another in the exercise of compassion is doubly the more disinterested of the two; that he has had the most pleasure in this affection who has been the least careful to please himself with the indulgence of it; that he whose virtuous desires, as being the strongest, have in their gratification ministered to self the greatest satisfaction, has been the least actuated of all his fellows by the wishes, and stood at the greatest distance from the aims, of selfishness.

Alexander Selkirk.

STEELE.

[IT has often been a matter of controversy whether, in his inimitable "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe had not largely availed himself of facts communicated by Alexander Selkirk. Sir Walter Scott has justly said that the story of Selkirk appears to have furnished Defoe with "little beyond the bare idea of a man living in an uninhabited island." The story was best told by Sir Richard Steele, in his periodical paper, "The Englishman." Of course we do not give this notice as a sufficient specimen of Steele's powers as a writer.

The readers of "The Tatler" and "Spectator" know that Steele, as he was the first of our Essayists, has strong claims to be ranked among the best. In some respects his humour is more rich and genial than that of Addison.—Richard Steele (he was knighted in 1715) was born at Dublin in 1671; died in 1729.]

Under the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in her majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any other of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure, frequently, to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England, in the year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink, and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company. He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing-clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and other books of devotion; together with pieces that concerned navigation, and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only

with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies. The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, and he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason, and frequent reading the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude; the dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears: but upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing or breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them. But at that time his spirits and life were so high, that he could

act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he despatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and as he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

His habitation was extremely pestered with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of young kitlings, who lay about his bed, and preserved him from the enemy. When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself, and was inured to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness and precipitance as any other animal. It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under him, he fell down a precipice, and lay senseless for the space of three days, the length of which he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant that he never had a moment heavy upon his hand; his nights were untroubled and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud, in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company, from his aspect and gestures; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had

been sunk in thought. When the ship which brought him off the island came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to help and refresh them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquility of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him; familiar discourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.

This plain man's story is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his want to natural necessities; and he that goes further in his desires, increases his want in proportion to his acquisitions; or, to use his own expression, "I am now worth eight hundred pounds, but shall never be so happy as when I was not worth a farthing."

Rinaldo and Armida.

TASSO.

[THE Life of Torquato Tasso, one of the few great epic poets, is too full of romantic incident to be here touched upon. He was born in 1544; he died in 1595. His "Gerusalemme Liberata" was published in 1575. The translation from which our extract is taken is by Edward Fairfax, and first appeared in 1600. It was republished by the editor of "Half-Hours" in 1818; and is printed in the series known as "Knight's Weekly Volume."]

The palace great is builded rich and round,
And in the centre of the inmost hold
There lies a garden sweet on fertile ground,
Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold.
The cunning sprites had buildings rear'd around,
With doors and entries false a thousandfold;
A labyrinth they made that fortress brave,
Like Dedal's prison or Porsenna's grave.

The knights pass'd through the castle's largest gate,
(Though round about a hundred ports there shine,)

The door-leaves, framed of carvèd silver plate,
Upon their golden hinges turn and twine;
They stay'd to view this work of wit and state,
The workmanship excell'd the substance fine,
For all the shapes in that rich metal wrought,
Save speech, of living bodies wanted nought.

Alcides there sat telling tales, and spun
Among the feeble troops of damsels mild,
(He that the fiery gates of hell had won,
And heaven upheld;) false Love stood by and smiled;
Arm'd with his club, fair Iole forth run,
His club with blood of monsters foul defiled;
And on her back his lion's skin had she,
Too rough a bark for such a tender tree.

Beyond was made a sea, whose azure flood
The hoary froth crush'd from the surges blue,
Wherein two navies great well ranged stood
Of warlike ships, fire from their arms out flew;
The waters burnt about their vessels good,
Such flames the gold therein enchased threw;
Cæsar his Romans hence, the Asian kings
Thence Antony and Indian princes, brings:

The Cyclades seem'd to swim amid the main,
And hill 'gainst hill, and mount 'gainst mountain smote:
With such great fury met those armies twain,
Here burnt a ship, there sunk a bark or boat:
Here darts and wildfire flew, there drown'd or slain
Of princes dead the bodies fleet and float;
Here Cæsar wins, and yonder conquer'd been
The eastern ships, there fled the Egyptian queen:

Antonius eke himself to flight betook,
The empire lost to which he would aspire,
Yet fled not he, nor fight nor fear forsook,
But follow'd her, drawn on by fond desire:
Well might you see, within his troubled look
Strive and contend love, courage, shame, and ire;
Oft look'd he back, oft gazed he on the fight,
But oft'ner on his mistress and her flight:

Then in the secret creeks of fruitful Nile,
Cast in her lap he would sad death await,
And in the pleasure of her lovely smile
Sweeten the bitter strokes of cursed fate.

All this did art with curious hand compile
In the rich metal of that princely gate.
The knights these stories view'd first and last,
Which seen, they forward press'd and in they pass'd.

As through the channel crook'd Meander glides
With turns and twines, and rolls now to and fro,
Whose streams run forth there to the salt sea sides,
Here back return, and to their spring-ward go:
Such crooked paths, such ways this palace hides;
Yet all the maze their map described so,
That through the labyrinth they go in fine,
As Theseus did by Ariadne's line.

When they had pass'd all those troubled ways,
The garden sweet spread forth her green to shew,
The moving crystal from the fountains plays,
Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs, and flow'rets new,
Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phœbus' rays,
Groves, arbours, mossy caves, at once they view;
And that which beauty most, most wonder brought,
No where appear'd the art which all this wrought.

So with the rude the polish'd mingled was
That natural seem'd all and every part
Nature would craft in counterfeiting pass,
And imitate her imitator art.
Mild was the air, the skies were clear as glass,
The trees no whirlwind felt nor tempest's smart,
But ere their fruit drop off the blossom comes;
This springs, that falls, that rip'neth, and this blooms.

The leaves upon the selfsame bough did hide,
Beside the young, the old and ripen'd fig;
Here fruit was green, there ripe, with vermeil side,
The apples new and old grew on one twig;
The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide,
That bended underneath their clusters big;
The grapes were tender here, hard, young, and sour,
There purple, ripe, and nectar sweet forth pour.

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,
Sung merry notes on every branch and bough;
The wind, that in the leaves and waters play'd,
With murmur sweet now sang, and whistled now.

Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,
And while they sung it rumbled soft and low:
Thus, were it hap or cunning, chance or art,
The wind in this strange music bore his part.

With party-colour'd plumes and purple bill,
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain speech sung lovelays loud and shrill,
Her leden* was like human language true;
So much she talk'd—and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seem'd how much good she knew;
Her feather'd fellows all stood hush'd to hear,
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

"The gently-budding rose (quoth she) behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth up-fold
In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems,
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes:
Nor seems the same that deck'd bed and bower
Of many a lady late and paramour:

"So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale and wan:
Oh, gather then the rose while time thou has,
Short is the day, done when it scant began,
Gather the rose of love while yet thou mayst,
Loving be loved, embracing be embraced."

She ceased; and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heavenly tunes renew;
The turtles sigh'd, and sighs with kisses broke,
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew;
It seem'd the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It seem'd the land, the sea, and heaven above,
All breathed out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out love.

Through all this music rare, and strong consent
Of strange allurements, sweet 'bove mean and measure,
Severe, firm, constant, still the knights forth went,
Hard'ning their hearts 'gainst false enticing pleasure,

* Language.

'Twixt leaf and leaf their sight before they sent,
And after crept themselves at ease and leisure,
Till they beheld the queen sit with their knight
Beside the lake, shaded with bows from sight.

The Victories of Love.

HERMAN HOOKER.

[HERMAN HOOKER, a native of Rutland County, in the State of Vermont, was ordained in the Episcopal Church of America; but has retired from the discharge of his pastoral duties through continued ill-health. He has written two works—"The Philosophy of Unbelief" and "The Uses of Adversity," from the latter of which the following is an extract.]

Love is represented as the fulfilling of the law—a creature's perfection. All other graces, all divine dispensations, contribute to this, and are lost in it as in a heaven. It expels the dross of our nature; it overcomes sorrow; it is the full joy of our Lord.

Let us contemplate its capacities and resources as applied to the experience of life. Property and business may fail, and still the eye of hope may fix itself on other objects, and confidence may strengthen itself in other schemes; but when death enters into our family, and loved ones are missing from our sight, though God may have made their bed in sickness, and established their hope in death, nothing can then relieve us but trust and love. Philosophy and pleasure do but intrude upon and aggravate our grief. But love, the light of God, may chase away the gloom of this hour, and start up in the soul trusts, which give the victory over ourselves. The harp of the spirit, though its chords be torn, never yields such sweet notes, such swelling harmony, as when the world can draw no music from it. How often do we see strokes fall on the heart, which it would be but mockery for man to attempt to relieve, and which yet served to unlock the treasures of that heart, and reveal a sweetness to it which it had not known before. See that mother! She loves and mourns as none but a mother can. Behold the greatness and the sweetness of her grief! Her child is dead, and she says, "It is well with me, and

it is well with my child. It is well because God has taken him; He has said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven,'—that He doth not willingly afflict; and I know it must be well." Can there be any greatness greater than this? Did ever any prince at the head of invincible armies win a victory like it? Her heart is in heaviness and her home is desolated; but she has been to her heavenly Father, and unbosomed her griefs before Him. There is peace on her saddened countenance, peace in her gentle words; the peace of God has come down, and is filling her trusting soul. How sweet and soft is her sorrow, and how it softens and awes without agitating others!

It is related that on a small, and rocky, and almost inaccessible island, is the residence of a poor widow. The passage of the place is exceedingly dangerous to vessels, and her cottage is called the "Lighthouse," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. Early and late she may be seen trimming her lamp with oil, lest some misguided bark may perish through her neglect. For this she asks no reward. But her kindness stops not here. When any vessel is wrecked, she rests not till the chilled mariners come ashore to share her little board, and be warmed by her glowing fire. This poor woman in her younger, perhaps not happier days—though happy they must have been, for sorrow cannot lodge in such a heart—witnessed her husband struggling with the waves and swallowed up by the remorseless billows—

"In sight of home and friends who throng'd to save."

This directed her benevolence towards those who brave the dangers of the deep; this prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only, her sufficient enjoyment, is in doing good.* Sweet and blessed fruit of bereavement! What beauty is here! a loveliness I would little speak of, but more revere! a flower crushed indeed, yet sending forth its fragrance to all around! Truly, as the sun seems greatest in his lowest

* This anecdote has supplied Miss Martineau with the most interesting character of her little tale, "The Billow and the Rock."—*Ed.*

estate, so did sorrow enlarge her heart, and make her appear the more noble the lower it brought her down. We cannot think she was unhappy, though there was a remembered grief in her heart. A grieved heart may be a richly stored one. Where charity abounds, misery cannot.

> "Such are the tender woes of love,
> Fost'ring the heart they bend."

A pious lady who had lost her husband was for a time inconsolable. She could not think, scarcely could she speak, of anything but him. Nothing seemed to take her attention but the three promising children he had left her, singing to her his presence, his look, his love. But soon these were all taken ill, and died within a few days of each other; and now the childless mother was calmed even by the greatness of the stroke. The hand of God was thus made visible to her. She could see nothing but His work in the dispensation. Thus was the passion of her grief allayed. Her disposition to speak of her loss, her solemn repose, was the admiration of all beholders. The Lord hath not slain her; He had slain what to some mothers is more than life—that in which the sweets of life were treasured up—that which she would give life to redeem; and yet could she say, "I will trust in Him." As the lead that goes quickly down to the ocean's depth, ruffles its surface less than lighter things, so the blow which was strongest did not so much disturb her calm of mind, but drove her to its proper trust.

We had a friend loved and lovely. He had genius and learning. He had all qualities, great and small, blending in a most attractive whole—a character as much to be loved as admired, as truly gentle as it was great, and so combining opposite excellences, that each was beautified by the other. Between him and her who survives him there was a reciprocity of taste and sympathy—a living in each other, so that her thoughts seemed but the pictures of his—her mind but a glass that showed the very beauty that looked into it, or rather became itself that beauty—dying in his dying she did not all die. Her love, the heart's

animation, lifted her up; her sense of loss was merged for a while in her love and confidence of his good estate. In strong and trusting thoughts of him as a happy spirit, and of God as his and her portion, she rested as in a cloud. A falling from this elevation was truly a coming to one's self from God—a leaving of heaven for earth. Let her tell the rest in words as beautiful as they are true to nature: "My desolating loss I realise more and more. For many weeks his peaceful and triumphant departure left such an elevating influence on my mind, that I could only think of him as a pure and happy spirit. But now my feelings have become more selfish, and I long for the period to arrive, when I may lie down by his side, and be reunited in a nobler and more enduring union than even that which was ours here."

Thus does the mind, when it ceases to look upward, fall from its elevation. Thus is the low note of sadness heard running through all the music of life, when ourselves are the instruments we play upon. The sorrow that deepens not love, and runs not off with it, must ever flood the spirit and bear it down. Our best and sweetest life, that which we live in the good of others, is richly stocked with charities. The life which we live in ourselves, that which depends on our stores, is master only of chaff and smoke, when they are taken away, and destitute of that last relieving accommodation, a resigned spirit. The young man whom Jesus told to sell all his goods, and give to the poor, and he should have treasure in heaven, should be truly enriched—"was sad at that saying." He understood not the riches of love, which never feels itself so wealthy as when it has expended all in obedience to the commands it honours; never so well furnished against want and sorrow, as when best assured of the approbation of its object. In that we are creatures, we see how poor we must be, having nothing laid up in the Creator. Selfishness is poverty; it is the most utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to his relief; it adds soreness to his sorrows; it sharpens his pains; it aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure, and when goaded to extremes, often turns destroyer, and strikes its last blows on himself. It gives us nothing to rest in or fly to in

trouble; it turns our affections on ourselves, self on self, as the sap of a tree descending out of season from its heavenward branches, and making not only its life useless, but its growth downward.

If there is anything about us which good hearts will reverence it is our grief on the loss of those we love. It is a condition in which we seem to be smitten by a Divine hand, and thus made sacred. It is a grief, too, which greatly enriches the heart, when rightly borne. There may be no rebellion of the will, the sweetest sentiments towards God and our fellow-beings may be deepened, and still the desolation caused in the treasured sympathies and hopes of the heart gives a new colour to the entire scene of life. The dear affections which grew out of the consanguinities and connexions of life, next to those we owe to God, are the most sacred of our being; and if the hopes and revelations of a future state did not come to our aid, our grief would be immoderate and inconsolable, when these relations are broken by death.

But we are not left to sorrow in darkness. Death is as the foreshadowing of life. We die, that we may die no more. So short, too, is our life here, a mortal life at best, and so endless is the life on which we enter at death, an immortal life, that the consideration may well moderate our sorrow at parting. All who live must be separated by the great appointment, and if the change is their gain, we poorly commend our love to them, more poorly our love to Christ, who came to redeem them and us, for the end of taking us to his rest, if we refuse to be comforted. Yes, it is selfish to dwell on our griefs, as though some strange thing had happened to us, as though they were too important to be relieved, or it were a virtue to sink under them. I would revere all grief of this kind; yet I would say there is such a thing as a will of cherishing it, which makes it rather killing than improving in its effect. This may be done under a conceit of duty or gratitude to the dead. It may be done as a sacrifice to what we deem is expected of us, or as a thing becoming in the eyes of others. But that bereavement seems rather sanctified which saddens not the heart over-much, and softens without withering it;

which refuses no comfort or improvement we can profitably receive, and imposes no restraints on the rising hopes of the heart; which, in short, gives way and is lost in an overgrowth of kind and grateful affections.

Progress of English Literature.

JEFFREY.

By far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters, in our days, is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been gradually brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed, without competition, for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift, and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. All who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history; allusions to them abounded in all popular discourses and all ambitious conversation; and they and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. New books, even when allowed to have merit, were never thought of as fit to be placed in the same class, but were generally read and forgotten, and passed away like the transitory meteors of a lower sky; while they remained in their brightness, and were supposed to shine with a fixed and unalterable glory.

All this, however, we take it, is now pretty well altered; and in so far as persons of our antiquity can judge of the training and habits of the rising generation, those celebrated writers no longer form the manual of our studious youth, or enter necessarily into the institution of a liberal education. Their names, indeed, are still familiar to our ears; but their writings no longer solicit our habitual notice, and their subjects begin already to fade from our recollection. Their high privileges and proud distinctions, at any

rate, have evidently passed into other hands. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration; nor is it in their pages that the pretenders to wit and eloquence now search for allusions that are sure to captivate, and illustrations that cannot be mistaken. In this decay of their reputation they have few advocates, and no imitators: and, from a comparison of many observations, it seems to be clearly ascertained, that they are declined considerably from "the high meridian of their glory," and may fairly be apprehended to be "hastening to their setting." Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration; for the fame of Shakspere still shines in undecaying brightness; and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing and gathering new honours during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors.

There are but two possible solutions for phenomena of this sort. Our taste has either degenerated—or its old models have been fairly surpassed: and we have ceased to admire the writers of the last century only because they are too good for us—or because they are not good enough. Now, we confess, we are not believers in the absolute and permanent corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance and improve with time and experience; and that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have given a check to civilisation itself, there has always been a sensible progress in this particular; and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are little capricious fluctuations, no doubt, and fits of foolish admiration or fastidiousness, which cannot be so easily accounted for: but the great movements are all progressive: and though the progress consists at one time in withholding toleration from gross faults, and at another in giving their high prerogative to great beauties, this alteration has no tendency to obstruct the general advance; but, on the contrary, is the best and the safest course in which it can be conducted.

We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our

own time; and that they have no chance of ever regaining the supremacy in which they have thus been supplanted. There is not, however, in our judgment, anything very stupendous in this triumph of our contemporaries; and the greater wonder with us is, that it was so long delayed, and left for them to achieve. For the truth is, that the writers of the former age had not a great deal more than their judgment and industry to stand on; and were always much more remarkable for the fewness of their faults than the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won much more by good conduct and discipline, than by enterprising boldness or native force;—nor can it be regarded as any very great merit in those who had so little of that inspiration of genius, to have steered clear of the dangers to which that inspiration is liable. Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy—no pathos, and no enthusiasm;—and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable, but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. They never meddle with the great scenes of nature, or the great passions of man; but content themselves with just and sarcastic representations of city life, and of the paltry passions and meaner vices that are bred in that lower element. Their chief care is to avoid being ridiculous in the eyes of the witty, and above all to eschew the ridicule of excessive sensibility or enthusiasm—to be at once witty and rational themselves, with as good a grace as possible; but to give their countenance to no wisdom, no fancy, and no morality, which passes the standards current in good company. Their inspiration, accordingly, is nothing more than a sprightly sort of good sense; and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Little gleams of pleasantry and sparkles of wit glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination—no flashes of genius ever irradiate their substance. They never pass beyond "the visible diurnal sphere," or deal in anything that can either lift us above our vulgar nature, or ennoble its reality. With these

accomplishments, they may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers,—but scarcely for men of genius; and it is certainly far more surprising that persons of this description should have maintained themselves for near a century, at the head of the literature of a country that had previously produced a Shakspere, a Spenser, a Bacon, and a Taylor, than that, towards the end of that long period, doubts should have arisen as to the legitimacy of a title by which they laid claim to that high station. Both parts of the phenomenon, however, we daresay, had causes which better expounders might explain to the satisfaction of all the world. We see them but imperfectly, and have room only for an imperfect sketch of what we see.

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends and romances of chivalry, though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character, by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gaiety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth, it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas; but it was still intrinsically romantic, serious, and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number, that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons; at least they were not yet so numerous as to be obliged to abuse each other, in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves; and they neither affected a tone of derision in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and freedom, is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I., our literature, with some few exceptions, touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first, to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards, to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in

those fierce contentions, and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual character of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful, and commanding; and the period of the civil wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public counsels, and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow—the muse of Milton, the learning of Coke, and the ingenuity of Cowley.

The Restoration introduced a French court, under circumstances more favourable for the effectual exercise of court influence than ever before existed in England; but this of itself would not have been sufficient to account for the sudden change in our literature which ensued. It was seconded by causes of far more general operation. The Restoration was undoubtedly a popular act; and, indefensible as the conduct of the army and the civil leaders was on that occasion, there can be no question that the severities of Cromwell, and the extravagances of the sectaries, had made republican professions hateful, and religious ardour ridiculous, in the eyes of a great proportion of the people. All the eminent writers of the preceding period, however, had inclined to the party that was now overthrown, and their writings had not merely been accommodated to the character of the government under which they were produced, but were deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, which were those of their respective authors. When the restraints of authority were taken off, therefore, and it became profitable, as well as popular, to discredit the fallen party, it was natural that the leading authors should affect a style of levity and derision, as most opposite to that of their opponents, and best calculated for the purposes they had in view. The nation, too, was now for the first time essentially divided in point of character and principle, and a much greater proportion were capable both of writing in support of their own notions, and of being influenced by what was written. Add to all this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation; and that the grace, and brevity,

and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and of contrast; and it will not be difficult to understand how it came to supplant that which had been established of old in the country, and that so suddenly, that the same generation, among whom Milton had been formed to the severe sanctity of wisdom, and the noble independence of genius, lavished its loudest applauses on the obscenity and servility of such writers as Rochester and Wycherly.

This change, however, like all sudden changes, was too fierce and violent to be long maintained at the same pitch; and when the wits and profligates of King Charles had sufficiently insulted the seriousness and virtue of their predecessors, there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste of the nation, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced by champions of more temperance and judgment. The result seemed at one time suspended on the will of Dryden, in whose individual person the genius of the English and of the French school of literature may be said to have maintained a protracted struggle. But the evil principle prevailed! Carried by the original bent of his genius, and his familiarity with our older models, to the cultivation of our native style, to which he might have imparted more steadiness and correctness—for in force and in sweetness it was already matchless—he was unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion, and the dazzling of the clear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new corruptions and refinements; and, in fact, to prostitute his great gifts to the purposes of party rage or licentious ribaldry.

The sobriety of the succeeding reigns allayed this fever of profanity, but no genius arose sufficiently powerful to break the spell that still withheld us from the use of our own peculiar gifts and faculties. On the contrary, it was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors, to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to return to the old one; and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency—increased its precision and correctness—made its pleasantry and

sarcasm more polished and elegant — and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had and all who had not any relish for higher beauties.

This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits, and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense than the angry passion of the nation, they seem to have felt that they were born in an age of reason rather than of feeling or fancy; and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish judicious argument and cutting satire than the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To those accordingly they made no pretensions; but, writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating writers of so little skill and smartness; and the opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These, and similar considerations, will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause, undoubtedly, was the real excellence of their productions, in the style which they had

adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and, recommended as it was by the felicity of their execution, it required some courage to depart from it, and to recur to another, which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war; but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large, to rouse their passions, or excite their imaginations—nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, or of the civil wars in the seventeenth. They went on, accordingly, minding their old business, and reading their old books, with great patience and stupidity. And certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interregnum of native genius—as during about sixty years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead fifty years before; and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared too, showed that the old fire was burnt out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with the talents rather of a critic than a poet, with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness, or invention, began and ended a small school, which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent, admirable in many respects as some of its productions are, being far too elaborate and artificial either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars than the delight of ordinary men. However, he had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness, and the tone at least of force and energy. The Wartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry, which lay hid in the records of our older literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture, which no eloquence of lan-

guage could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And last of all came Cowper, with a style of complete originality; and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general the case was nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But, though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French: and, being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him which characterises the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon; and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers, and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he succeeded; but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings and more exact knowledge popular among us; and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarised us with more glowing and sonorous diction; and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

This brings us down almost to the present times, in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitations of the French Revolution, and the discussions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion—the genius of Edmund Burke, and some others of his land of genius—the impression of the new literature of Germany, evidently the original of our lake-school of poetry, and of many innovations in our drama—the rise or revival of a more evangelical spirit in the body of the people—and the vast extension of our political and commercial relations, which

have not only familiarised all ranks of people with distant countries and great undertakings, but have brought knowledge and enterprise home, not merely to the imagination, but to the actual experience of almost every individual. All these, and several other circumstances, have so far improved or excited the character of our nation, as to have created an effectual demand for more profound speculation, and more serious emotion than was dealt in by the writers of the former century, and which, if it has not yet produced a corresponding supply in all branches, has at least had the effect of decrying the commodities that were previously in vogue, as unsuited to the altered condition of the times.

Clouds and Winds.

VARIOUS.

THE season when Autumn is sliding into Winter—the season of alternate sunshine and mist, of blue sky and cloud—has called forth some of the most beautiful imagery of our highest poets. What a charming ode is that of SHELLEY'S "To the Wild West Wind!"—

I.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet birds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill.
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver, hear, oh, hear!

II.

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread

On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mœnad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: Oh, hear!

III.

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers,
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods, which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

IV.

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed,
One too, like thee, tameless, and swift, and proud.

V.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;

What if my leaves are falling like its
own!
The tumults of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal
tone.
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou,
spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous
one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the
universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new
birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished
hearth,
Ashes and sparks, my words among
mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind;
If Winter comes, can Spring be far
behind?

The evening of piled-up clouds is a striking characteristic of the season. Who has described the fantastic forms of such a sky with the fidelity of SHAKSPERE?

Ant. Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black Vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

COLERIDGE looks up "Cloudland" with a happier spirit than that of the fallen Antony.

Oh! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or listening to the tide, with closed sight,

Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

This, too, is the season of sea-storms. Our readers will be glad to make acquaintance with one of the most remarkable of our old quaint poets, who describes with a force which can only be the result of actual experience.

The south and west winds joined, and as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale,
Like shot, not feared till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was called a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas! I pity thee: and curse those men,
Who, when the storm raged most, did wake thee then.
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I waked, I saw that I saw not;
I and the sun, which should teach me, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
If the world had lasted now it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name but thunder call.
Lightning was all our light, and it rained more
Than if the sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Grieved that they are not dead, and yet must die;
And as sin-burden'd souls from grave will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabins peep,
And tremblingly ask, What news? and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there,
With hideous gazing, to fear away Fear;
There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shaked with an ague, and the hold and waist
With a salt dropsy clogged, and our tacklings
Snapping like too high-stretched treble strings,
And from our tattered sails rags drop down so
As from one hanged in chains a year ago;
Even our ordnance, placed for our defence,
Strive to break lose, and 'scape away from thence.

Pumping hath tired our men, and what's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown we suck in again,
Hearing hath deafed our sailors: and if they
Knew how to hear, there's none knows what to say.
Compared to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermud' a calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birthright
Claimed o'er this world, and to heaven hath chased light.
All things are one, and that one none can be
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another Fiat, shall have no more day:
So violent, yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence starve me, I wish not thee. DONNE.

Chevy Chase.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

[THE following analysis of the famous ballad of "Chevy Chase" is by Allan Cunningham, and originally appeared in "The Penny Magazine." We shall select from the same source some account of a few other relics of our ancient Minstrelsy. Cunningham was born 1785; died 1842.]

To Bishop Percy in the south, and Sir Walter Scott in the north, we owe the recovery, as well as restoration, of some of our finest historical ballads, strains alike welcome to the rude and the polished, and not dear alone, as Warton avers, to savage virtue, and tolerated only before civil policy had humanised our ancestors. They won the admiration of the chivalrous Sidney, and the praise of the classic Addison: they moved the gentlest hearts and the strongest minds, and, though rough, and often unmelodious, shared the public love with the polished compositions of our noblest poets; and their influence is still felt throughout our land, but more especially among the hills and glens and old towers of the northern border.

The battle of Chevy Chase had its origin in the rivalry of the Percies and Douglases for honour and arms: their castles and lands lay on the Border; their pennons oft met on the marshes;

their war-cries were raised either in hostility or defiance when the Border-riders assembled; and though the chiefs of those haughty names had encountered on fields of battle, this seemed to stimulate rather than satisfy their desire of glory: in the spirit of those chivalrous times Percy made a vow that he would enter Scotland, take his pleasure in the Border woods for three summer-

days, and slay at his will the deer on the domains of his rival. "Tell him," said Douglas, when the vaunt was reported, "tell him he will find one day more than enough." Into Scotland, with 1500 chosen archers and greyhounds for the chase, Percy marched accordingly, at the time "when yeomen win their hay;" the dogs ran, the arrows flew, and great was the slaughter among the bucks of the Border. As Percy stood and gazed on "a hundred fallow deer," and "harts of grice," and tasted wine and venison hastily cooked under the greenwood tree, he said to his men, "Douglas vowed he would meet me here; but since he is not come, and we have fulfilled our promise, let us be gone." With that one of his squires exclaimed:—

Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come, Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
His men in armour bright, All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Teviotdale,
Fast by the river Tweed:

O cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed.

It was indeed high time to quit the chase of the deer, and feel that their bow-strings were unchafed and serviceable, for stern work was at hand. The coming of the Scots is announced with a proper minstrel flourish:

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, said he, whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here;
That without my consent do chase
And kill my fallow deer.

To this haughty demand the first man that made answer was Percy himself: he replied, "We choose not to say whose men we are; but we will risk our best blood to slay these fallow deer." "By St Bride, then, one of us shall die!" exclaimed Douglas, in anger. "I know thee; thou art an earl as well as myself, and a Percy too; so set thy men aside, for they have done me no offence; draw thy sword, and let us settle this feud ourselves." And he sprang to the ground as he spoke. "Be he accursed," replied Percy, "who says nay to this;" and he drew his sword also:—

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name;
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on;

You are two earls, said Witherington,
And I a squire alone.

I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword
I'll fight with heart and hand.

This resolution met with the instant support of the English bowmen. The Scottish writers allege that it was acceptable to the chiefs on the southern side, who could not but feel that their Percy was no match for the terrible Douglas. Be that as it may, the interposition of Witherington was seconded by a flight of arrows:—

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true:

At the first flight of arrows sent
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

This sudden discharge and severe execution did not dismay

Douglas: his "men of pleasant Teviotdale" levelled their spears and rushed on the English archers, who, throwing aside their bows, engaged in close contest with sword and axe:—

The battle closed on every side,
No slackness there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

Oh, but it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

In the midst of the strife the two leaders met, and that single combat ensued which Witherington had laboured to prevent: they were both clad in complete mail, and the encounter was fierce:—

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel;

Until the blood like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

"Yield thee, Percy," exclaimed Douglas, who seems to have thought that he had the best of it: "Yield thee. I shall freely pay thy ransom, and thy advancement shall be high with our Scottish King." This was resented by the high-souled Englishman:—

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I do scorn;

I would not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

During this brief parley the contest among their followers raged far and wide; nor had the peril of Percy been unobserved by one who had the power to avert it: as he uttered the heroic sentiments recorded in the last verse, an end—a not uncommon one in those days—was put to the combat between the two earls:—

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,

Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

"Fight on, my merry men," exclaimed the expiring hero. Percy was deeply moved: he took the dead man by the hand, and said, "Earl Douglas, I would give all my lands to save thee: a more redoubted knight never perished by such a chance." The fall of Douglas was seen from a distant part of the strife by a gallant knight of Scotland, who vowed instant vengeance:—

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he called,
Who with a spear most bright,
And mounted on a gallant steed,
Rode fiercely through the fight.

He passed the English archers all,
Without or dread or fear,
And through Earl Percy's fair bodie,
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A long cloth-yard and more.

The career of the Scot and the fall of the Englishman were observed and avenged. The Scottish spear, the national weapon of the north, was employed against Percy, the cloth-yard shaft, the national weapon of the south, was directed against Montgomery:—

Thus did those two bold nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English archer soon perceived
His noble lord was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard length
Unto the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery there
So right his shaft he set
The gray goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

With the fall of their chiefs and leaders the contest did not conclude: the battle began at break of day: Douglas and Percy are supposed to have fallen in the afternoon, but squires and grooms carried on the contention till the sun was set; and even when the evening bell rung, it was scarcely over. "Of twenty hundred Scottish spears," says the English version of the ballad, "scarce fifty-five did flee." "Of fifteen hundred English spears," says the northern edition, "went home but fifty-three." So both nations claim the victory; but in an older copy the minstrel leaves it undecided; though Froissart, in the account which he drew from knights of both lands, says the Scotch were the conquerors. On both sides the flower of the Border chivalry was engaged. The warlike names of Lovel, Widrington, Liddle, Ratcliffe, and Egerton, were the sufferers on the side of the Percies; while with Douglas fell Montgomery, Scott, Swinton, Johnstone, Maxwell, and Stewart of Dalswinton. The pennon and spear of Percy were carried with Montgomery's body to the castle of Eglinton; and it is said that, when a late Duke of Northumberland requested their restoration, the Earl of Eglinton replied,

"There is as good lea-land here as on Chevy Chase—let Percy come and take them."

One touch of natural affection is worth something after these records of causeless slaughter:—

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away:
And kissed them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

Columbus at Barcelona.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event it communicated was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign; and, following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favour for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of question or competition. Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them, expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. As the summer was already advancing, the time favourable for a voyage, they desired him to make any arrangements at Seville, or elsewhere, that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them by the return of the courier what was necessary to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was pro-

mised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite, and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians and the various curiosities and productions he had brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants, at every stage, with innumerable questions; popular rumour as usual had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather, in that genial season and favoured climate, contributed to give splendour to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers and with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of

precious qualities: while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. After these followed Columbus, on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable, from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them; and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon; all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus ap-

proached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honour in this proud and punctilious court.

At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the specimens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals, of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or laboured into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of great discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished, they sunk on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of Te Deum Laudamus, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up as it were the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven; "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event, offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

The Ariel Among the Shoals.

Cooper.

[The extract from the American novelist now given is independent of the story, which turns upon the adventures of the famous captain, Paul Jones, whose gallant deeds in the war of the American Colonies with England have a touch of romance in them which well fits them for fictitious narrative. James Fenimore Cooper, the son of an American judge, was born in 1789. Having quitted college, he entered the navy in 1805, and remained six years afloat. In 1811 he married, and commenced his career as an author. What Scott did for the Highlands in their transition from clanship to civilisation, Cooper did for the United States in their progress to nationality and extension. As a writer he is unequal, and too generally diffuse. But there are passages in "The Spy," "The Pilot," and other of his best works, which are truly excellent. Cooper died in 1851.]

The extraordinary activity of Griffith, which communicated itself with promptitude to the whole crew, was produced by a sudden alteration in the weather. In place of the well-defined streak along the horizon that has been already described, an immense body of misty light appeared to be moving in with rapidity from the ocean, while a distinct but distant roaring announced the sure approach of the tempest that had so long troubled the waters. Even Griffith, while thundering his orders through the trumpet, and urging the men by his cries to expedition, would pause for instants to cast anxious glances in the direction of the coming storm, and the faces of the sailors who lay on the yards were turned instinctively toward the same quarter of the heavens, while they knotted the reef-points, or passed the gaskets, that were to confine the unruly canvas to the prescribed limits.

The pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice arose above voice and cry echoed cry in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly awaiting the result.

The ship had fallen off with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the

folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce, where darkness and danger unite to appal the seaman.

"The schooner has it!" cried Griffith; "Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment—God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

The pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

"'Tis unnecessary," he at length said; "'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback, and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"'Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes and in right earnest!"

The rushing sounds of the wind were now indeed heard at hand, and the words were hardly passed the lips of the young lieutenant before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed before the ship was throwing the waters aside with a lively progress, and obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow. The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced in that gallant frigate as not to know that they as yet only felt the infant efforts of the winds. Each moment, however, it

increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration, that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realised. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze, as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows like the foam of a cataract.

"It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a cap-full of wind after all. Give us elbow room and the right canvas, Mr Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

"She will do all that man in reason can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel don't float the ocean that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses, pilot, and you'll see her come round like a dancing master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr Gray, moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate when her anchor was secured, and as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke in white curls around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity. The last rope was coiled and deposited in its proper place by the seamen, and for several minutes the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate through the waves; and, as she

was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard calling to the pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

"Tack your ship, sir, tack your ship; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish."

Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the pilot respecting the qualities of his vessel, and his own ability to manage her, were fully realised by the result. The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind, and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round as if they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air, and, in a few moments, the frigate again moved with stately progress through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on the other side of the bay, but advancing toward those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The

ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where safety was alone to be found.

So far the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr Griffith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot, with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster at the con gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, "By the mark seven!" rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "And a half-five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay, you must hold the vessel in command now," said the pilot, with these cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call of "By the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute their manœuvre.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle—"Breakers, breakers dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried—"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr Gray," said the commander; "she loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best-bower!" shouted Griffith, through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded—"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders?—is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word"——

"Peace, Mr Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling—"Then all is lost indeed, and among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralysed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head-yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her keel with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud; but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head-sails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward

the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel, that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during those anxious moments, when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said; "and, if the ship behaves well, we are safe—but, if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hummock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well—but, if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied, "There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course, and, if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their uttermost point—but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us done so," returned the pilot, calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both gib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest?" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without. See! the light already touches the edge of the hummock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her centre; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the

measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the gib blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but that mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can."

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following each other into the general mass to check their exulta-

tion. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting—"Square away the yards!—in mainsail."

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.

On the Sagacity of the Spider.

GOLDSMITH.

OF all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state, nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which

serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its threads when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other, wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes sixfold.

Thus far, naturalists have gone in the description of this animal: what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called the house-spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the

strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life: for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

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I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish: wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification, with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years, every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

Jerusalem.

[*From the Notes of Dr Kitto's "Pictorial Bible."*]

Jerusalem lies near the summit of a broad mountain ridge. This ridge or mountainous tract extends, without interruption, from the plain of Esdraelon to a line drawn between the south end of the Dead Sea and the south-east corner of the Mediterranean; or more properly, perhaps, it may be regarded as extending as far as the southern desert, where, at Jebel Arâif, it sinks down at once to the level of the great plateau. This tract, which is nowhere less than from twenty to twenty-five geographical miles in breadth, is, in fact, high, uneven table-land. The surface of this upper region is everywhere rocky, uneven, and mountainous, and is, moreover, cut up by deep valleys which run east or west on either side towards the Jordan or the Mediterranean.

From the great plain of Esdraelon onwards towards the south, the mountainous country rises gradually, forming the tract anciently known as the mountains of Ephraim and Judah; until, in the vicinity of Hebron, it attains an elevation of 3250 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. Farther north, on a line drawn from the north end of the Dead Sea towards the true west, the ridge has an elevation of only about 2710 feet; and here, close upon the watershed, lies the city of Jerusalem. Its mean geographical position is in lat. 31° 46′ 43″ N., and long. 35° 13′ E. from Greenwich.

The traveller on his way from Ramleh to Jerusalem, at about an hour and a half distance therefrom, descends into and crosses the great Terebinth vale, or valley of Elah. On again reaching the high ground on its eastern side, he enters upon an open tract sloping gradually downwards towards the east, and sees before him, at the distance of about two miles, the walls and domes of the city, and beyond them the highest ridge of Olivet. The traveller now descends gradually towards the town along a broad swell of ground, having at some distance on his left the shallow northern part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and close at hand on

his right the basin which forms the beginning of the valley of Hinnom. Farther down both these valleys become deep, narrow, and precipitous; that of Hinnom bends south, and again east, nearly at right angles, and unites with the other, which then continues its course to the Dead Sea. Upon the broad and elevated promontory within the fork of the two valleys of Jehoshaphat and of Hinnom, lies the holy city. All around are higher hills: on the east the Mount of Olives, on the south the Hill of Evil Counsel, so called, rising directly from the vale of Hinnom, on the west the ground rises gently, as above described, to the borders of the great valley; while, on the north, a bend of the ridge connected with the Mount of Olives bounds the prospect at a distance of more than a mile. Towards the south-west the view is somewhat more open; for here lies the plain of Rephaim, commencing just at the southern brink of the valley of Hinnom, and stretching off south-west, when it runs to the western sea. In the north-west, too, the eye reaches up along the upper part of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and from many points can discern the mosque of Neby Samwil, (Prophet Samuel,) situated on a lofty ridge beyond the great valley, at the distance of two hours.

The surface of the elevated promontory itself, on which the city stands, slopes somewhat steeply towards the east, terminating on the brink of the valley of Jehoshaphat. From the northern part, near the present Damascus gate, a depression or shallow valley runs in a southern direction, having on the west the ancient hills of Akra and Zion, and on the east the lower ones of Bezetha and Moriah. Between the hills of Akra and Zion another depression or shallow valley (still easy to be traced) comes down from near the Jaffa gate, and joins the former. It then continues obliquely down the slope, but with a deeper bed in a southern direction, quite to the pool of Siloam and the valley of Jehoshaphat. This is the ancient Tyropœon. West of its lower part Zion rises loftily, lying mostly without the modern city; while on the east of the Tyropœon and the valley first mentioned lie Bezetha, Moriah, and Ophel, the last a long and comparatively narrow ridge, also outside of the modern city, and terminating in

a rocky point over the pool of Siloam. These last three hills may strictly be taken as only parts of one and the same ridge. The breadth of the whole site of Jerusalem from the brow of the valley of Hinnom, near the Jaffa gate, to the brink of the valley of Jehoshaphat, is about one thousand and twenty yards, or nearly half a geographical mile; of which distance three hundred and eighteen yards are occupied by the area of the great mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's temple. North of the Jaffa gate the city wall sweeps round more to the west, and increases the breadth of the city in that part. The country around Jerusalem is all of limestone formation. The rocks everywhere come out above the surface, which in many parts is also thickly strewed with loose stones; and the aspect of the whole region is barren and dreary; yet the olive thrives here abundantly, and fields of grain are seen in the valleys and level places, but they are less productive than in the region of Hebron and Nabulus. Neither vineyards nor fig-trees flourish on the high ground around the city, though the latter are found in the gardens below Siloam, and very frequently in the vicinity of Bethlehem.

The Scripture affords few materials for a connected view of the ancient city; and although Josephus is more particular, the idea which he furnishes is less distinct than it may at the first view appear. His descriptions also refer to a time later even than that of Christ, although in all essential points applicable to the New Testament period; and then the city had become in most respects very different from the more ancient city which the Old Testament presents to our notice. Still his account affords certain leading ideas which must have been applicable at all periods, and its substance may therefore be stated in this place. He describes Jerusalem as being in his time enclosed by a triple wall, wherever it was not encircled by impassable valleys; for there it had but a single wall. The ancient city lay upon two hills over against each other, separated by an intervening valley, at which the houses terminated. Of these hills, that (Zion) which bore the upper city was the highest, and was straighter in

extent. On account of its fortifications, it was called by King David the Fortress or Citadel; but in the time of the historian it was known as the Upper Market. The other hill, sustaining the lower city, and called Akra, had the form of the gibbous moon. Over against this was a third hill, naturally lower than Akra, and separated from it by another broad valley. But in the time when the Asmonæans had rule they threw earth into this valley, intending to connect the city with the temple; and working upon Akra, they lowered the height of it, so that the temple rose conspicuously above it. The valley of the Tyropœon or Cheesemakers, as it was called, which has already been mentioned as separating the hills of the upper and lower city, extended quite down to Siloam—a fountain so named, whose waters were sweet and abundant. From without, the two hills of the city were enclosed by deep valleys; and there was no approach because of the precipices on every side.

Dr Robinson, in comparing the information derivable from Josephus with his own materials, declares that the main features depicted by the Jewish historian may still be recognised. "True," he says, "the valley of the Tyropœon and that between Akra and Moriah have been greatly filled up with the rubbish accumulated from the repeated desolations of nearly eighteen centuries. Yet they are still distinctly to be traced; the hills of Zion, Akra, Moriah, and Bezetha are not to be mistaken, while the deep valleys of the Kidron, and of Hinnom, and the Mount of Olives are permanent natural features, too prominent and gigantic indeed to be forgotten, or to undergo any perceptible change."

Recurring to the walls, Josephus says: "Of these three walls, the old one was hard to be taken; both by reason of the valleys, and of that hill on which it was built, and which was above them. But besides that great advantage, as to the place where they were situate, it was also built very strong: because David, and Solomon, and the following kings, were very zealous about this work." After some further account of the walls, which has no immediate connexion with our present subject, he adds that "the city in its ultimate extension included another hill, the

fourth, called Bezetha, to the north of the temple, from which it was separated by a deep artificial ditch."

From this account of Josephus, as compared with those furnished by others, it appears that Jerusalem stood on three hills, Mount Zion, Mount Akra, and Mount Moriah, on which last the temple stood. Or we may consider them as two, after Mount Akra had been levelled, and the valley filled up which separated it from Mount Moriah. Of these hills Zion was the highest, and contained the upper city, "the city of David," with the citadel, the strength of which, and of the position on which it stood, enabled the Jebusites so long to retain it as their stronghold, and to maintain their command over the lower part of the city, even when they were obliged to allow the Israelites to share in its occupation. This Mount Zion (which we are only here noticing cursorily) formed the southern portion of the ancient city. It is almost excluded from the modern city, and is under partial cultivation. It is nearly a mile in circumference, is highest on the western side, and towards the east slopes down in broad terraces in the upper part of the mountain, and narrow ones on the side, towards the brook Kidron. This mount is considerably higher than the ground on which the ancient (lower) city stood, or that on the east leading to the valley of Jehoshaphat, but has very little relative height above the ground on the south and on the west, and must have owed its boasted strength principally to a deep ravine, by which it is encompassed on the east, south, and west, and the strong high walls and towers by which it was enclosed and flanked completely round. The breadth of this ravine is about one hundred and fifty feet, and its depth, or the height of Mount Zion above the bottom of the ravine, above sixty feet. The bottom is rock, covered with a thin sprinkling of earth, and in the winter season is the natural channel for conveying off the water that falls into it from the higher ground. On both of its sides the rock is cut perpendicularly down; and it was probably the quarry from which much of the stone was taken for the building of the city.

The site, regarded *as a whole*, without further attending to the

distinction of hills, is surrounded on the east, west, and south by valleys of various depth and breadth, but to the north-west extends into the plain, which in this part is called "the plain of Jeremiah," and is the best woody tract in the whole neighbourhood. The progressive extension of the city was thus necessarily northward, as stated by Josephus. The town most probably, almost certainly, began at the southern, or Mount Zion, part of this site, and in its ultimate extension, according to Josephus, comprehended a circuit of thirty-three furlongs; whereas that of the modern town does not appear to exceed two miles and a half. The confining valleys are often mentioned in Scripture. Those on the east and south are very deep. The former is the valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flows the brook Kidron, and the latter is generally called the valley of Hinnom. This denomination is extended by some topographers also to the western and least deep valley, while others call it the valley of Gihon. On the opposite side of these valleys rise hills, which are mostly of superior elevation to that of the site of the city itself. That on the east, beyond the brook Kidron, is the Mount of Olives. That on the south is a broad and barren hill, loftier than the Mount of Olives, but without any of its picturesque beauty. On the west there is a rocky flat, which rises to a considerable elevation towards the north, and to which has been assigned the name of Mount Gihon. Even in the north-east, at Scopus, where the besieging Romans under Titus encamped, the ground is considerably more elevated than the immediate site of the town. Thus is explained the expression of David: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," (Ps. cxxv. 2.) The relative height of those surrounding hills gives to the city an apparent elevation inferior to that which it really possesses. The district for many miles round Jerusalem is now of a very barren and cheerless character, whatever may have been its ancient condition. Solomon must be considered as having permanently fixed its metropolitan character, by the erection of the temple and the royal establishment. But it was the temple, chiefly, which in all ages maintained Jerusalem as the metropolis of the country.

Even after the destruction of that venerated fabric, the mere fact that it had existed there operated in preventing the selection of any new site, even when the opportunity occurred. The separation into two kingdoms, after the death of Solomon, did also necessarily prevent any intentions of change which might have arisen, had the whole country remained one kingdom, with a large choice of situations for a capital; and we are to remember that, although, after the erection of the temple, it always remained the *ecclesiastical* metropolis of the land, it was, in a civil sense, for a long series of years, the capital of only the smallest of the two kingdoms into which the land was divided. But under all disadvantages, many of which are perhaps the result of the wars, the desolations, and the neglect of many ages, the very situation of the town, on the brink of rugged hills, encircled by deep and wild valleys, bounded by eminences whose sides *were* covered with groves and gardens, added to its numerous towers and temple, must, as Carne remarks, have given it a singular and gloomy magnificence, scarcely possessed by any other city in the world.

Mr Rae Williams says, the general view of this part of the country, as seen from the Mount of Olives, reminded him of many parts of the Highlands of Scotland—"A scene of hills, like an ocean, fixed at once into solidity when heaving in its wildest fury."

The Patriotic Songs of Great Britain.—I.

VARIOUS.

ONE of our statesmen is reported to have exclaimed, "Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws." Though this sentiment was somewhat exaggerated, there can be no doubt of the power of those impressions which are communicated to a people by the aid of music; and history furnishes us some remarkable instances of the effect of popular songs in stimulating a multitude. The expulsion of a band of tyrants from Athens has been ascribed to the influence of an ode which was a universal favourite of the people; violent and sanguinary sentiments engrafted upon well-known airs incited the populace to many of the atrocities of the French Revolution;

while, at the same period, in England, the bold and loyal spirit of our navy was kept alive by a series of songs, wonderfully adapted to the modes of thinking and customs of seafaring life. It is perhaps not too much to say that the character of a people is, in some degree, formed by its stores of national ballads.

The English possess four or five patriotic airs, which are often heard on public occasions; which the people themselves sing with an honest enthusiasm;—which are re-echoed through the land in times of danger; and which, therefore, form part of that invincible armoury of defence which is found in national character. We appear to have a greater stock of such songs than any other nations; not light and ephemeral productions, but airs which have an abiding-place in the heart of the whole population. These songs are of the very genius of our constitution; and it is only in a country of freedom that they would possess an interest so warm and so universal.

The most popular song in the world is our "God save the Queen." The history of its composition is very uncertain. Perhaps the best sustained theory is that it was originally a Jacobite song, written during the rebellion of 1715, by Henry Carey, and partly composed by him. It rushed into popularity at the English theatres in 1745; and Carey himself sang it publicly in 1740, having changed "James" to "George." The air is simple, and yet stately. It is capable of calling forth the talents of the finest vocal performers; and yet is admirably adapted for a chorus, in which the humblest pretender to music may join. The words are not elegant, but they are very expressive; and the homeliness of some of the lines may have contributed to its universality. It is one of those very rare productions which never pall; which either from habit, or association, or intrinsic excellence, are always pleasing. Its popularity is so recognised, that it is now often called the "National Anthem."

The next song in point of popularity is "Rule Britannia." It was written by Thomson, and was first performed at Cliefden, before the parents of George III., in 1740, in the mask of Alfred, which he wrote in conjunction with Mallet. The music of this celebrated song is by Dr Arne. The music without the words is never heard without enthusiasm; and the words cannot be read without exciting an elevated feeling of national pride.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves!"

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall:
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
'Rule," &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke:
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
"Rule," &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame;
But work their woe, and thy renown.
"Rule," &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
"Rule," &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves!"

There is another very beautiful though less popular song, of the same character,—"Britain's best Bulwarks are her Wooden Walls." This was written and composed by Dr Arne.

When Britain on her sea-girt shore
Her ancient Druids erst address'd,
What aid, she cried, shall I implore?
What best defence, by numbers press'd?

The hostile nations round thee rise,—
The mystic oracles replied,—
And view thine isle with envious eyes;
Their threats defy, their rage deride,
Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls:
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks, descending to the main,
With floating forts shall stem the tide,
Asserting Britain's liquid reign,
Where'er her thundering navies ride.
Nor less to peaceful arts inclined,
Where commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores.
Spread thy white sails where naval glory calls.
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle! What though thy vales
No vine-impurpled tribute yield,
Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
Nor crops spontaneous glad the field,
Yet liberty rewards the toil
Of industry to labour prone,
Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,
And reaps the harvest she has sown;
While other realms tyrannic sway enthrals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

One of our most animating compositions of a warlike nature is, "Britons, strike home!" It was first performed in the tragedy of "Queen Boadicea, or the British Heroine," in 1696. The music is by the great composer, Henry Purcell. The following are the words:—

To arms, to arms, your ensigns straight display,
Now set the battle in array;—
The oracle for war declares,
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.

Britons, strike home! revenge your country's wrongs;
Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

It is affirmed that the music of this song was played as the great Marlborough led his troops to the attack at the battle of Blenheim. We were present on an occasion when it was performed under very peculiar circumstances. It was in 1805, when the alarm of French invasion was general, and the national spirit was called forth in the most zealous preparations to defend our altars and our homes; and when the great Nelson was in search of the combined fleets previous to the battle of Trafalgar. George III. was walking on Windsor Terrace. He was surrounded by all ranks of his subjects. The military band were about to play "Rule Britannia," when the king stepped up to them, and with a loud voice called out, "No, no! let us have 'Britons, strike home!'" The air was immediately played; and it seemed as if it strengthened the bonds of affection and fidelity between the sovereign and the people.

A great portion of the Patriotic Songs of England have reference to her character as a maritime nation. These allusions not only preserve amongst the people generally a habit of referring to the great cause of our national triumphs, but they keep alive amongst the seamen those proud and heroic feelings which sustain their superiority in the day of battle. We shall introduce this part of our subject by the following beautiful adaptation of modern words to a fine old air, "Ye Mariners of England." This noble song is by Thomas Campbell.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the Deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks—
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Poetry of the Age of Elizabeth.

THOMAS WARTON.

[THOMAS WARTON, a distinguished critic, whose literary taste was in many respects before his age, is chiefly known by his "History of English Poetry," from which the following is an extract. He was himself a poet, and of no mean order; and in his writings may be found the germ of attempts which Scott perfected, to catch the spirit of our old minstrelsy. He was born in 1728; spent the greater part of his life in his College, (Trinity, Oxford;) and died in 1790.]

The age of Queen Elizabeth is commonly called the golden age of English poetry. It certainly may not improperly be styled the most poetical age of these annals.

Among the great features which strike us in the poetry of this period, are the predominancy of fable, of fiction, and fancy, and a predilection for interesting adventures and pathetic events. I will endeavour to assign and explain the cause of this characteristic distinction, which may chiefly be referred to the following principals, sometimes blended, and sometimes operating singly; the revival and vernacular versions of the classics, the importation and translation of Italian novels, the visionary reveries or refinements of false philosophy, a degree of superstition sufficient for the purpose of poetry, the adoption of the machineries of romance, and the frequency and the improvements of allegoric exhibition in the popular spectacles.

When the corruptions and impostures of popery were abolished, the fashion of cultivating the Greek and Roman learning became universal: and the literary character was no longer appropriated to scholars by profession, but assumed by the nobility and gentry.

The ecclesiastics had found it their interest to keep the languages of antiquity to themselves, and men were eager to know what had been so long injuriously concealed. Truth propagates truth, and the mantle of mystery was removed not only from religion but from literature. The laity, who had now been taught to assert their natural privileges, became impatient of the old monopoly of knowledge, and demanded admittance to the usurpations of the clergy. The general curiosity for new discoveries, heightened either by just or imaginary idea of the treasures contained in the Greek and Roman writers, excited all persons of leisure and fortune to study the classics. The pedantry of the present age was the politeness of the last. An accurate comprehension of the phraseology and peculiarities of the ancient poets, historians, and orators, which yet seldom went further than a kind of technical erudition, was an indispensable and almost the principal object in the circle of a gentleman's education. Every young lady of fashion was carefully instituted in classical letters; and the daughter of a duchess was taught, not only to distil strong waters, but to construe Greek. Among the learned females of high distinction, Queen Elizabeth herself was the most conspicuous. Roger Ascham her preceptor, speaks with rapture of her astonishing progress in the Greek nouns; and declares with no small degree of triumph, that, during a long residence at Windsor Castle, she was accustomed to read more Greek in a day, than "some prebendary of that church did Latin in one week;" and although a princess looking out words in a lexicon, and writing down hard phrases from Plutarch's Lives, may be thought at present a more incompatible and extraordinary character, than a cannon of Windsor understanding no Greek and but little Latin, yet Elizabeth's passion for these acquisitions was then natural, and resulted from the genius and habitudes of her age.

The books of antiquity being thus familiarised to the great, everything was tinctured with ancient history and mythology. The heathen gods, although discountenanced by the Calvinists, on a suspicion of their tendency to cherish and revive a spirit of

idolatry, came into general vogue. When the queen paraded through a country town, almost every pageant was a pantheon. When she paid a visit at the house of any of her nobility, at entering the hall she was saluted by the Penates, and conducted to her privy-chamber by Mercury. Even the pastry-cooks were expert mythologists. At dinner, select transformations of Ovid's Metamorphoses were exhibited in confectionery; and the splendid icing of an immense historic plumcake was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy. In the afternoon, when she condescended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids; the pages of the family were converted into wood-nymphs who peeped from every bower; and the footmen gambolled over the lawns in the figure of satyrs. I speak it without designing to insinuate any unfavourable suspicions, but it seems difficult to say why Elizabeth's virginity should have been made the theme of perpetual and excessive panegyric: nor does it immediately appear that there is less merit or glory in a married than a maiden queen. Yet, the next morning, after sleeping in a room hung with a tapestry of the voyage of Eneas, when her majesty hunted in the park she was met by Diana, who, pronouncing our royal prude to be the brightest paragon of unspotted chastity, invited her to groves free from the intrusions of Actæon. The truth is, she was so profusely flattered for this virtue, because it was esteemed the characteristical ornament of the heroines, as fantastic honour was the chief pride of the champions, of the old barbarous romance. It was in conformity to the sentiments of chivalry, which still continued in vogue, that she was celebrated for chastity; the compliment, however, was paid in a classical allusion.

Queens must be ridiculous when they would appear as women. The softer attractions of sex vanish on the throne. Elizabeth sought all occasions of being extolled for her beauty, of which indeed, in the prime of her youth, she possessed but a small share, whatever might have been her pretensions to absolute virginity. Notwithstanding her exaggerated habits of dignity and ceremony, and a certain affectation of imperial severity, she did not perceive

this ambition of being complimented for beauty to be an idle and unpardonable levity, totally inconsistent with her high station and character. As she conquered all nations with her arms, it matters not what were the triumphs of her eyes. Of what consequence was the complexion of the mistress of the world? Not less vain of her person than her politics, this stately coquette, the guardian of the Protestant faith, the terror of the sea, the mediatrix of the factions of France, and the scourge of Spain, was infinitely mortified if an ambassador, at the first audience, did not tell her she was the finest woman in Europe. No negotiation succeeded unless she was addressed as a goddess. Encomiastic harangues drawn from this topic, even on the supposition of youth and beauty, were surely superfluous, unsuitable, and unworthy; and were offered and received with an equal impropriety. Yet when she rode through the streets of the city of Norwich, Cupid, at the command of the mayor and aldermen, advancing from a group of gods who had left Olympus to grace the procession, gave her a golden arrow, the most effective weapon of his well-furnished quiver, which under the influence of such irresistible charms was sure to wound the most obdurate heart. "A gift," says honest Holinshed, "which her majesty, now verging to her fiftieth year, received very thankfully." In one of the fulsome interludes at court, where she was present, the singing-boys of her chapel presented the story of the three rival goddesses on Mount Ida, to which her majesty was ingeniously added as a fourth: and Paris was arraigned in form for adjudging the golden apple to Venus which was due to the queen alone.

This inundation of classical pedantry soon infected our poetry. Our writers, already trained in the school of fancy, were suddenly dazzled with these novel imaginations, and the divinities and heroes of pagan antiquity decorated every composition. The perpetual allusions to ancient fable were often introduced without the least regard to propriety. Shakspere's Mrs Page, who is not intended in any degree to be a learned or an affected lady, laughing at the cumbersome courtship of her corpulent lover, Falstaff, says, "I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount Pelion."

This familiarity with the pagan story was not, however, so much owing to the prevailing study of the original authors, as to the numerous English versions of them which were consequently made. The translation of the classics, which now employed every pen, gave a currency and a celerity to these fancies, and had the effect of diffusing them among the people. No sooner were they delivered from the pale of the scholastic languages, than they acquired a general notoriety. Ovid's Metamorphoses just translated by Golding, to instance no further, disclosed a new world of fiction even to the illiterate. As we had now all the ancient fables in English, learned allusions, whether in a poem or a pageant, were no longer obscure and unintelligible to common readers and common spectators. And here we are led to observe that at this restoration of the classics, we were first struck only with their fabulous inventions. We did not attend to their regularity of design and justness of sentiment. A rude age, beginning to read these writers, imitated their extravagances, not their natural beauties. And these, like other novelties, were pursued to a blamable excess.

I have given a sketch of the introduction of classical stories, in the splendid show exhibited at the coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn. But that is a rare and a premature instance; and the pagan fictions are there complicated with the barbarisms of the Catholic worship, and the doctrines of scholastic theology. Classical learning was not then so widely spread either by study or translation, as to bring these learned spectacles into fashion, to frame them with sufficient skill, and to present them with propriety.

Another capital source of the poetry peculiar to this period, consisted in the numerous translations of Italian tales into English. These narratives, not dealing altogether in romantic inventions, but in real life and manners, and in artful arrangements of fictitious yet probable events, afforded a new gratification to a people which yet retained their ancient relish for tale-telling, and became the fashionable amusement of all who professed to read for pleasure. They gave rise to innumerable plays and poems which would not otherwise have existed; and turned the thoughts

of our writers to new inventions of the same kind. Before these books became common, affecting situations, the combination of incident, and the pathos of catastrophe, were almost unknown. Distress, especially that arising from the conflicts of the tender passion, had not yet been shown in its most interesting forms. It was hence our poets, particularly the dramatic, borrowed ideas of a legitimate plot, and the complication of facts necessary to constitute a story either of the comic or tragic species. In proportion as knowledge increased, genius had wanted subjects and materials. These species usurped the place of legends and chronicles. And although the old historical songs of the minstrels contained much bold adventure, heroic enterprise, and strong touches of rude delineation, yet they failed in that multiplication and disposition of circumstances, and in that description of characters and events approaching nearer to truth and reality, which were demanded by a more discerning and curious age. Even the rugged features of the original Gothic romance were softened by this sort of reading; and the Italian pastoral, yet with some mixture of the kind of incidents described in Heliodorus's Ethiopic History, now newly translated, was engrafted on the feudal manners in Sidney's Arcadia.

But the Reformation had not yet destroyed every delusion, nor disenchanted all the strongholds of superstition. A few dim characters were yet legible in the mouldering creed of tradition. Every goblin of ignorance did not vanish at the first glimmerings of the morning of science. Reason suffered a few demons still to linger, which she chose to retain in her service under the guidance of poetry. Men believed, or were willing to believe, that spirits were yet hovering around, who brought with them *airs from heaven, or blasts from hell:* that the ghost was duly released from his prison of torment at the sound of the curfew; and that fairies imprinted mysterious circles on the turf by moonlight. Much of this credulity was even consecrated by the name of science and profound speculation. Prospero had not yet *broken and buried his staff, nor drowned his book deeper than did ever plummet sound.* It was now that the alchymist, and the

judicial astrologer, conducted his occult operations by the potent intercourse of some preternatural being, who came obsequious to his call, and was bound to accomplish his severest services, under certain conditions, and for a limited duration of time. It was actually one of the pretended feats of these fantastic philosophers, to evoke the queen of the fairies in the solitude of a gloomy grove, who, preceded by a sudden rustling of the leaves, appeared in robes of transcendent lustre. The Shakspere of a more instructed and polished age would not have given us a magician darkening the sun at noon, the sabbath of the witches, and the caldron of incantation.

Undoubtedly most of these notions were credited and entertained in a much higher degree in the preceding periods. But the arts of composition had not then made a sufficient progress, nor would the poets of those periods have managed them with so much address and judgment. We were now arrived at that point when the national credulity, chastened by reason, had produced a sort of civilised superstition, and left a set of traditions, fanciful enough for poetic decoration, and yet not too violent and chimerical for common sense. Hobbes, although no friend to this doctrine, observes happily, "In a good poem both judgment and fancy are required; but the fancy must be more eminent, because they please for the extravagancy, but ought not to displease by indiscretion."

In the meantime the Gothic romance, although somewhat shook by the classical fictions, and by the tales of Boccace and Bandello, still maintained its ground; and the daring machineries of giants, dragons, and enchanted castles, borrowed from the magic storehouse of Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, began to be employed by the epic muse. The Gothic and pagan fictions were now frequently blended and incorporated. The Lady of the Lake floated in the suite of Neptune before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, and assumes the semblance of a sea-nymph; and Hecate, by an easy association, conducts the rites of the weird sisters in Macbeth.

Allegory had been derived from the religious dramas into our

civil spectacles. The masques and pageantries of the age of Elizabeth were not only furnished by the heathen divinities, but often by the virtues and vices impersonated, significantly decorated, accurately distinguished by their proper types, and represented by living actors. The ancient symbolical shows of this sort began now to lose their old barbarism and a mixture of religion, and to assume a degree of poetical elegance and precision. Nor was it only in the confirmation of particular figures that much fancy was shown, but in the contexture of some of the fables or devices presented by groups of ideal personages. These exhibitions quickened creative invention, and reflected back on poetry what poetry had given. From their familiarity and public nature they formed a national taste for allegory; and the allegorical poets were now writing to the people. Even romance was turned into this channel. In the "Faery Queen" allegory is wrought upon chivalry, and the feats and figments of Arthur's Round Table are moralised. The virtues of magnificence and chastity are here personified; but they are imaged with the forms, and under the agency, of romantic knights and damsels. What was an after-thought in Tasso, appears to have been Spenser's premeditated and primary design. In the meantime we must not confound these moral combatants of the "Faery Queen" with some of its other embodied abstractions, which are purely and professedly allegorical.

It may here be added, that only a few critical treatises, and but one Art of Poetry, were now written. Sentiment and images were not absolutely determined by the canons of composition, nor was genius awed by the consciousness of a future and final arraignment at the tribunal of taste. A certain dignity of inattention to niceties is now visible in our writers. Without too closely consulting a criterion of correctness, every man indulged his own capriciousness of invention. The poet's appeal was chiefly to his own voluntary feelings, his own immediate and peculiar mode of conception; and this freedom of thought was often expressed in an undisguised frankness of diction.

No satires, properly so called, were written till towards the latter

end of the queen's reign, and then but a few. Pictures drawn at large of the vices of the times did not suit readers who loved to wander in the regions of artificial manners. The muse, like the people, was too solemn and reserved, too ceremonious and pedantic, to stoop to common life. Satire is the poetry of a nation highly polished.

The importance of the female character was not yet acknowledged, nor were women admitted into the general commerce of society. The effect of that intercourse had not imparted a comic air to poetry, nor softened the severer tone of our versification with the levities of gallantry and the familiarities of compliment, sometimes, perhaps, operating on serious subjects, and imperceptibly spreading themselves in the general habits of style and thought. I do not mean to insinuate that our poetry has suffered from the great change of manners which this assumption of the gentler sex, or rather the improved state of female education, has produced, by giving elegance and variety to life, by enlarging the sphere of conversation, and by multiplying the topics and enriching the stores of wit and humour; but I am marking the peculiarities of composition, and my meaning was to suggest that the absence of so important a circumstance from the modes and constitution of ancient life must have influenced the contemporary poetry.

All or most of these circumstances contributed to give a descriptive, a picturesque, and a figurative cast to the poetical language. This effect appears even in the prose compositions of the reign of Elizabeth. In the subsequent age prose became the language of poetry.

In the meantime general knowledge was increasing with a wide diffusion and a hasty rapidity. Books began to be multiplied, and a variety of the most useful and rational topics had been discussed in our own language. But science had not made too great advances. On the whole we were now arrived at that period, propitious to the operations of original and true poetry, when the coyness of fancy was not always proof against the approaches of reason; when genius was rather directed

than governed by judgment; and when taste and learning had so far only disciplined imagination, as to suffer its excesses to pass without censure or control for the sake of the beauties to which they were allied.

Shipwreck of the Meduse French Frigate.

(From the Quarterly Review.)

THE French possessions on the west coast of Africa having been restored at the general peace, an expedition, consisting of a frigate and three other vessels, was sent in the month of June, 1816, to take possession of them.

Owing to a very relaxed state of discipline, and an ignorance of the common principles of navigation which would have disgraced a private merchant ship, this frigate, the *Meduse*, was suffered to run aground on the bank of Arguin. It was soon discovered that all hopes of getting her off must be abandoned, and that nothing remained but to concert measures for the escape of the passengers and crew. Some biscuit, wine, and fresh water,

were accordingly got up and prepared for putting into the boats and upon a raft which had been hastily constructed; but, in the tumult of abandoning the wreck, it happened that the raft, which was destined to carry the greatest number of people, had the least share of the provisions: of wine, indeed, it had more than enough, but not a single barrel of biscuit.

There were five boats. The military had, in the first instance, been placed upon the raft. The number embarked on this fatal machine was not less than one hundred and fifty, making, with those in the boats, a total of three hundred and ninety-seven.

The boats pushed off in a line, towing the raft, and assuring the people on board that they would conduct them safely to land. They had not proceeded, however, above two leagues from the wreck, when they, one by one, cast off the tow-lines. It was afterwards pretended that they broke. Had this even been true, the boats might at any time have rejoined the raft, instead of which they all abandoned it to its fate, every one striving to make off with all possible speed.

At this time the raft had sunk below the surface to the depth of three feet and a half, and the people were so squeezed one against another that it was found impossible to move; fore and aft they were up to the middle in water. In such a deplorable situation, it was with difficulty they could persuade themselves that they had been abandoned; nor would they believe it until the whole of the boats had disappeared from their sight. They now began to consider themselves as deliberately sacrificed, and swore to be revenged of their unfeeling companions if ever they gained the shore. The consternation soon became extreme. Everything that was horrible took possession of their imaginations; all perceived their destruction to be at hand, and announced by their wailings the dismal thoughts by which they were distracted. The officers, with great difficulty, and by putting on a show of confidence, succeeded at length in restoring them to a certain degree of tranquillity, but were themselves overcome with alarm on finding that there was neither chart, nor compass, nor anchor, on the raft. One of the men belonging to M.

Corréard, geographical engineer, had fortunately preserved a small pocket compass; and this little instrument inspired them with so much confidence, that they conceived their safety to depend on it. But this treasure, above all price, was speedily snatched from them for ever; it fell from the man's hand, and disappeared between the openings of the raft.

None of the party had taken any food before they left the ship; and hunger beginning to oppress them, they mixed the biscuit, of which they had about five-and-twenty pounds on board, with wine, and distributed it in small portions to each man. They succeeded in erecting a kind of mast, and hoisting one of the royals that had belonged to the frigate.

Night at length came on, the wind freshened, and the sea began to swell. The only consolation now was the belief that they should discover the boats the following morning. About midnight the weather became very stormy, and the waves broke over them in every direction. In the morning the wind abated, and the sea subsided a little; but a dreadful spectacle presented itself. Ten or twelve of the unhappy men, having their lower extremities jammed between the spars of the raft, unable to extricate themselves, had perished in that situation; several others had been swept off by the violence of the waves. In calling over the list, it was found that twenty had disappeared.

All this, however, was nothing to the dreadful scene which took place the following night. The day had been beautiful, and no one seemed to doubt that the boats would appear in the course of it to relieve them from their perilous state; but the evening approached, and none were seen. From that moment a spirit of sedition spread from man to man, and manifested itself by the most furious shouts. Night came on; the heavens were obscured by thick clouds; the wind rose, and with it the sea; the waves broke over them every moment; numbers were swept away, particularly near the extremities of the raft; and the crowding towards the centre of it was so great that several poor wretches were smothered by the pressure of their comrades, who were unable to keep on their legs.

Firmly persuaded that they were on the point of being swallowed up, both soldiers and sailors resolved to *soothe* their last moments by drinking till they lost their reason! They bored a hole in the head of a large cask, from which they continued to swill till the salt water, mixing with the wine, rendered it no longer potable. Excited by the fumes, acting on empty stomachs and heads already disordered by danger, they now became deaf to the voice of reason, boldly declared their intention to murder their officers, and then cut the ropes which bound the raft together. One of them, seizing an axe, actually began the dreadful work. This was the signal for revolt. The officers rushed forward to quell the tumult, and the man with the hatchet was the first that fell; the stroke of a sabre terminated his existence.

The passengers joined the officers, but the mutineers were still the greater number. Luckily they were but badly armed, or the few bayonets and sabres of the opposite party could not have kept them at bay. One fellow was detected secretly cutting the ropes, and immediately flung overboard; others destroyed the shrouds and halyards; and the mast, deprived of support, fell on a captain of infantry and broke his thigh. He was instantly seized by the soldiers and thrown into the sea, but was saved by the opposite party. A furious charge was now made upon the mutineers, many of whom were cut down. At length this fit of desperation subsided into egregious cowardice; they cried out for mercy, and asked forgiveness on their knees. It was now midnight, and order appeared to be restored; but after an hour of deceitful tranquillity, the insurrection burst forth anew. The mutineers ran upon the officers like desperate men, each having a knife or a sabre in his hand; and such was the fury of the assailants that they tore their flesh, and even their clothes, with their teeth. There was no time for hesitation; a general slaughter took place, and the raft was strewed with dead bodies.

On the return of day it was found that, in the course of the preceding night of horror, sixty-five of the mutineers had perished, and two of the small party attached to the officers. One cask of wine only remained. Before the allowance was served out,

they contrived to get up their mast afresh : but having no compass, and not knowing how to direct their course, they let the raft drive before the wind, apparently indifferent whither they went. Enfeebled with hunger, they now tried to catch fish, but could not succeed, and abandoned the attempt. At length, what is horrible to relate, the unhappy men, whom death had spared in the course of the night, fell upon the carcases of the dead and began to devour them. Some tried to eat their sword belts and cartridge boxes : others devoured their linen, and others the leather of their hats ; but all these expedients, and others of a still more loathsome nature, were of no avail.

A third night of horror now approached ; but it proved to be a night of tranquillity, disturbed only by the piercing cries of those whom hunger and thirst devoured. In the morning a shoal of flying fish, in passing the raft, left nearly three hundred entangled between the spars. By means of a little gunpowder and linen, and by erecting an empty cask, they contrived to make a fire ; and mixing with the fish the flesh of a deceased comrade, they all partook of a meal, which, by this means, was rendered less revolting.

The fourth night was marked by another massacre. Their numbers were at length reduced to twenty-eight, fifteen of whom only appeared to be able to exist for a few days ; the other thirteen were so reduced that they had nearly lost all sense of existence. As their case was hopeless, and as, while they lived, they would consume a part of the little that was left, a council was held, and, after a deliberation at which the most horrible despair is said to have presided, it was decided to throw them overboard. "Three sailors and a soldier undertook the execution of this cruel sentence. We turned away our eyes, and shed tears of blood on the fate of these unfortunate men ; but this painful sacrifice saved the fifteen who remained, and who, after this dreadful catastrophe, had six days of suffering to undergo before they were relieved from their dismal situation." At the end of this period a small vessel was descried at a distance ; she proved to be the *Argus* brig, which had been despatched from

Senegal to look out for them. All hearts on board were melted with pity at their deplorable condition. "Let any one," say our unfortunate narrators, "figure to himself fifteen unhappy creatures almost naked, their bodies shrivelled by the rays of the sun, ten of them scarcely able to move: our limbs stripped of the skin; a total change in all our features; our eyes hollow, and almost savage; our long beards, which gave us an air almost hideous; we were in fact but the shadows of ourselves."

Such is the history of these unfortunate men! Of the hundred and fifty embarked on the raft, fifteen only were received on board the brig; and of these six died shortly after their arrival at St Louis, and the remaining nine, covered with cicatrices, and exhausted by the suffering to which they were so long exposed, are stated to have been entirely altered in appearance and constitution. We are shocked to add, such were the neglect and indifference of their shipmates, who had arrived there in safety, that had it not been for the humane attention of Major Peddy and Captain Campbell, they would, in all probability, have experienced the fate of their unfortunate companions.

Of the boats, two only (those in which the governor and the captain of the frigate had embarked) arrived at Senegal; the other four made the shore in different places, and landed their people. They suffered extremely from hunger and thirst, and the effects of a burning sun reflected from a surface of naked sand. With the exception, however, of two or three, they all reached Senegal.

The preceding narrative is perfectly well authenticated, being compiled from an account written by two of the unhappy survivors.

London in the Time of Chaucer.

GODWIN.

[WILLIAM GODWIN, whose political writings are forgotten, but whose novel of "Caleb Williams" will endure with our language, was born in 1756, and died in 1836. During this long life he was principally engaged in literary pur-

suits. He married, in 1797, the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft, who died the same year, leaving him one daughter, who afterwards became Mrs Shelley. The following extract is from his "Life of Geoffrey Chaucer."]

The seat of Chaucer's nativity was the city of London. This is completely ascertained by his own words in the "Testament of Love," book i., section 5. "Also the citye of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth growen; and more kindely love have I to that place than to any other in yerth, as every kindely creture hath full appetite to that place of his kindely engendrure, and to wilne reste and pece in that stede to abide."

This passage contains nearly all the information we possess relative to the commencement of our poet's life. But it is fraught with various inferences. It is peremptory as to the place of his birth, or, as he calls it, of his "kindely engendrure," (that is, his geniture according to kind, or the course of nature.) It renders it extremely probable that London was the abode of his tender years, and the scene of his first education; so much is not unlikely to be implied in his giving it the appellation of the place in which he was "forth growen." Lastly, as he is in this passage assigning a reason why many years after (in the fifty-sixth year of his age) he interested himself in the welfare, and took a part in the dissensions, of the metropolis, it may with some plausibility be inferred that his father was a merchant, and that he was himself by the circumstances of his birth entitled to the privileges of a citizen.

He who loves to follow the poet through the various scenes from which his mind receives its first impressions, will be eager in this place to recollect what sort of a city London was in the beginning of the fourteenth century; how far it resembled, and in what respects it differed from, the present metropolis of England.

I am afraid little doubt can be entertained that, if we were to judge of it from the first impression it was likely to make upon a stranger, it would not have been found much more advantageous

than that of Paris at the same era, which Petrarca describes (A.D. 1333) as "the most dirty and ill-smelling town he had ever visited; Avignon only excepted."

Of this, however, we may be sure, that the impression which London produced on the mind of Chaucer, was very different from that of Paris on the mind of Petrarca. Petrarca viewed the cities of France with the prepossessions of an Italian, and the haughtiness of a pedant, proud that he owed his birth to the country of Cicero and Virgil, of Brutus and Cato, and looking on the rest of the world as a people of barbarians. Chaucer had none of these prejudices: he felt the great dictates of nature, and cherished them with the fondness of attachment. London, with its narrow lanes, and its dirty ways, its streets encumbered with commerce, and its people vexed with the cares of gain, was in his eyes beautiful, lovely, and engaging. "More kindly love and fuller appetite" had he "to that place than to any other in yerth."

But, though London had at this time very little to boast on the score of its general architecture, it was already the scene of considerable population and wealth. The topographer who would attain to an exact idea of any of our principal towns at a remote period of their history, must go back in the first place to the consideration of what they were in the time of the Roman empire. For near four centuries, from the year of Christ 50, to the year 450, Britain was a flourishing and powerful colony to the great mistress of the world. The Romans, in proportion as they subdued her barbarous inhabitants, founded cities, erected theatres, established universities, constructed highways, and adorned the island with magnificent works of art, as well as planted within its circuit the seeds of discipline, science, and literature. England was then a civilised and a magnificent scene, and would have presented as many objects worthy of the curiosity of a traveller of taste, as at any period of its subsequent history. London was founded by the Romans, and enclosed with a wall, nearly equal in extent to the present boundaries of the city of London strictly so called. Its limits were from about the foot of Blackfriars Bridge,

west, to the Tower Stairs, east: on the north it extended to the street now denominated London Wall, and on the south it had another wall which skirted the whole length of the city along the shores of the river.

In that melancholy period when the Roman empire in the west became universally a prey to the hordes of ferocious barbarians, England fell to the lot of certain piratical tribes from the north of Germany, since known by the general denomination of Anglo-Saxons. These invaders were successful in exterminating from among us all vestiges of literature and Roman civilisation. The Christian religion itself sunk under their hostility. The institutions of the ancient Germans and the mythology of Woden became universal. At the time when the monk, St Augustine, arrived in this country for the pious purpose of converting its usurpers, A.D. 596, it has been supposed that there was not a book to be found through the whole extent of the island. From this time, however, there was a period of comparative illumination. The Saxons had poetry, and the missionaries from Rome brought with them such literature as Europe then had to boast. We had our Bede, our Alcuin, and our Alfred. This infancy of improvement was nearly crushed by the Danes; the inveterate foes of monasteries and learning, who were in the tenth century what the Saxons had already been in the sixth. England presents little to soothe the eye of the lover of civilisation, from the retreat of the Romans to the epoch of the Norman Conquest, when a race of warriors educated in a happier scene, and a succession of kings nearly all of distinguished ability brought back to us the abode of the Muses and the arts of cultivated life.

During this interval, London, the heart of England, had experienced a common fate with the rest of its members. The walls, indeed, in considerable part remained, but the houses tumbled into ruin, and the tall grass waved in the streets: not that it was ever wholly unpeopled, but that it was an inconsiderable place, in comparison of the dimensions which the Romans had marked out for it. A short time, however, previously to the Conquest, it had a bridge of wood erected over the Thames: a work which would

scarcely have been constructed in those rude times, if it had not even then been a flourishing city.

The Tower of London was constructed for the purpose of subjugation by William the Conqueror. William Rufus, who had a strong passion for magnificence, enlarged this edifice, rebuilt London Bridge on a more commodious plan, and laid the foundation of Westminster Hall. London Bridge was first built of stone under Henry the Second. Edward the Confessor, who, a short time before the Conquest, imported some of the Norman arts into Britain, first gave existence to the City of Westminster, having built there the old palace, and the venerable structure known by the name of Westminster Abbey.

London, also, in the time of Chaucer, contained several royal palaces. The Tower was long a principal residence of our kings; beside which they had a smaller mansion very near it, called the Royal; a second, south of St Paul's, called the Wardrobe; and a third, nearly on the site of the present Bridewell. This city was besides adorned with various monasteries, the chief of which were the Temple, which had lately been the residence of the Knights Templars, but was now in the occupation of the students-at-law; and the monastery of St John, belonging to the Knights Hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, a gate of which is remaining to this day. It had many other buildings, which, relatively to the times we are considering, might be styled magnificent.

The population of London is stated by Peter of Blois, a man of talents, and for the time in which he lived an elegant writer of Latin, at forty thousand persons in the reign of King Stephen. In the reign of Edward the First, and the year 1285, the twenty-four wards of London are enumerated in a charter of that monarch nearly as at present, so that London must then have occupied the same space of ground as the city of London now occupies. We must not, however, suppose that this space was covered with inhabitants: Cheapside, for example, we are told, was "no manner of street, a fair large place, commonly called Crown Field;" and tournaments were held there in the reign of

Edward III. Among the environs of London we find enumerated the villages of Strand, Charing, and Holborn.

Respecting the population of London in the year 1349, when Chaucer was already twenty-one years of age, we have a ground of calculation of singular authenticity. That was a period when Europe, and nearly the whole known world, was afflicted with a pestilence, more terrible than perhaps any other in the records of mankind. In England, our old historians assure us that scarcely the tenth person was left alive. Sir Walter Manny, one of the most distinguished warriors and courtiers of Edward III., purchased at this time a piece of ground, now the site of the Charter House, for the interment of such persons as the churches and churchyards of London might not suffice to bury; and it appears from an inscription on a stone cross erected on the spot, which remained in the time of these historians, that more than fifty thousand persons were buried in this ground in the space of one year. Maitland, in his History of London, very naturally observes, that this cannot be supposed to exceed the amount of one-half of the persons who died in that period. One hundred thousand persons, therefore, may safely be taken to be a part, whatever part we may choose to imagine it, of the population of London at that period.

Nor did the wealth and commerce of London by any means fail of their due proportion to the number of its inhabitants. Of this many striking examples may be produced. The father of Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, and lord chancellor to King Richard the Second, was a merchant; and the first cause of the subsequent eminence of the son was the loans of money advanced at several times by the father to Edward III. to assist him in the prosecution of his wars in France.

In the year next after the battle of Poitiers, Henry Picard, vintner, or wine-merchant, mayor of London, gave a sumptuous entertainment to four kings, Edward, King of England, John, King of France, David, King of Scots, and the King of Cyprus. The circumstances of the entertainment are thus characteristically described by the old historian:—"After dinner, the sayd Henry

Picard kept his hall against all commers whatsoever, that were willing to play at dice and hazard. In like manner, the Ladie Margaret, his wife, did also keepe her chamber to the same intent. The King of Cipres, playing with Henry Picard in his hall, did winne of him fiftie markes; but Henry, being very skilful in that arte, altering his hand, did after winne, of the same king, the same fiftie markes and fiftie markes more, which, when the same king began to take in ill parte, although hee dissembled the same, Henry sayd unto him, My Lord and King, be not agreeved, I covet not your gold but your play; for I have not bidde you hither that I might greeve you, but that amongst other things I might trie your play; and gave him his money again, plentifully bestowing of his owne amongst the retinue: besides, hee gave many rich giftes to the king, and other nobles and knights, which dined with him."

In the second year of King Richard the Second, John Mercer, a Scotchman, having fitted out a piratical fleet against the English, John Philpot, a citizen of London, hired, with his own money, to the number of a thousand soldiers; and, putting to sea, in a short time took the said John Mercer, with all his prizes, and fifteen valuable Spanish ships which he had drawn to his assistance.

In the same reign, Sir Richard Whittington, mayor of London, of whom so many traditional and improbable stories are told, rebuilt at his own expense the jail of Newgate, the library of the Grey Friars, the hospital of Little St Bartholomew's, and a college near St Paul's, which was called after his own name.

The story of Sir William Walworth's contention with Wat Tyler, and the galiantry and high spirit he displayed on the occasion, are too well known to need to be recited here. The increase of the towns and the progress of commerce were the immediate causes of that great revolution in the thirteenth century, the rise of the Commons; and we shall be at a loss to understand many circumstances in the history of this period, if we do not distinctly recollect that the wealthy merchants of England and the neighbouring countries were now enabled to enter into a sort of rival-

ship with the ancient barons, which these latter wished, perhaps, but were not able, to despise. The citizens had not yet learned the sordid habits of later times, and appear to have copied with success the purest models that were afforded them by their contemporaries. The father of Chaucer is conjectured, by one of his editors, to have been, like Henry Picard, a vintner, or merchant of the vintry. Such, then, were the scenes which our poet first beheld, and the description of persons with whom his infant years were connected.

Gulliver, and the King of Brobdingnag.

SWIFT.

THE king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards' distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body: on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he ever had before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs, (for so he conjectured

of other monarchs by my former discourses,) he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praises of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits amd felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body called the House of Peers; persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there can be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it was to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom

of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury; the valour and achievements of our forces, by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party, among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulted his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable parts of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications are necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interests, ever happened to be the motives in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I

spoke of were always promoted to that rank on account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?

He then desired to know, What arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a stong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters, to choose them before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension; because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt that it might possibly not be always sincere? And he desired to know, Whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry? He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points; and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in Chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, What time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party, in religion or politics, were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their

judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And particularly, Whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said, he thought my memory had failed me because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate, like a private person. He asked me, Who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them? He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked, What business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade, or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet? Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for some small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic, as he was pleased to call it, in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation

drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, He knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to send them about for cordials.

He observed, That among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming; he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions; wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they receive, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then, taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interests and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which, in its original, might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corrup-

tions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers for their conduct or valour; judges for their integrity; senators for the love of their country; or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

Good and Bad Fortune.

PETRARCH.

[FRANCESCO PETRARCA is one of the greatest names of modern Europe.

. . . . . "In an age
Of savage warfare and blind bigotry,
He cultured all that could refine, exalt;
Leading to better things."

So says justly the poet of "Italy." The character of Petrarch's poetry was mainly determined by his passion for Laura—a romantic history not to be told in a paragraph. His eminent services to mankind, as one of the restorers of learning, exhibit the union, which pertains to the highest intellects alone, of the imaginative with the practical. The following passage is from the dedication to his friend Azzo da Correggio, of his "Treatise on the Remedies of Good and Bad Fortune," as translated in Mrs Dobson's "Life of Petrarch."]

When I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them. We seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory. No doubt these

are admirable presents; but they often annoy more than they assist us. A prey to unuseful or distressing cares, we are tormented by the present, the past, and the future; and, as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we suffer the remembrance of a former distress; and the apprehension of some future calamity. This is the Cerberus with three heads we combat without ceasing. Our life might be gay and happy if we would; but we eagerly seek subjects of affliction to render it irksome and melancholy. We pass the first years of this life in the shades of ignorance, the succeeding ones in pain and labour, the latter part in grief and remorse, and the whole in error: nor do we suffer ourselves to possess one bright day without a cloud.

Let us examine this matter with sincerity, and we shall agree that our distresses chiefly arise from ourselves. It is virtue alone which can render us superior to Fortune; we quit her standard, and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks us; she turns us on her wheel: she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old-rooted evil, but it is not incurable: there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wise and the study of good books are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless. What gratitude do we not owe to those great men who, though dead many ages before us, live with us by their works, discourse with us, are our masters and guides, and serve us as pilots in the navigation of life, where our vessel is agitated without ceasing by the storms of our passions! It is here that true philosophy brings us to a safe port, by a sure and easy passage; not like that of the schools, which, raising us on its airy and deceitful wings, and causing us to hover on the clouds of frivolous dispute, lets us fall without any light or instruction in the same place where she took us up.

Dear friend, I do not attempt to exhort you to the study I judge so important. Nature has given you a taste for all knowledge, but Fortune has denied you the leisure to acquire it: yet, when-

ever you could steal a moment from public affairs, you sought the conversation of wise men; and I have remarked, that your memory often served you instead of books. It is, therefore, unnecessary to invite you to do what you have always done; but, as we cannot retain all we hear or read, it may be useful to furnish your mind with some maxims that may best serve to arm you against the assaults of misfortune. The vulgar, and even philosophers, have decided, that adverse fortune was most difficult to sustain. For my own part I am of a different opinion, and believe it more easy to support adversity than prosperity; and that fortune is more treacherous and dangerous when she caresses than when she dismays. Experience has taught me this, not books or arguments. I have seen many persons sustain great losses, poverty, exile, tortures, death, and even disorders that were worse than death, with courage; but I have seen none whose heads have not been turned by power, riches, and honours. How often have we beheld those overthrown by good fortune, who could never be shaken by bad! This made me wish to learn how to support a great fortune. You know the short time this work has taken. I have been less attentive to what might shine than to what might be useful on this subject. Truth and virtue are the wealth of all men; and shall I not discourse on these with my dear Azon? I would prepare for you, as in a little portable box, a friendly antidote against the poison of good and bad fortune. The one requires a rein to repress the sallies of a transported soul; the other a consolation to fortify the overwhelmed and afflicted spirit.

Nature gave you, my friend, the heart of a king, but she gave you not a kingdom, of which therefore Fortune could not deprive you. But I doubt whether our age can furnish an example of worse or better treatment from her than yourself. In the first part of your life you were blest with an admirable constitution and astonishing health and vigour: some years after we beheld you thrice abandoned by the physicians, who despaired of your life. The heavenly Physician, who was your sole resource, restored your health, but not your former strength. You were then called iron-footed, for your singular force and agility: you

are now bent, and lean upon the shoulders of those whom you formerly supported. Your country beheld you one day its governor, the next an exile. Princes disputed for your friendship, and afterwards conspired your ruin. You lost by death the greatest part of your friends; the rest, according to custom, deserted you in calamity. To these misfortunes was added a violent disease, which attacked you when destitute of all succours, at a distance from your country and family, in a strange land, invested by the troops of your enemies; so that those two or three friends whom fortune had left you could not come near to relieve you. In a word, you have experienced every hardship but imprisonment and death. But what do I say? You have felt all the horrors of the former, when your faithful wife and children were shut up by your enemies: and even death followed you, and took one of those children, for whose loss you would willingly have sacrificed your own.

In you have been united the fortunes of Pompey and Marius: but you were neither arrogant in prosperity as the one, nor discouraged in adversity as the other. You have supported both in a manner that has made you loved by your friends and admired by your enemies. There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it, in the midst of the darkest scenes, and the greatest calamities. My ancient friendship for you has caused me to quit everything for you to perform a work, in which, as in a glass, you may adjust and prepare your soul for all events; and be able to say, as Æneas did to the Sybil, "Nothing of this is new to me; I have foreseen, and am prepared for it all." I am sensible that, in the disorders of the mind, as well as those of the body, discourses are not thought the most efficacious remedies; but I am persuaded also that the malady of the soul ought to be cured by spiritual applications.

If we see a friend in distress, and give him all the consolation we are able, we perform the duties of friendship, which pays more attention to the disposition of the heart than the value of the gift A small present may be the testimony of a great love. There is no good I do not wish you, and this is all I can offer toward it

I wish this little treatise may be of use to you If it should not answer my hopes, I shall, however, be secure of pardon from your friendship. It presents you with the four great passions: Hope and Joy, the daughters of Prosperity: Fear and Grief, the offspring of Adversity; who attack the soul, and launch at it all their arrows. Reason commands in the citadel to repulse them: your penetration will easily perceive which side will obtain the victory.

Reflections on War.

ROBERT HALL.

WAR may be considered in two views, as it affects the happiness, and as it affects the virtue of mankind; as a source of misery, and as a source of crimes.

Though we must all die, as the woman of Tekoa said, *and are as water spilt upon the ground which cannot be gathered up,* yet it is impossible for a humane mind to contemplate the rapid extinction of innumerable lives without concern. To perish in a moment, to be hurried instantaneously, without preparation and without warning, into the presence of the Supreme Judge, has something in it inexpressibly awful and affecting. Since the commencement of those hostilities which are now so happily closed, it may be reasonably conjectured that not less than half a million of our fellow-creatures have fallen a sacrifice. Half a million of beings, sharers of the same nature, warmed with the same hopes, and as fondly attached to life as ourselves, have been prematurely swept into the grave; each of whose deaths has pierced the heart of a wife, a parent, a brother, or a sister! How many of these scenes of complicated distress have occurred since the commencement of hostilities is known only to Omniscience: that they are innumerable cannot admit of a doubt. In some parts of Europe, perhaps, there is scarcely a family exempt.

Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home; yet, at each successive

moment, life and death seem to divide betwixt them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the largest share. It is otherwise in war: death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph, of death, who glories, not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here it is the vigorous and the strong. It is remarked by an ancient historian, that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, everything but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. *It is Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.*

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment: every other emotion gives way to pity and terror. In these last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe! If they

are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death. Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your suffering, or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms, their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword. How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conception can be formed of our destiny except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power. Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in this neighbourhood. When you have placed your-

self for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathise with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but for their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil. In another part, you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, the chastity of virgins and of matrons violated, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin.

If we consider the maxims of war which prevailed in the ancient world, and which still prevail in many barbarous nations, we perceive that those who survived the fury of battle and the insolence of victory, were only reserved for more durable calamities, swept into hopeless captivity, exposed in markets, or plunged in mines, with the melancholy distinction bestowed on princes and warriors, after appearing in the triumphal procession of the conqueror, of being conducted to instant death. The contemplation of such scenes as these forces on us this awful reflection, that neither the fury of wild beasts, the concussions of the earth, nor the violence of tempests, are to be compared to the ravages of arms; and that nature in her utmost extent, or, more properly, divine justice in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man so terrible as man.

Still, however, it would be happy for mankind if the effects of national hostility terminated here; but the fact is, that they who are farthest removed from its immediate desolations share largely in the calamity. They are drained of the most precious part of their population, their youth, to repair the waste made by the

sword. They are drained of their wealth, by the prodigious expense incurred in the equipment of fleets, and the subsistence of armies in remote parts. The accumulation of debt and taxes diminishes the public strength, and depresses private industry. An augmentation in the price of the necessaries of life, inconvenient to all classes, falls with peculiar weight on the labouring poor, who must carry their industry to market every day, and therefore cannot wait for that advance of price which gradually attaches to every other article. Of all people, the poor are, on this account, the greatest sufferers by war, and have the most reason to rejoice in the restoration of peace.

In commercial states, (of which Europe principally consists,) whatever interrupts their intercourse is a fatal blow to national prosperity. Such states having a mutual dependence on each other, the effects of their hostility extend far beyond the parties engaged in the contest. If there be a country highly commercial which has a decided superiority in wealth and industry, together with a fleet which enables it to protect its trade, the commerce of such a country may survive the shock, but it is at the expense of the commerce of all other nations: a painful reflection to a generous mind. Even there, the usual channels of trade being closed, it is some time before it can force a new passage for itself: previous to which an almost total stagnation takes place, by which multitudes are impoverished, and thousands of the industrious poor, being thrown out of employment, are plunged into wretchedness and beggary. Who can calculate the number of industrious families in different parts of the world, to say nothing of our own country, who have been reduced to poverty from this cause since the peace of Europe was interrupted?

The plague of a widely-extended war possesses, in fact, a sort of omnipresence, by which it makes itself everywhere felt; for, while it gives up myriads to slaughter in one part of the globe, it is busily employed in scattering over countries exempt from its immediate desolations the seeds of famine, pestilence, and death.

If statesmen—if Christian statesmen, at least—had a proper

feeling on this subject, and would open their hearts to the reflections which such scenes must inspire, instead of rushing eagerly to arms from the thirst of conquest or the thirst of gain, would they not hesitate long, would they not try every expedient, every lenient art consistent with national honour, before they ventured on this desperate remedy, or rather before they plunged into this gulf of horror?

HOHENLINDEN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IT was near Hohenlinden, a village of Bavaria, between the rivers Inn and Iser, on the 3d of December 1800, that one of the greatest battles took place, between the French and Bavarian army on the one side, and the Austrians on the other; the former was under the generalship of Moreau; the latter under Archduke John. The conflict began at seven in the morning. The deep snow had obliterated the tracks of roads; several Austrian columns were bewildered, and either came not at all into their position, or came too late; yet the battle was obstinate and severe. Ten thousand of the Austrians were left dead on the field, and they lost near eleven thousand prisoners and one hundred pieces of cannon.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly:

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

A Defence of Enthusiasm.

H. T. Tuckerman.

[Henry Theodore Tuckerman is a living American writer, who, like many others of his literary contemporaries, has passed much time in Europe. He is an agreeable essayist and a pleasing poet. The tendencies of his mind are strangely opposed to the false and chilling philosophy which sees nothing but in material things which have a market value.]

Let us recognise the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and, whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; it sets free no ice-bound fountains. Dr Johnson used to say, that an obstinate rationality prevented him from being a Papist. Does not the same cause prevent many of us from unburdening our hearts and breathing our devotions at the shrines of nature? There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting-knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency it is a formalised intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toil and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries? Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his Madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts the children of love. The deep interest with which the

Italians hail gifted men, inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Cellini's statue of Perseus was first exhibited on the Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded for days by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome for his poetical labours, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples, listening to a reader of Tasso. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here, and two in Paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvas displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts? Lord Brougham calls the word "impossible" the mother-tongue of little souls. What, I ask, can counteract self-distrust, and sustain the higher efforts of our nature, but enthusiasm? More of this element would call forth the genius and gladden the life of New England. While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realises, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged by an inward impulse to embody his thoughts. He must have sympathy; he must have results. And nature yields to the magician, acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble, the speaking figure stands out from the canvas, the electric chain is struck in the bosoms of his fellows. They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

Constant supplies of knowledge to the intellect, and the ex-

clusive culture of reason may, indeed, make a pedant and logician; but the probability is, these benefits, if such they are, will be gained at the expense of the soul. Sentiment, in its broadest acceptation, is as essential to the true enjoyment and grace of life as mind. Technical information, and that quickness of apprehension which New Englanders call smartness, are not so valuable to a human being as sensibility to the beautiful, and a spontaneous appreciation of the divine influences which fill the realms of vision, of sound, and the world of action and feeling. The tastes, affections, and sentiments are more absolutely the man than his talents or acquirements. And yet it is by and through the latter that we are apt to estimate character, of which they are, at best, but fragmentary evidences. It is remarkable that, in the New Testament, allusions to the intellect are so rare, while the "heart" and the "spirit we are of" are ever appealed to. Sympathy is the "golden key" which unlocks the treasures of wisdom; and this depends upon vividness and warmth of feeling. It is therefore that Tranio advises—"in brief, sir, study what you most affect." A code of etiquette may refine the manners, but the "heart of courtesy" which, through the world, stamps the natural gentleman, can never be attained but through instinct; and, in the same manner, those enriching and noble sentiments, which are the most beautiful and endearing of human qualities, no process of mental training will create. To what end is society, popular education, churches, and all the machinery of culture, if no living truth is elicited which fertilises as well as enlightens? Shakspere undoubtedly owed his marvellous insight into the human soul to his profound sympathy with man. He might have conned whole libraries on the philosophy of the passions; he might have coldly observed facts for years, and never have conceived of jealousy like Othello's, the remorse of Macbeth, or love like that of Juliet. When the native sentiments are once interested, new facts spring to light. It was under the excitement of wonder and love that Byron, tossed on the lake of Geneva, thought that "Jura answered from her misty shroud," responsive to the thunder of the Alps. With no eye of mere

curiosity did Bryant follow the lonely flight of the water-fowl. Veneration prompted the inquiry,—

> "Whither 'midst falling dew,
> While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
> Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
> Thy solitary way?"

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great act of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart. It is certain that, in proportion as its merly mental strength and attainment take the place of natural sentiment, in proportion as we acquire the habit of receiving all impressions through the reason, the teachings of nature grow indistinct and cold, however it may be with those of books. That this is the tendency of the New England philosophy of life and education, I think can scarcely be disputed. I have remarked that some of our most intelligent men speak of mastering a subject, or comprehending a book, of settling a question, as if those processes involved the whole idea of human cultivation. The reverse of all this is chiefly desirable. It is when we are overcome, and the pride of intellect vanquished before the truth of nature, when, instead of coming to a logical decision, we are led to bow in profound reverence before the mysteries of life, when we are led back to childhood, or up to God, by some powerful revelation of the sage or minstrel, it is then our natures grow. To this end is all art. Exquisite vocalism, beautiful statuary and painting, and all true literature, have not for their great object to employ the ingenuity of prying critics, or furnish the world with a set of new ideas, but to move the whole nature by the perfection and truthfulness of their appeal. There is a certain atmosphere exhaled from the inspired page of genius, which gives vitality to the sentiments and through these quickens the mental powers. And this is the chief good of books. Were it otherwise, those of us who have bad memories might despair of advancement. I have heard educated New Englanders boast of the quantity of poetry they have read in a given time, as if rich fancies and elevated thoughts are to be despatched as are beef-

steaks on board our steamboats. Newspapers are estimated by their number of square feet, as if this had anything to do with the quality of their contents Journeys of pleasure are frequently deemed delightful in proportion to their rapidity, without reference to the new scenery or society they bring into view. Social gatherings are not seldom accounted brilliant in the same degree that they are crowded. Such would not be the case, if what the phrenologists call the effective powers were enough considered; if the whole soul, instead of the "meddling intellect" alone, was freely developed; if we realised the truth thus expressed by a powerful writer:—"Within the entire circle of our intellectual constitution, we value nothing but emotion; it is not the powers, but the fruit of those powers, in so much feeling of a lofty kind as they will yield."

One of the most obvious consequences of these traits appears in social intercourse. Foreigners have ridiculed certain external habits of Americans, but these were always confined to the few, and where most prevalent have yielded readily to censure. There are incongruities of manners still more objectionable, because the direct exponents of character, and resulting from the philosophy of life. Delicacy and self-respect are the fruits not so much of intellect and sensibility. We are considerate towards others in proportion as our own consciousness gives us insight. The sympathies are the best teachers of politeness; and these are ever blunted by an exclusive reliance on perception. Nothing is more common than to find educated New Englanders unconsciously invading the privacy of others, to indulge their idle curiosity, or giving a personal turn to conversation, in a way that outrages all moral refinement. This is observable in society professedly intellectual. It is scarcely deemed rude to allude to one's personal appearance, health, dress, circumstances, or even most sacred feelings, although neither intimacy nor confidence lends the slightest authority to the proceeding. Such violation of what is due to others is more frequently met with among the cultivated of this than any other country. It is comparatively rare here to encounter a natural gentleman. A New England philosopher, in

a recent work,* betrays no little fear of "excess of fellowship." In the region he inhabits there is ground for the apprehension. No standard of manners will correct the evil. The peasantry of Southern Europe, and the most ignorant Irishwoman, often excel educated New Englanders in genuine courtesy. Their richer feelings teach them how to deal with others. Reverence and tenderness (not self-possession and intelligence) are the hallowed avenues through which alone true souls come together. The cool satisfaction with which character is analysed and defined in New England is an evidence of the superficial test which observation alone affords. A Yankee dreams not of the world which is revealed only through sentiment. Men, and especially women, shrink from unfolding the depths of their natures to the cold and prying gaze which aims to explore them only as an intellectual diversion. It is the most presumptuous thing in the world for an unadulterated New Englander, however 'cute and studious, to pretend to know another human being, if nobly endowed; for he is the last person to elicit latent and cherished emotions. He may read mental capacities and detect moral tendencies, but no familiarity will unveil the inner temple; only in the vestibule will his prying step be endured.

Another effect of this exaggerated estimate of intellect is, that talent and character are often regarded as identical. This is a fatal but very prevalent error. A gift of mind, let it ever be remembered, is not a grace of soul. Training, or native skill, will enable any one to excel in the machinery of expression. The phrase—artistical, whether in reference to statuary, painting, literature, or manners, implies only aptitude and dexterity. Who is not aware, for instance, of the vast difference between a merely scientific knowledge of music and that enlistment of the sympathies in the heart which makes it the eloquent medium of passion, sentiment, and truth? And in literature, how often do we find the most delicate perception of beauty in the writer, combined with a total want of genuine refinement in the man? Art is essentially imitative; and its value, as illustrative of character,

* Emerson's Essays, Second Series.

depends, not upon the mental endowments, but upon the moral integrity of the artist. The idea of talent is associated more or less with the idea of success; and on this account the lucrative creed of the New Englander recognises it with indiscriminate admiration; but there is a whole armoury of weapons in the human bosom of more celestial temper. It is a nobler and a happier thing to be capable of self-devotion, loyalty, and generous sympathies, to cherish a quick sense of honour, and find absolute comfort only in being lost in another, than to have an eye for colour, whereby the rainbow can be transferred to canvas, or a felicity of diction that can embalm the truest pictures in immortal numbers. Not only or chiefly in what he does resides the significance of a human being. His field of action and the availability of his powers depend upon health, education, self-reliance, position, and a thousand other agencies; what he *is* results from the instincts of his soul, and for these alone he is truly to be loved. It is observable among New Englanders that an individual's qualities are less frequently referred to as a test of character than his performances. It is very common for them to sacrifice social and private to public character, friendship to fame, sympathy to opinion, love to ambition, and sentiment to propriety. There is an obvious disposition among them to appraise men and women at their market rather than their intrinsic value. A lucky speculation, a profitable invention, a saleable book, an effective rhetorical effort, or a sagacious political ruse—some fact, which proves at best only adroitness and good fortune—is deemed the best escutcheon to lend dignity to life, or hang as a lasting memorial upon the tomb. Those more intimate revelations and ministries which deal with the inmost gifts of mind, and warmest emotions of the heart, and through which alone love and truth are realised, are but seldom dreamt of in their philosophy.

There is yet another principle which seems to me but faintly recognised in the New England philosophy of life, however it may be occasionally cultivated as a department of literature; and yet it is one which we should deem essentially dear to man, a glorious endowment, a crowning grace of humanity. It is that

principle through which we commune with all that is lovely and grand in the universe, which mellows the pictures of memory into pensive beauty, and irradiates the visions of hope with unearthly brightness; which elevates our social experience by the glow of fancy, and exhibits scenes of perfection to the soul that the senses can never realise. It is the poetical principle. If this precious gift could be wholly annihilated amid the commonplace and the actual, we should lose the interest of life. The dull routine of daily experience, the tame reality of things, would weigh like a heavy and permanent cloud upon our hearts. But the office of this divine spirit is to throw a redeeming grace around the objects and the scenes of being. It is the breeze that lifts the weeds on the highway of time, and brings to view the violets beneath. It is the holy water which, sprinkled on the mosaic pavement of life, makes vivid its brilliant tints. It is the mystic harp upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness, and grief loses itself in music. But it performs a yet higher function than that of consolation. It is through the poetical principle that we form images of excellence, a notion of progress that quickens every other faculty to rich endeavour. All great men are so, chiefly through unceasing effort to realise in action, or embody in art, sentiments of deep interest or ideas of beauty. As colours exist in rays of light, so does the ideal in the soul, and life is the mighty prism which refracts it. Shelley maintains that it is only through the imagination that we can overleap the barriers of self, and become identified with the universal and the distant, and, therefore, that this principle is the true fountain of benevolent affections and virtue. I know it is sometimes said that the era of romance has passed; that with the pastoral, classic, and chivalrous periods of the world, the poetic element died out. But this is manifestly a great error. The forms of society have greatly changed, and the periods of poetical development are much modified, but the principle itself is essential to humanity. No! mechanical as is the spirit of the age, and wide as is the empire of utility, as long as the stars appear nightly in the firmament, and golden clouds gather around the departing sun; as long as we

can greet the innocent smile of infancy and the gentle eye of woman; as long as this earth is visited by visions of glory and dreams of love and hopes of heaven; while life is encircled by mystery, brightened by affection, and solemnised by death, so long will the poetical spirit be abroad, with its fervent aspirations and deep spells of enchantment. Again, it is often urged that the poetical spirit belongs appropriately to a certain epoch of life, and that its influence naturally ceases with youth. But this can only be the case through self-apostasy. The poetical element was evidently intended to mingle with the whole of human experience; not only to glow in the breast of youth, but to dignify the thought of manhood, and make venerable the aspect of age. Its purpose clearly is to relieve the sternness of necessity, to lighten the burden of toil, and throw sacredness and hope even around suffering—as the old painters were wont to depict groups of cherubs above their martyrdoms. Nor can I believe that the agency of this principle is so confined and temporary as many suppose. It is true our contemplation of the beautiful is of short duration, our flights into the ideal world brief and occasional. We can but bend in passing at the altar of beauty, and pluck a flower hastily by the wayside;—but may there not be an instinct which eagerly appropriates even these transitory associations? May they not be unconsciously absorbed into the essence of our life, and gradually refine and exalt the spirit within us? I cannot think that such rich provision for the poetic sympathies is intended for any casual or indifferent end. Rather let us believe there is a mystic language in the flowers, and a deep meaning in the stars, that the transparency of the winter air and the long sweetness of summer twilight pass, with imperceptible power, over the soul; rather let us cherish the thought that the absorbing emotions of love, the sweet excitement of adventure, and the impassioned solemnity of grief, with a kind of spiritual chemistry combine and purify the inward elements into nobler action and more perfect results. Of the poetical principle, the philosophy of life in New England makes little account. Emblems of the past do not invite the gaze down the vistas of time. Reverence is

seldom awakened by any object, custom, or association. The new, the equal, the attainable, constantly deaden our faith in infinite possibilities. Life rarely seems miraculous, and the commonplace abounds. There is much to excite, and little to chasten and awe. We need to see the blessedness of a rational conservatism, as well as the inspiring call for reform. There are venerable and lovely agencies in this existence of ours which it is sacrilege to scorn. The wisdom of our renowned leaders in all departments is too restless and conscious to be desirable, and it would be better for our boasted "march of mind," if, like the quaint British essayist, a few more "were dragged along in the procession." An extravagant spirit of utility invades every scene of life, however sequestered. We attempt not to brighten the grim features of care, or relieve the burdens of responsibility. The daughter of a distinguished law professor in Europe was in the habit of lecturing in her father's absence. To guard against the fascination of her charms, which it was feared would divert the attention of the students, a curtain was drawn before the fair teacher, from behind which she imparted her instructions. Thus do we carefully keep out of sight the poetical and veil the spirit of beauty, that we may worship undisturbed at the shrine of the practical. We ever seek the light of knowledge; but are content that no fertilising warmth lend vitality to its beams.

When the returning pilgrim approaches the shores of the new world, the first sign of the vicinity of his native land is traced in hues of rare glory on the western sky. The sunsets grow more and more gorgeous as he draws near, and while he leans over the bulwarks of a gallant vessel, (whose matchless architecture illustrates the mechanical skill of her birthplace,) and watches their shifting brilliancy, it associates itself with the fresh promise and young renown of his native land; and when, from the wide solitude of the Atlantic, he plunges once more amid her eager crowds, it is with the earnest, and, I must think, patriotic wish that with her prosperous activity might mingle more of the poetry of life.

But what the arrangements of society fail to provide, the indi-

vidual is at liberty to seek. Nowhere are natural beauty and grandeur more lavishly displayed than on this continent. In no part of the world are there such noble rivers, beautiful lakes, and magnificent forests. The ermine robe of winter is, in no land, spread with more dazzling effect, nor can the woodlands of any clime present a more varied array of autumnal tints. Nor need we resort to the glories of the universe alone. Domestic life exists with us in rare perfection; and it requires but the heroism of sincerity, and the exercise of taste, to make the fireside as rich in poetical associations, as the terrace and veranda of southern lands. Literature, too, opens a rich field. We can wander through Eden to the music of the blind bard's harp, or listen in the orange groves of Verona, beneath the quiet moonlight, to the sweet vows of Juliet. Let us, then, bravely obey our sympathies, and find, in candid and devoted relations with others, freedom from the constraints of prejudice and form. Let us foster the enthusiasm which exclusive intellectual cultivation would extinguish. Let us detach ourselves sufficiently from the social machinery to realise that we are not integral parts of it; and thus summon into the horizon of destiny those hues of beauty, love, and truth, which are the most glorious reflections of the soul!

To his Brother.

KEATS.

[JOHN KEATS was born in London in 1796. He died at Rome at the early age of twenty-four. Every one knows Byron's allusion to the supposed cause of his death:—

> "'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Lord Houghton, himself no mean poet, has published a delightful Life of John Keats. It is a charming contribution to literary biography, and unquestionably tends to raise the general appreciation of the character of that most original poet. We find from his letters that Keats stood up manfully against neglect and abuse; that he had a noble confidence in his own power to accomplish something excellent; that his poetical capacity was not an im

mature thing, but was gradually nourished and enlarged by earnest thought and patient study. But, with all his calm endurance, we can scarcely bring ourselves to agree with his accomplished biographer, that the ungenerous attacks upon him did not deeply trouble his spirit. Great minds have the same loathing as Coriolanus, on a display of their wounds. It is delightful, at any rate, to know that such oppression did not enfeeble his mental energy, and that the poetical temperament in his case and in hundreds of others, has been proved to possess the best courage—that of patience and fortitude.

Keats published, in 1818, "Endymion, a Poetic Romance;" in 1820, "Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St Agnes, and other Poems." These may now be obtained in a cheap form.]

Full many a dreary hour have I past,
My brain bewilder'd, and my mind o'ercast
With heaviness; in seasons when I 've thought
No sphery strains by me could e'er be caught
From the blue dome, though I to dimness gaze
On the far depth where sheeted lightning plays;
Or, on the wavy grass outstretch'd supinely,
Pry 'mong the stars, to strive to think divinely:
That I should never hear Apollo's song,
Though feathery clouds were floating all along

The purple west, and, two bright streaks between,
The golden lyre itself were dimly seen:
That the still murmur of the honey-bee
Would never teach a rural song to me:
That the bright glance from beauty's eyelid slanting
Would never make a lay of mine enchanting,
Or warm my breast with ardour to unfold
Some tale of love and arms in time of old.

But there are times when those that love the bay
Fly from all sorrowing far, far away;
A sudden glow comes on them, nought they see
In water, earth, or air, but poesy.
It has been said, dear George, and true I hold it,
(For knightly Spenser to Libertus told it,)
That when a poet is in such a trance,
In air he sees white coursers paw and prance,
Bestridden of gay knights, in gay apparel,
Who at each other tilt in playful quarrel;
And what we, ignorantly, sheet-lightning call,
Is the swift opening of their wide portal,
When the bright warder blows his trumpet clear,
Whose tones reach nought on earth but poet's ear;
When these enchanted portals open wide,
And through the light the horsemen swiftly glide,
The poet's eye can reach those golden halls,
And view the glory of their festivals;
Their ladies fair, that in the distance seem
Fit for the silvering of a seraph's dream;
Their rich brimmed goblets that incessant run,
Like the bright spots that move about the sun;
And when upheld, the wine from each bright jar
Pours with the lustre of a falling star.
Yet further off are dimly seen their bowers,
Of which no mortal eye can reach the flowers;
And 'tis right just, for well Apollo knows

'Twould make the poet quarrel with the rose.
All that 's reveal'd from that far seat of blisses,
Is the clear fountains interchanging kisses,
As gracefully descending, light and thin,
Like silver streaks across a dolphin's fin,
When he upswimmeth from the coral caves,
And sports with half his tail above the waves.

These wonders strange he sees, and many more,
Whose head is pregnant with poetic lore;
Should he upon an evening ramble fare,
With forehead to the soothing breezes bare,
Would he nought see but the dark silent blue,
With all its diamonds trembling through and through?
Or the coy moon, when in the waviness
Of whitest clouds she does her beauty dress,
And staidly paces higher up, and higher,
Like a sweet nun in holiday attire?
Ah, yes! much more would start into his sight—
The revelries and mysteries of night:
And should I ever see them, I will tell you
Such tales as needs must with amazement spell you.

These aye the living pleasures of the bard:
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks through the film of death?
"What though I leave this dull and earthly mould,
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
With after-times. The patriot shall feel
My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel;
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,
To startle princes from their easy slumbers.
The sage will mingle with each moral theme
My happy thoughts sententious: he will teem
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,

And then I 'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.
Lays have I left of such a dear delight,
That maids will sing them on their bridal-night,
Gay villagers, upon a morn of May,
When they have tired their gentle limbs with play,
And form'd a snowy circle on the grass,
And placed in midst of all that lovely lass
Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head
Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red:
For there the lily and the musk-rose sighing,
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying:
Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble,
A bunch of violets full blown, and double,
Serenely sleep:—she from a casket takes
A little book,—and then a joy awakes
About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,
And rubbing of white hands, and sparkling eyes:
For she 's to read a tale of hopes and fears;
One that I fostered in my youthful years:
The pearls that on each glistening circlet sleep,
Gush ever and anon with silent creep,
Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest
Shall the dear babe, upon its mother's breast,
Be lull'd with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu!
Thy dales and hills are fading from my view:
Swiftly I mount, upon wide-spreading pinions,
Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions:
Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air,
That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,
And warm thy sons!" Ah, my dear friend and brother,
Could I at once my mad ambition smother,
For lasting joys like these, sure I should be
Happier and dearer to society.
At times, 'tis true, I 've felt relief from pain
When some bright thought has darted through my brain;
Through all that day I 've felt a greater pleasure

Than if I 'd brought to light a hidden treasure.
As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
I feel delighted still that you should read them.
Of late, too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
Stretch'd on the grass, at my best loved employment,
Of scribbling lines for you. These things I thought
While in my face the freshest breeze I caught.
E'en now I 'm pillow'd on a bed of flowers
That crowns a lofty cliff, which proudly towers
Above the ocean waves: the stalks and blades
Chequer my tablet with their quivering shades.
On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats,
So pert and useless, that they bring to mind
The scarlet coats that pester human-kind.
And on the other side, outspread, is seen
Ocean's blue mantle, purple-streak'd and green;
Now 'tis I see a canvas'd ship, and now
Mark the bright silver curling round her prow.
I see the lark, down-dropping to his nest,
And the broad-wing'd sea-gull never at rest;
For when no more he spreads his feathers free,
His breast is dancing on the restless sea.
Now I direct my eyes into the west,
Which at this moment is in sunbeams drest:
Why westward turn? 'Twas but to say adieu!
'Twas but to kiss my hand, dear George to you!

Character of Keats.

LORD HOUGHTON.

[Mr. MONCTON MILNES, born 1809, was created Lord Houghton in 1863, and died 1885.]

THE last few pages have attempted to awaken a personal interest in the story of Keats almost apart from his literary character —a personal interest founded on events that might easily have

occurred to a man of inferior ability, and rather affecting from their moral than intellectual bearing. But now

> "He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night;
> Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
> And that unrest which men miscall delight,
> Can touch him not, and torture not again;
> From the contagion of the world's slow stain
> He is secure, and now can never mourn
> A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
> Nor, when the spirit's self had ceased to burn,
> With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn:"

and, ere we close altogether these memorials of his short earthly being, let us revert to the great distinctive peculiarities which singled him out from his fellow-men, and gave him his rightful place among "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown."

Let any man of literary accomplishment, though without the habit of writing poetry, or even much taste for reading it, open "Endymion" at random, (to say nothing of the latter and more perfect poems,) and examine the characteristics of the page before him, and I shall be surprised if he does not feel that the whole range of literature hardly supplies a parallel phenomenon. As a psychological curiosity, perhaps Chatterton is more wonderful; but in him the immediate ability displayed is rather the full comprehension of, and identification with, the old model, than the effluence of creative genius. In Keats, on the contrary, the originality in the use of his scanty materials, his expansion of them to the proportions of his own imagination, and, above all, his field of diction and expression extending so far beyond his knowledge of literature, is quite inexplicable to any of the ordinary processes of mental education. If his classical learning had been deeper, his seizure of the full spirit of Grecian beauty would have been less surprising; if his English reading had been more extensive, his inexhaustible vocabulary of picturesque and mimetic words could more easily be accounted for; but here is a surgeon's apprentice, with the ordinary culture of the middle classes, rivalling, in æsthetic perceptions of antique life and thought, the most care-

ful scholars of his time and country, and reproducing these impressions in a phraseology as complete and unconventional as if he had mastered the whole history and the frequent variations of the English tongue, and elaborated a mode of utterance commensurate with his vast ideas.

The artistic absence of moral purpose may offend many readers, and the just harmony of the colouring may appear to others a displeasing monotony; but I think it impossible to lay the book down without feeling that almost every line of it contains solid gold enough to be beaten out, by common literary manufacturers, into a poem of itself. Concentration of imagery, the hitting off a picture at a stroke, the clear, decisive word that brings the thing before you and will not let it go, are the rarest distinction of the early exercise of the faculties. So much more is usually known than digested by sensitive youth, so much more felt than understood, so much more perceived than methodised, that diffusion is fairly permitted in the earlier stages of authorship; and it is held to be one of the advantages, amid some losses of maturer intelligence, that it learns to fix and hold the beauty it apprehends, and to crystallise the dew of its morning. Such examples to the contrary, as the "Windsor Forest" of Pope, are rather scholastic exercises of men who afterwards became great, than the first-fruits of such genius, while all Keats's poems are early productions, and there is nothing beyond them but the thought of what he might have become. Truncated as is this intellectual life, it is still a substantive whole, and the complete statue, of which such a fragment is revealed to us, stands, perhaps solely in the temple of the imagination. There is, indeed, progress, continual and visible, in the works of Keats, but it is towards his own ideal of a poet, not towards any defined and tangible model. All that we can do is to transfer that ideal to ourselves, and to believe that, if Keats had lived, that is what he would have been.

Contrary to the expectation of Mr Shelley, the appreciation of Keats by men of thought and sensibility gradually rose after his death, until he attained the place he now holds among the poets of his country. By his side, too, the fame of this his friend and

eulogist ascended, and now they rest together, associated in the history of the achievements of the human imagination; twin stars, very cheering to the mental mariner tossed on the rough ocean of practical life, and blown about by the gusts of calumny and misrepresentation; but who, remembering what they have undergone, forgets not that he also is divine.

Nor has Keats been without his direct influence on the poetical literature that succeeded him. The most noted, and perhaps the most original, of present poets, bears more analogy to him than to any other writer, and their brotherhood has been well recognised, in the words of a critic, himself a man of redundant fancy, and of the widest perception of what is true and beautiful, lately cut off from life by a destiny as mysterious as that which has here been recounted. Mr Sterling writes:—"Lately I have been reading again some of Alfred Tennyson's second volume, and with profound admiration of his truely lyric and idyllic genius. There seems to me to have been more epic power in Keats, that fiery, beautiful meteor; but they are two most true and great poets. When we think of the amount of recognition they have received, one may well bless God that poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind or left alone in its own magic hermitage." *

And this is in truth the moral of the tale. In the life which here lies before us, as plainly as a child's, the action of the poetic faculty is most clearly visible: it long sustains in vigour and delight a temperament naturally melancholy, and which, under such adverse circumstances, might well have degenerated into angry discontent: it imparts a wise temper and a courageous hope to a physical constitution doomed to early decay; and it confines within manly affections and generous passion a nature so impressible that sensual pleasures and sentimental tenderness might easily have enervated and debased it. There is no defect in the picture which the exercise of this power does not go far to remedy, and no excellence which it does not elevate and extend.

* Sterling's Essays and Tales, p. 168.

One still graver lesson remains to be noted. Let no man, who is anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or understood: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue; these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few: still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action; for, if they once coincided, the problem of life would be solved, and the hope, which we call heaven, would be realised on earth. And therefore men

> "Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The Plague-Stricken Village.

GEORGE ELIOT.

[WHEN the novel of "Adam Bede" appeared with this *nom de plume*, it was at once seen that the place which Charlotte Bronté had left vacant would be quickly taken by a writer of even superior qualifications for the highest walks of fiction. However questionable it might be at first, the vigour and delicacy of her delineations of female character left no doubt of the sex of the writer. The little "Methody" is such a creation as perhaps no male author could have accomplished. In a grander style is the conception of "Romola," the Florentine enthusiast, though probably not so interesting to general readers as the more familiar portraiture of the English modern, who has a humbler

career of duty before her. We select a scene from "Romola" of rare beauty. It may stand alone without any minute explanation of the circumstances which have compelled the heroine to fly from her native city, in despair of the course of public events, and in disgust at the weak husband who had abandoned her. She gets into a boat, reckless of where the currents of the Mediterranean would bear her. George Eliot (Mrs. Cross) was born in 1821; died in 1881.]

Romola in her boat passed from dreaming into deep long sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming, till at last she felt herself stretching out her arms in the court of the Bargello, where the flickering flames of the tapers seemed to get stronger and stronger till the dark scene was blotted out with light. Her eyes opened, and she saw it was the light of morning. Her boat was lying still in a little creek; on her right hand lay the speckless sapphire blue of the Mediterranean; on her left one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again, like a sweet rhythm on the shores of that loveliest sea.

In a deep curve of the mountains lay a breadth of green land, curtained by gentle tree-shadowed slopes leaning towards the rocky heights. Up these slopes might be seen here and there, gleaming between the tree-tops, a pathway leading to a little irregular mass of building that seemed to have clambered in a hasty way up the mountain-side, and taken a difficult stand there for the sake of showing the tall belfry as a sight of beauty to the scattered and clustered houses of the village below. The rays of the newly-risen sun fell obliquely on the westward horn of this crescent-shaped nook: all else lay in dewy shadow. No sound came across the stillness; the very waters seemed to have curved themselves there for rest.

The delicious sun-rays fell on Romola and thrilled her gently like a caress. She lay motionless, hardly watching the scene; rather feeling simply the presence of peace and beauty. While we are still in our youth there can always come, in our early waking, moments when mere passive existence is itself a Lethe, when the exquisiteness of subtle indefinite sensation creates a bliss which is without memory and without desire. As the soft warmth penetrated Romola's young limbs, as her eyes rested on this seques-

tered luxuriance, it seemed that the agitating past had glided away like that dark scene in the Bargello, and that the afternoon dreams of her girlhood had really come back to her. For a minute or two the oblivion was untroubled; she did not even think that she could rest here for ever, she only felt that she rested. Then she became distinctly conscious that she was lying in the boat which had been bearing her over the waters all through the night. Instead of bringing her to death, it had been the gently lulling cradle of a new life. And in spite of her evening despair, she was glad that the morning had come to her again: glad to think that she was resting in the familiar sunlight rather than in the unknown regions of death. *Could* she not rest here? No sound from Florence would reach her. Already oblivion was troubled; from behind the golden haze were piercing domes and towers and walls, parted by a river and enclosed by the green hills.

She rose from her reclining posture and sat up in the boat, willing, if she could, to resist the rush of thoughts that urged themselves along with the conjecture how far the boat had carried her. Why need she mind? This was a sheltered nook where there were simple villagers who would not harm her. For a little while, at least, she might rest and resolve on nothing. Presently she would go and get some bread and milk, and then she would nestle in the green quiet, and feel that there was a pause in her life. She turned to watch the crescent-shaped valley, that she might get back the soothing sense of peace and beauty which she had felt in her first waking.

She had not been in this attitude of contemplation more than a few minutes when across the stillness there came a piercing cry; not a brief cry, but continuous and more and more intense. Romola felt sure it was the cry of a little child in distress that no one came to help. She started up and put one foot on the side of the boat ready to leap on to the beach; but she paused there and listened: the mother of the child must be near, the cry must soon cease. But it went on, and drew Romola so irresistibly, seeming the more piteous to her for the sense of peace which had preceded it, that she jumped on to the beach and

walked many paces before she knew what direction she would take. The cry, she thought, came from some rough garden growth many yards on her right hand, where she saw a half-ruined hovel. She climbed over a low broken stone fence, and made her way across patches of weedy green crops and ripe but neglected corn. The cry grew plainer, and, convinced that she was right, she hastened towards the hovel; but even in that hurried walk she felt an oppressive change in the air as she left the sea behind. Was there some taint lurking amongst the green luxuriance that had seemed such an inviting shelter from the heat of the coming day? She could see the opening into the hovel now, and the cry was darting through her like a pain. The next moment her foot was within the doorway, but the sight she beheld in the sombre light arrested her with a shock of awe and horror. On the straw, with which the floor was scattered, lay three dead bodies, one of a tall man, one of a girl about eight years old, and one of a young woman whose long black hair was being clutched and pulled by a living child—the child that was sending forth the piercing cry. Romola's experience in the haunts of death and disease made thought and action prompt: she lifted the little living child, and in trying to soothe it on her bosom, still bent to look at the bodies and see if they were really dead. The strongly-marked type of race in their features, and their peculiar garb, made her conjecture that they were Spanish or Portuguese Jews, who had perhaps been put ashore and abandoned there by rapacious sailors, to whom their property remained as a prey. Such things were happening continually to Jews compelled to abandon their homes by the Inquisition: the cruelty of greed thrust them from the sea, and the cruelty of superstition thrust them back to it.

"But, surely," thought Romola, "I shall find some woman in the village whose mother's heart will not let her refuse to tend this helpless child—if the real mother is indeed dead."

This doubt remained, because while the man and girl looked emaciated and also showed signs of having been long dead, the woman seemed to have been hardier, and had not quite lost the robustness of her form. Romola, kneeling, was about to lay her

hand on the heart; but as she lifted the piece of yellow woollen drapery that lay across the bosom, she saw the purple spots which marked the familiar pestilence. Then it struck her that if the villagers knew of this, she might have more difficulty than she had expected in getting help from them; they would perhaps shrink from her with that child in her arms. But she had money to offer them, and they would not refuse to give her some goat's milk in exchange for it.

She set out at once towards the village, her mind filled now with the effort to soothe the little dark creature, and with wondering how she should win some woman to be good to it. She could not help hoping a little in a certain awe she had observed herself to inspire, when she appeared, unknown and unexpected, in her religious dress. As she passed across a breadth of cultivated ground, she noticed, with wonder, that little patches of corn mingled with the other crops, had been left to over-ripeness, untouched by the sickle, and that golden apples and dark figs lay rotting on the weedy ground. There were grassy spaces within sight, but no cow, or sheep, or goat. The stillness began to have something fearful in it to Romola; she hurried along towards the thickest cluster of houses, where there would be the most life to appeal to on behalf of the helpless life she carried in her arms. But she had picked up two figs, and bit little pieces from the sweet pulp to still the child with.

She entered between two lines of dwellings. It was time the villagers should have been stirring long ago, but not a soul was in sight. The air was becoming more and more oppressive, laden, it seemed, with some horrible impurity. There was a door open; she looked in, and saw grim emptiness. Another open door; and through that she saw a man lying dead with all his garments on, his head lying athwart a spade handle, and an earthenware cruse in his hand, as if he had fallen suddenly.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure

crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened towards the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself on her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point towards the well?"

The hand was lifted towards the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. But the little one was getting more content as the morsels of sweet pulp were repeated, and ceased to distress her with its cry, so that she could give a less distracted attention to the objects around her.

The well lay twenty yards or more beyond the end of the street, and as Romola was approaching it her eyes were directed to the opposite green slope immediately below the church. High up, on a patch of grass between the trees, she had descried a cow and a couple of goats, and she tried to trace a line of path that would lead her close to that cheering sight, when once she had done her errand to the well. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, could hardly have been seen without some pausing and palpitation. With her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick gray garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backwards and illuminated on the left side by the sun-rays, the little olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet-black eyes, she might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvellous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand—to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe: she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life towards the slope she had just been contemplating. But remembering the parched sufferer she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

Entering the house to look for a small cup, she saw salt meat and meal: there were no signs of want in the dwelling. With nimble movements she seated baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said languidly,—

"Who are you?"

"I came over the sea," said Romola. "I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?"

"I think they are all ill now—all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead up stairs, and there is no one to bury them; and soon I shall die."

"Not so, I hope," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running towards the mountain when I went to the well."

"I cannot tell. When the pestilence came, a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!"

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth's flight, she should find some men and women who were still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial. She trusted to her powers of

persuasion to conquer the aid of the timorous, when once she knew what was to be done.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off towards the slope. She felt no burthen of choice now, no longing for death. She was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers, as she had gone to that fevered woman.

But, with the child on her arm, it was not so easy to her as usual to walk up a slope, and it seemed a long while before the winding path took her near the cow and the goats. She was beginning herself to feel faint from heat, hunger, and thirst, and as she reached a double turning, she paused to consider whether she would not wait near the cow, which some one was likely to come and milk soon, rather than toil up to the church before she had taken any rest. Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. She stood mutely observing, and the face too, remained motionless. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago, the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church. The pierano* had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing

*Parish priest.

to come down and milk his cow, he repeated many aves. The pierano's conscience tormented him a little: he trembled at the pestilence, but he also trembled at the thought of the mild-faced Mother, conscious that that Invisible Mercy might demand something more of him than prayers and "Hails." In this state of mind—unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her tending the sick—the pierano had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, instead of being explanatory, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. If anything miraculous were happening, he felt there was no strong presumption that the miracle would be in his favour. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

"Come down," said Romola, after a pause. "Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you."

A moment after the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thick-set priest, with a broad, harmless face, his black frock much worn and soiled, stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path towards the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow; and when he had nervously drawn some milk gave it to her in a brass cup he carried with him in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterwards drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognised the Hebrew baby, he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola's presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him. Moreover, that Hebrew baby was terribly associated with the dread of pestilence.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one sucking its own milky lips, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying,

"Give us more, good father," he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola, on her side, was not unobservant; and when the second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said with mild decision,

"And now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments, and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive—and you, too, will help them now."

He told her the story of the pestilence; and while he was telling it, the youth, who had fled before, had come peeping and advancing gradually, till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighbouring bush.

Three families of Jews, twenty souls in all, had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. The villagers, said the priest, had of course refused to give shelter to the miscreants, otherwise than in a distant hovel, and under heaps of straw. But when the strangers had died of the plague, and some of the people had thrown the bodies into the sea, the sea had brought them back again in a great storm, and everybody was smitten with terror. A grave was dug, and the bodies were buried; but then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went away over the mountain, driving away their few cattle, and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled; he had stayed and prayed for the people, and he had prevailed on the youth Jacopo to stay with him; but he confessed that a mortal terror of the plague had taken hold of him, and he had not dared to go down into the valley.

"You will fear no longer, father," said Romola, in a tone of encouraging authority: "you will come down with me, and we will see who is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us," she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

"Come, Jacopo," said Romola again, smiling at him, "you will

carry the child for me. See! your arms are strong, and I am tired."

That was a dreadful proposal to Jacopo, and to the priest also; but they were both under a peculiar influence forcing them to obey. The suspicion that Romola was a supernatural form was dissipated, but their minds were filled instead with the more effective sense that she was a human being whom God had sent over the sea to command them.

"Now we will carry down the milk," said Romola, "and see if any one wants it."

So they went altogether down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola, till the men were digging and sowing again, till the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their head to the well, and the Hebrew baby was a tottering, tumbling Christian, Benedetto by name, having been baptized in the church on the mountain-side. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, standing a little aloof from the village street; and here, on a thick heap of clean straw—a delicious bed for those who do not dream of down—she felt glad to lie still through most of the daylight hours, taken care of along with the little Benedetto by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo and the small flock of surviving villagers paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed lady, and to bring her of their best, as an offering—honey, fresh cakes, eggs, and polenta. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age—how the sweet and sainted lady, with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labours, after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity,

and how the queer little black Benedetto used to crawl about the straw by her side, and want everything that was brought to her, and she always gave him a bit of what she took, and told them if they loved her they must be good to Benedetto.

Many legends were afterwards told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

The Moon.

VARIOUS.

WE select some of the passages of our poets which celebrate the beauties of our glorious satellite. And first, the famous description of the "refulgent lamp of night" which Pope has adapted from Homer:—

> As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
> O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
> When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
> And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
> Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
> And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
> O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
> And tip with silver every mountain's head;
> Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
> A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
> The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
> Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

This is a magnificent passage; but the noble simplicity of Homer is better rendered in Chapman's version:—

> As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
> And stars shine clear: to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
> Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows;
> And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
> When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
> And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart.

The spirit of ancient song was never more beautifully seized upon than in Jonson's exquisite Hymn to Cynthia :—

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Sidney's sonnet is full of conceits, as the sonnet poetry of his day was generally ; but the opening lines are most harmonious :—

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies !
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What ! may it be, that e'en in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
I read it in thy looks ; thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

Keats, who of all our recent poets was the most imbued with a conception of the poetic beauties of the Greek mythology, has a passage full of antique grace :—

By the feud
'Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo ! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
When thy cold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone ;
As if she had not pomp subservient ;
As if thine eye, high Poet ! was not bent

Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;
As if the minist'ring stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shadows 'mongst oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine.
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee: thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house.—The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far spooming Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

Coleridge sees in the shifting aspects of the Moon emblems of human griefs and joys:—

Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night!
Mother of wildly-working visions! hail!
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gather'd blackness lost on high;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awaken'd sky;
Ah, such is Hope: as changeful and as fair!
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight,
Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd Despair:
But soon, emerging in her radiant might,
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care.
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

With the glories of the Moon are associated the "company of stars." Leyden's Ode to the Evening Star is full of tenderness:—

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair Star! to love and lovers dear;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through the tear;
Or hanging o'er that mirror stream
To mark each image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry night—
Her rays can never vie with thine.
Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that murmuring, bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.
Fair Star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain!
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be loved again.

But there is something higher in the contemplation of the starry heavens than thoughts "to love and lovers dear." Shakspere has seized upon the grandest idea with which we can survey the firmament—an idea which another great poet has in some degree echoed:—

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. SHAKSPERE.

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,

That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughter of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurgèd ear. MILTON.

The Beautiful and the Useful.

WIELAND.

[CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND, a most voluminous German writer, was born in Suabia in 1733, and died in 1813. During this long life his labours were unremitting, and were chiefly directed to the establishment of a native German literature, and to familiarising his countrymen with the best models of composition. He was the first translator of Shakspere, and he translated many of the great writers of antiquity. In the writings of M. de Balzac, a now forgotten French author of the seventeenth century, more remarkable for his platitudes, conceits, and witticisms, than for anything else, there is a passage in which the German critic and poet found much pleasure, "in spite of its epigrammatic turn, on account of the simplicity and obvious truth of the closing image in which the thought is clothed." "We require," says Balzac, "books for recreation and delight, as well as for instruction and business. Those are pleasant, these useful, and the human mind needs both. The canonical law and Justinian's code are held in honour, and are paramount in the universities; but we do not on that account banish Homer and Virgil. We should cultivate the olive and the vine, without eradicating the rose and the myrtle." "I nevertheless," says Wieland, "find in this passage two things on which to remark." He then proceeds to a criticism on "The Beautiful and the Useful," which is the subject of the following translation.]

Balzac the pedant, who views the favourite of the Muses and their works with turned-up nose, assumes too much when he reckons Homer and Virgil merely among the pleasing authors. Wiser antiquity thought very differently; and Horace maintains, with good reason, that more practical philosophy is to be learned from Homer than from Crantor and Chrysippus.*

* CRANTOR, a philosopher of Soli, a pupil of Plato: he was much cele-

It next appears to me, that generally it shows more of a trafficking than a philosophical mode of thinking, when we place the agreeable and the useful in opposition, and look at one, as compared with the other, with a sort of contempt.

Supposing that the case assumed is where the agreeable offends against the laws of a healthy moral feeling; yet even then the useful, in so far as opposed to the agreeable and the beautiful, is enjoyed merely in common with the lowest animals; and if we love and prize what is useful to us in this sense, we do nothing more than what the ox and the ass do also. The worth of this usefulness depends on its being more or less necessary. So far as a thing is necessary for the maintenance of the human species and civil society, so far it is certainly something good; but not, *therefore*, something excellent. We, therefore, desire the useful not for itself, but only on account of the advantages we draw from it. The beautiful, on the contrary, we love from an inward superiority of our nature over the merely animal nature; for among all animals, man alone is gifted with a perception of order, beauty, and grace. Hence it comes that he is so much the more perfect, so much the more a man, the more extended and deep-seated is his love for the beautiful, and the more finely and certainly he is enabled by his feelings to discriminate the different degrees and sorts of beauty. Therefore, it is also that the perception of the beautiful, in art as well as in manners and morals, distinguishes the social, developed and civilised man from the savage and the barbarian; indeed, all art, without exception, and science itself, owe their worth almost entirely to this love of the beautiful and the perfect implanted in the breast of man. They would now be immeasurably below the height to which they have ascended in Europe, if they had been confined within the narrow boundaries of the necessary and the useful, in the common sense of the words.

This restriction was what Socrates recommended; and if he

brated for the purity of his moral doctrine. CHRYSIPPUS, a Stoic philosopher of Soli. He wrote several hundred volumes, of which at least three hundred were on logical subjects.

was ever wrong in any case it was surely in this. Kepler and Newton would never have discovered the laws of the universe—the most beautiful system ever produced by thought from the human mind—if they, following his precept, had confined geometry merely to the measuring of fields, and astronomy to the merely necessary use of land and sea travellers and almanac-makers.

Socrates exhorts the painter and the sculptor to unite the beautiful and the agreeable with the useful; as he encourages the pantomimic dancer to ennoble the pleasure that his heart may be capable of giving, and to delight the heart at the same time with the senses. According to the same principle, he must desire every labourer who occupies himself about something necessary, to unite the useful as much as possible with the beautiful. But to allow no value for beauty, except where it is useful is a confusion of ideas.

Beauty and grace are undoubtedly united by nature itself with the useful: but they are not, therefore, desirable because they are useful; but because from the nature of man, he enjoys a pure pleasure in their contemplation—a pleasure precisely similar to that which the contemplation of virtue gives; a necessity as imperative for man as a reasonable being, as food, clothing, and a habitation are for him as an animal.

I say for him as an animal, because he has much in common with all or most other animals. But neither these animal wants, nor the capability and desire to satisfy them, make him a man. While he procures his food, builds himself a nest, takes to himself a mate, leads his young, fights with any other who would deprive him of his food or take possession of his nest! in all this he acts, so far as it is merely corporeal, as an animal. Merely through the skill and manner in which, as a man, he performs all these animal-like acts (where not reduced to and retained in an animal state by external compulsory causes) does he distinguish and elevate himself above all other animals, and evince his human nature. For this animal that calls itself man, and this only, has an inborn feeling for beauty and order, has a heart disposed to

social communication, to compassion and sympathy, and to an infinite variety of pleasing and beautiful feelings; has a strong tendency to imitate and create, and labours incessantly to improve whatever it has invented or formed.

All these peculiarities together separate him essentially from the other animals, render him their lord and master, place earth and ocean in his power, and lead him step by step so high, through the nearly illimitable elevation of his capacity for art, that he is at length in a condition to remodel nature itself, and from the materials it affords him to create a new, and, for his peculiar purpose, a more perfectly adjusted world.

The first thing in which man displays this superiority is in the refining and elevating all the wants, instincts, and functions which he has in common with the animal. The time which this may require does not signify. It is sufficient that he at length succeeds; that he no longer depends on mere chance for his maintenance; and the increased security of more abundant and better food leaves him leisure to think of improving the remaining requirements of his life. He invents one art after another; each one increases the security or the pleasure of his existence; and he thus ascends unceasingly from the absolutely necessary to the convenient, from the convenient to the beautiful.

The natural society in which he is born, united to the necessity of guarding against the ill consequences of a wide dispersion of the human race, produces at length civil establishments and social modes of life.

But even then, he has scarcely provided for what is absolutely necessary for the means of inward and outward security, than we see him occupied in a thousand ways in adorning his new condition. Little villages are imperceptibly transformed into great cities, the abodes of the arts and of commerce, and the points of union between the various nations of the earth. Man extends himself on all sides, and in every sense navigation and trade increase his social relations and occupations, and they multiply the wants and goods of life. Riches and pleasure refine every art, of which necessity and want were the parents. Leisure,

love of fame, and public encouragement promote the growth of the sciences; which, by the light they shed upon every object of human life, become again rich sources of new advantages and enjoyments.

But in the same degree that man adorns and improves his external condition are his perceptions developed also for moral beauty. He renounces the rough and inhuman customs of the savage, learns to abhor all violent conduct towards his fellows, and accustoms himself to the rules of justice and equity. The various relations of the social state form and fix the notions of respectability and civility; and the desire of making himself agreeable to others, of obtaining their esteem, teaches him to suppress his passions, to conceal his faults, to assume his best appearance, and always to act in the most becoming manner. In a word, his manner improves with his condition.

Through all these steps he elevates himself at length to the highest degree of perfection of which the mind is capable in the present life, to an enlarged idea of the whole of which he is a part, to the ideal of the beautiful and the good, to wisdom and virtue, and to the adoration of the inscrutable First Cause, the universal Father of all, to recognise and perform whose laws is at the same time his greatest privilege, his first duty, and his purest pleasure.

All this we may at once call the advancement of human nature. And now may every one answer for himself the question—Would man have made that advance if the inborn feeling for the beautiful and the becoming had remained in him inactive? Take it away, and all the effects of his formative power, all the memorials of his greatness, all the riches of nature and art in the possession of which he has placed himself, vanish; he sinks back into the merely animal rank of the stupid and insensible natives of Australia, and with him nature also sinks into barbarism and chaotic deformity.

What are all the steps by which man advances himself by degrees towards perfection but refinements?—refinements in his wants, modes of living, his clothing, dwelling, furniture?—re-

finements of his mind and his heart, of his sentiments and his passions; of his language, morals, customs, and pleasures?

What an advance from the first hut to a palace of Palladio's!—from the canoe of a Carribbean to a ship of the line!—from the three rude idols, as the Bœotians in the olden times represented their protecting goddesses, to the Graces of Praxiteles!—from a village of the Hottentots or wild Indians, to a city like London!—from the ornaments of a female of New Zealand, to the splendid dress of a Sultana!—from the language of a native of Tahiti to that of a Homer, a Virgil, a Tasso, a Milton, or a Voltaire!

Through what innumerable degrees of refinement must man and his works have proceeded, before they had placed this almost immeasurable distance behind them!

The love of embellishment and refinement, and the dissatisfaction with a lower degree as soon as a higher has been recognised, are the only true and most simple motives by which man has advanced to what we see him. Every people who have become civilised are a proof of this principle; and if any are found who, without peculiar physical or moral hindrances, continue in the same state of unimprovability, or betray a complete want of impulse to improvement, we must consider them rather as a sort of human animals than as actually men of our race and species.

Earthly Things.

GURNALL.

[WILLIAM GURNALL was born about 1617. He was educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, of which college he became a Fellow. He was presented to the living of Lavenham, Suffolk; which he retained, although of the Presbyterian persuasion, by conceding to the Act of Uniformity in 1662. He died in 1679. The work from which our extract is given is a folio, entitled, "The Christian in Complete Armour;" and was once amongst the most popular of theological works. It is remarkable for having very little of a polemical nature in an age of controversy.]

First. For earthly things, it is not necessary that thou hast them; that is necessary which cannot be supplied *per vicarium*, with somewhat besides itself. Now, there is no such earthly enjoyment, but may be supplied as to make its room more desirable than its company. In heaven there shall be light and no sun, a rich feast and yet no meat, glorious robes and yet no clothes, there shall want nothing, and yet none of this worldly glory be found there; yea, even while we are here, they may be recompensed; thou mayest be under infirmities of body, and yet better than if thou hadst health. *The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity*, (Isa. xxxiii. 24.) Thou mayest miss of worldly honour, and obtain with those worthies of Christ (Heb. i. 1.) a good report by faith, and that is a name better than of the great ones of the earth; thou mayest be poor in the world, and yet rich in grace; and *godliness with content is great gain.* In a word, if thou partest with thy temporal life, and findest an eternal, what dost thou lose by thy change? but heaven and heavenly things are such as cannot be recompensed with any other.

Secondly. Earthly things are such as it is a great uncertainty whether with all our labour we can have them or not. The world, though so many thousand years old, hath not learned the merchant such a method of trading, as that from it he may infallibly conclude he shall at last get an estate by his trade: nor the courtier such rules of comporting himself to the humour of his prince, as to assure him he shall rise. They are but few that carry away the prize in the world's lottery, the greater number have only their labour for their pains, and a sorrowful remembrance left them of their egregious folly, to be led such a wild-goose-chase after that which hath deceived them at last. But now, for heaven and the things of heaven, there is such a clear and certain rule laid down, that if we will but take the counsel of the Word, we can neither mistake the way, nor in that way miscarry of the end. *As many as walk by this rule, peace be upon them, and the whole Israel of God.* There are some indeed who run, and yet obtain not this prize, that seek and find not, knock and find the door shut upon them;

but it is because they do it either not in the right manner, or in the right season. Some would have heaven, but if God save them He must save their sins also, for they do not mean to part with them; and how heaven can hold God and such together, judge you. As they come in at one door, Christ and all those holy spirits with Him would run out at the other. Ungrateful wretches that will not come to this glorious feast, unless they may bring that with them which would disturb the joy of that blissful state, and offend all the guests that sit at the table with them, yea, drive God out of His own mansion-house; a second sort would have heaven, but like him in Ruth, (ch. iv., v. 2, 3, 4,) who had a mind to his kinsman Elimelech's land, and would have paid for the purchase, but he liked not to have it by marrying Ruth, and so missed of it; some seem very forward to have heaven and salvation, if their own righteousness could procure the same, (all the good they do, and duties they perform, they lay up for this purchase,) but at last perish because they close not with Christ, and take not heaven in His right. A third sort are content to have it by Christ, but their desires are so impotent and listless, that they put them upon no vigorous use of means to obtain Him, and so (like the sluggard) they starve, because they will not pull their hands out of their bosom of sloth to reach their food that is before them; for the world they have metal enough, and too much; they trudge far and near for that, and when they have run themselves out of breath can stand and *pant after the dust of the earth*, as the prophet phraseth it, (Amos ii. 7.) But for Christ, and obtaining interest in Him, oh how key-cold are they! there is a kind of cramp invades all the powers of their souls when they should pray, hear, examine their hearts, draw out their affections in hungerings and thirstings after His grace and spirit. 'Tis strange to see how they who even now went full swoop to the world, are suddenly becalmed, not a breath of wind stirring to any purpose in their souls after these things; and is it any wonder that Christ and heaven should be denied to them that have no more mind to them? Lastly, some have zeal enough to have Christ and heaven, but it is when the Master of the house is risen

and hath shut to the door; and truly then they may stand long enough rapping before any come to let them in. There is no gospel preached in another world; but as for thee, poor soul, who art persuaded to renounce thy lust, throw away the conceit of thy own righteousness, that thou mayest run with more speed to Christ, and art so possessed with the excellency of Christ thy own present need of Him, and salvation by Him that thou pantest after Him more than life itself; in God's name go on and speed, be of good comfort, He calls thee by name to come unto Him, that thou mayest have rest for thy soul. There is an office in the Word where thou mayest have thy soul and its eternal happiness insured to thee. Those that come to Him, as He will Himself in no wise cast away, so He will not suffer any other to pluck them away. *This day* (saith Christ to Zaccheus) *is salvation come to thy house*, (Luke xix. 9.) Salvation comes to thee (poor soul) that openest thy heart to receive Christ; thou hast eternal life already, as sure as if thou wert a glorified saint now walking in that heavenly city. Oh, sirs, if there were a free trade proclaimed to the Indies, enough gold for all that went, and a certainty of making a safe voyage, who would stay at home? But, alas! this can never be had: all this, and infinitely more, may be said for heaven; and yet how few leave their uncertain hopes of the world to trade for it? What account can be given for this, but the desperate atheism of men's hearts? They are not yet fully persuaded whether the Scripture speaks true or not, whether they may rely upon the discovery that God makes in His Word of this new-found land, and those minds of spirituals there to be had as certain. God opens the eyes of the unbelieving world, (as the prophet's servants,) that they may see these things to be realities, not fictions; 'tis faith only that gives a being to these things in our hearts. By faith Moses saw Him that was invisible.

Thirdly. Earthly things when we have them we are not sure of them; like birds they hop up and down, now on this hedge and anon upon that, none can call them his own: rich to-day and poor to-morrow; in health when we lie down, and arrested with pangs of death before midnight: joyful parents, one while solac-

ing ourselves with the hopes of our budding posterity, and may be, ere long, knocks one of Job's messengers at our door to tell us they are all dead: now in honour, but who knows whether we shall not live to see that buried in scorn and reproach? The Scripture compares the multitude of people to waters; the great ones of the world sit upon these waters; as the ship floats upon the waves, so do their honours upon the breath and favour of the multitude; and how long is he like to sit that is carried upon a wave? One while they are mounted up to heaven, (as David speaks of the ship,) and then down again they fall into the deep. Unhappy man he that hath no surer portion than what this variable world will offer him! The time of mourning for the departure of all earthly enjoyments is at hand; we shall see them, as Eglon's servants did their Lord, fallen down dead before us, and weep because they are not. What folly then is it to dandle this vain world in our affections, (whose joy, like the child's laughter on the mother's knee, is sure to end in a cry at last,) and neglect heaven and heavenly things, which endure for ever? I remember Dives stirring up his pillow, and composing himself to rest, how he was called up with the tidings of death before he was warm in his bed of ease, and laid with sorrow on another, which God had made for him in flames, from whence we hear him roaring in the anguish of his conscience. Oh, soul! couldest thou but get an interest in the heavenly things we are speaking of, these would not thus slip from under thee; heaven is a kingdom that cannot be shaken, Christ an abiding portion, His graces and comforts sure waters that fail not, but spring up into eternal life.

Fourthly. Earthly things are empty and unsatisfying. We may have too much, but never enough of them, they oft breed loathing, but never content; and indeed how should they, being so disproportionate to the vast desires of these immortal spirits that dwell in our bosoms? A spirit hath not flesh and bones, neither can it be fed with such; and what hath the world, but a few bones covered over with some fleshly delights to give it? The less is blessed of the greater, not the greater of the less.

These things, therefore, being so far inferior to the nature of man, he must look higher if he will be blessed, even to God himself, who is the Father of Spirits. God intended these things for our use, not enjoyment; and what folly is it to think we can squeeze that from them which God never put in them? They are breasts that, moderately drawn, yield good milk, sweet, refreshing; but wring them too hard, and you will suck nothing but wind or blood from them. We lose what they have, by expecting to find what they have not: none find less sweetness and more dissatisfaction in these things, than those who strive most to please themselves with them. The cream of the creature floats a-top; and he that is not content to fleet it, but thinks by drinking a deeper draught to find yet more, goes further to speed worse, being sure by the disappointment he shall meet to pierce himself through with many sorrows. But all these fears might happily be escaped, if thou wouldest turn thy back on the creature and face about for heaven; labour to get Christ, and through Him hopes of heaven, and thou takest the right road to content; thou shalt see it before thee, and enjoy the prospect of it as thou goest, yea, find that at every step thou drawest nearer and nearer to it.

Earthly things are like some trash which do not only not nourish, but take away the appetite from that which would; heaven and heavenly things are not relished by a soul vitiated with these. Manna, though for deliciousness called angels' food, was yet but light bread to an Egyptian palate. But these spiritual things depend not on thy opinion, O man! whoever thou art, (as earthly things in a great measure do,) that the value of them should rise or fall as the world's exchange doth, and as vain man is pleased to rate them: think gold dirt, and it is so, for all the royal stamp on it; count the swelling titles of worldly honour (that proud dust so brags in) vanity, and they are such; but have base thoughts of Christ, and he is not the worse: slight heaven as much as you will, it will be heaven still: and when thou comest so far to thy wits with the prodigal, as to know which is best fare, husks or bread; where 's best living, among hogs in the field, or

in thy father's house; then thou wilt know how to judge of these heavenly things better: till then go and make the best market thou canst of the world, but look not to find this pearl of price, true satisfaction to thy soul, in any of the creature shops; and, were it not better to take it when thou mayest have it, than after thou hast wearied thyself in vain in following the creature, to come back with shame, and, may be, miss of it here also, because thou wouldest not have it when it was offered?

The Heir of Linne.

ANONYMOUS.

THE ballad of the "Heir of Linne" has in its numbers the sound of the "north countree," and is perhaps of Scottish descent, though found in Percy's "Southern Ballad-Book." The hero belongs, however, by all theories, to the other side of the Tweed: he is called, too, a lord of Scotland in the rhyme: not as a lord of parliament, but a laird whose title went with his estate. The old thrifty Laird of Linne died, and left his all to an unthrifty son who loved wine and mirth:—

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night;
To card and dice from eve till morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To always spend and never spare;
I wot an' it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he mot be bare.

And bare he soon became; when all his gold was spent and gone, he bethought him of his father's steward, John of the Scales, now a wealthy man, and to him he went for help: he was received with courtesy:—

Now welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here.

My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee;
Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be.

John o' the Scales drew out the agreement as tight as a glove, gave earnest-money that all might be according to custom as well as law, and then reckoned up the purchase-money, which would not have bought more than a third of the land in an honest and open market—

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win;
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne.

Thus hath he sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far in a lonely glen.

This lonesome lodge was preserved in obedience to a vow made to his father, who told him on his death-bed that when he had spent all his money and all his land, and all the world frowned on him for a spendthrift, he would find in that lonely dwelling-place a sure and faithful friend. Who this friend in need was, the young Lord of Linne never inquired when he made the reservation; but, taking up the gold of John of the Scales, and calling on his companions, drank, and diced, and spared not:—

They routed, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away,
And left the unthrifty Heir of Linne

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three;
And one was brass, another was lead,
And the third was of white monie.

"Well," but said the Heir of Linne, "I have many friends, trusty ones who ate of the fat and drank of the strong at my table; so let me go and borrow a little from each, in turns, that my pockets may never be empty:"—

But one I wis was not at home,
Another had paid his gold away,
Another call'd him a thriftless loon,
And sharply bade him wend his way.

Now well-a-day, said the Heir of Linne,
Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they lived right merrilie.

The Heir of Linne stood and mused a little now on his ruined fortunes. "It were a burning shame," thought he, "to beg my bread like a common mendicant; to rob or steal would be sinful, and my limbs are unused to work; besides labour is unbecoming in a gentleman; let me go therefore to that little lonesome lodge of which my father spoke, and see what it will do for me, since there is no help elsewhere:"—

Away then hied the Heir of Linne,
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen;
Until he came to that lonesome lodge
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win;
But bare and lothely were the walls—
Here 's sorry cheer, quo' the Heir of Linne.

The little window, dim and dark,
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, no table, mot he spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed;
He saw but a rope with a running noose,
Which dangling hung above his head.

"Ah! this is the friend my father meant," said he, regarding the vacant noose with an eye which seemed to say welcome; while, as if the hint of the rope was not sufficient for a desperate man, a few plain broad letters told him, since he had brought himself to poverty and ruin, to try the trusty cord, and so end all his sorrows:—

Sorely shent with this sharp rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heir of Linne:
His heart, I wis, was nigh to brast,
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the Heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three;
This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me.

He said no more, but, putting the cord round his neck, gave a spring into the air; but, instead of the death which he expected, the ceiling to which the rope was fixed gave way: he fell to the floor, and on recovering was surprised to see a key attached to the cord, with an inscription which told him where to find two chests full of gold and a chest full of silver, containing a sum more than sufficient to set him free and redeem his lands; with an admonition to amend his life, lest the rope should be his end. "I here vow to God," exclaimed the Heir of Linne, "that my father's words shall be my guide and rule in future, else may the cord finish all!" He secured the money, turned his thoughts on his estates, and hastened to the house of Linne, resolved to be wily as well as prudent, for he knew the character of the new proprietor. With John of the Scales it happened to be a day of feasting and mirth: at one end of a table covered with dainties, amid which the wine was not forgotten, sat John, at the other his wife, swollen with newly-acquired importance; while neighbouring lairds all in a row made up the gladsome company;—

There John himself sat at the board head,
Because now Lord of Linne was he;
I pray thee, he said, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.

Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
Away, away, this may not be:
For Christ's curse on my head, he said,
If ever I trust thee one penny.

This was probably what the Heir of Linne wished, as well as expected. Woman in the hour of need or of misery is said to be merciful and compassionate: so he turned to the new Lady of Linne, saying, "Madam, bestow alms on me for the sake of sweet Saint Charity." "Begone!" exclaimed this imperious madam; "I swear thou shalt have no alms from my hand—were it to hang spendthrifts and fools, we would certainly begin with thee:"—

Then up bespoke a good fellow,
Who sat at John o' the Scales's board;
Said, Turn again, thou Heir of Linne,
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee:
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie;
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

"A good bargain!" exclaimed John of the Scales, in wrath; "you know little about bargains, else you would not talk so: curses on my head, say I, if I was not a loser by the bargain."

And here I proffer thee, Heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,

That thou shalt have it cheaper back
By a hundred marks than I had it of thee.

"I take you all witnesses, gentlemen," said the Heir of Linne, casting him, as he spoke, a god's penny for earnest-money; "and here, good John o' the Scales, is the gold." All present stared, for no one expected such an event. He proceeded to act upon the purchase,—

And he pull'd forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board;
All woe-begone sat John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth wi' mickle din;

The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'm again the Lord of Linne.

Now well-a-day, said Joan o' the Scales,
Now well-a-day, and woe's my life,
Yestreen I was my Lady of Linne;
Now I'm but John o' the Scales's wife.

John himself, it would seem, remained silent: the fine edifice which he had reared was pulled about his ears, and he was buried in the rubbish. The Heir of Linne, addressing the guest who offered him the forty pence, made him the keeper of the "wild deer and the tame" throughout all his forests, and, turning to John o' the Scales, as that worthy rose to be gone, said, "Farewell now and for ever; and may my father's curse fall on me if I bring my inheritance into jeopardy again!" The wisest of men may be confirmed in their own resolutions, and the most thriftless may be mended by the precept and example exhibited in this fine old ballad.

The Battle of the Nile.

SOUTHEY.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY, one of the most voluminous writers in our language, was born at Bristol in 1774. He died at Keswick in 1843. He was educated at Westminster, and at Balliol College, Oxford. Of an enthusiastic temperament, he had the misfortune with the strictest honesty of purpose and with undoubted sincerity, to commence life with extreme democratic principles, and, after many ebullitions of wild notions of social improvement, to pass into one of the most stanch and somewhat intolerant supporters of all existing institutions, defective as they might be. But he has left many writings that are wholly undeformed by either class of extreme opinions. As a poet he must be assigned a second rank; but, as a prose writer, few have exceeded him in purity and clearness of style. Mr Southey was appointed Poet-Laureate in 1813, and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Oxford in 1821.]

The French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July, and Brueys, not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored the ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle; the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the north-west, and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the south-west.

The advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1196 guns and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one fifty-gun ship, carrying 1012 guns, and 8068 men. The English ships were all seventy-fours: the French had three eighty-gun ships, and one three-decker of one hundred and twenty.

During the whole pursuit it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the Vanguard, and explain to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute on falling in with the enemy, whatever their situation might be. There is no possible position, it is said, which he

did not take into consideration. His officers were thus fully acquainted with his principles of tactics; and such was his confidence in their abilities, that the only thing determined upon, in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain your victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed displayed itself: and it instantly struck him, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow and another on the outer quarter of each of the enemy's. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral; "that we shall succeed is certain—who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shell from the batteries on the island, and the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, within half gunshot distance, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence; the men on board every ship were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring;—a miserable sight for the French, who, with all their skill and all their courage, and all their advantages of number and situation, were upon that element on which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion that the English had missed him, because, not being superior in force, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him. The moment was now come in which he was to be undeceived.

A French brig was instructed to decoy the English, by

manœuvring so as to tempt them towards a shoal lying off the island of Beguieres; but Nelson either knew the danger, or suspected some deceit, and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the Goliath, outsailing the Zealous, which for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived that, if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquérant*, before it was cleared, then anchored by the stern, inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Hood, in the Zealous, perceiving this, took the station which the Goliath intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the Orion, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the Zealous, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier;* then, passing inside the Goliath, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled toward the French line, and, anchoring inside between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin* and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The Audacious, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and the *Conquérant*, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter, and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain.* The Theseus, Captain Miller, followed, brought down the *Guerrier's* remaining main and mizen masts, then anchored inside the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the Vanguard was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half-pistol shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate.* Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of the rigging,

lest they should be shot away—that they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. He veered half a cable, and instantly opened a tremendous fire, under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the Minotaur, Bellerophon, Defence, and Majestic, sailed on ahead of the admiral. In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the Vanguard's deck was killed or wounded—these guns were three times cleared. Captain Louis, in the Minotaur, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The Bellerophon, Captain Darby, passed ahead, and dropped her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Brueys' own ship, of one hundred and twenty guns, whose difference in force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball, from the lower deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the Bellerophon. Captain Peyton, in the Defence, took his station ahead of the Minotaur and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line; by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The Majestic, Captain Westcott, got entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient*, and suffered dreadfully from that three-decker's fire; but she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux* the ninth ship in the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began. It commenced at half-after six, about seven the night closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Trowbridge, in the Culloden, then foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding, as the others had done. As he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation, and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms' water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground; nor could all his own exertions, joined to those of the Leander and the Mutiné brig, which came to his

assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the Alexander and Swiftsure, which would else, from the course they were holding, have gone considerably farther on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost. These ships entered the bay and took their stations, in the darkness, in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remember it. Captain Hallowell, in the Swiftsure, as he was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail. Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen peak as soon as it became dark, and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire. "If she was an enemy," he said, "she was in too disabled a state to escape; but from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship." It was the Bellerophon, overpowered by the huge *Orient*. Her lights had gone overboard, nearly two hundred of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away, and she was drifting out of the line towards the leeside of the bay. Her station at this important time was occupied by the Swiftsure, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin* and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant, Captain Ball, with the Alexander, passed under his stern, and anchored within sight on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping a severe fire of musketry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the Leander. Captain Thompson, finding that nothing could be done that night to get off the Culloden, advanced with the intention of anchoring athwart-hawse of the *Orient*. The *Franklin* was so near her ahead, that there was not room for him to pass clear of the two; he therefore took his station athwart-hawse of the latter, in such a position as to rake both.

The first two ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others in that time suffered so severely, that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime Nelson received a severe wound on

the head from a piece of langrage shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal. Nelson himself thought so; a large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over the eye; and, the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors—with a natural but pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined, till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson; he then sent for Captain Louis on board, from the Minotaur, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance he had rendered to the Vanguard; and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig, to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine the wound, (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner,) the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was sent for; but, before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which

had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion, he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; and, to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead; he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post. A fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted, and the oil-jars and painting-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewn; others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momently dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats; and some, even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, stood the danger to the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful: the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record, that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake;—such an event would be felt like a miracle: but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the commodore, Casa Bianca, and his son, a brave boy only ten years

old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board (the plunder of Malta) to the amount of six hundred thousand pounds sterling. The masses of burning wreck which were scattered by the explosion, excited for some moments apprehensions in the English which they had never felt from any other danger. Two large pieces fell into the main and foretops of the Swiftsure, without injuring any person. A port-fire also fell into the main-royal of the Alexander: the fire which it occasioned was speedily extinguished. Captain Ball had provided as far as human foresight could provide, against any such danger. All the shrouds and sails of his ship not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreuse*, the two rears of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying: they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The Zealous pursued; but, as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers that, if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped; the four certainly could not, if the Culloden had got into action: and, if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene;"—he called it a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken, and two burnt; of the four frigates, one was sunk; another, the *Artemise*, was burnt in a villanous manner by her captain, M. Estandlet, who, having fired a broadside at the Theseus, struck his colours, then set fire to the ship, and escaped with most of his crew to shore. The British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted

to 895. Westcott was the only captain who fell: 3105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and 5225 perished.

Thus ended this eventful battle, which exalted the name of Nelson to a level at least with that of the celebrated conqueror, whose surprising success at the head of the French armies had then begun to draw the attention of the civilised world. Bonaparte had stained his laurels by the unprecedented baseness of his private conduct; he had not scrupled to turn Turk, and all his public proclamations were disgraced by the absurd phrases of Mohammedan superstition: Nelson, on the other hand, had no occasion of showing that he was an Englishman and a Christian; the first words of his despatches on this memorable occasion prove his gratitude to that Providence which had protected him: —"*Almighty God has blessed his Majesty's arms.*"

Early Adventures of Colonel Jack.

DEFOE.

[THE minor novels of the great author of "Robinson Crusoe" are now little read; and indeed they are, from the coarseness which belonged to the period in which they were written, unfit for general perusal. But Defoe, however gross in occasional expressions, has a strictly moral object in whatever he wrote. His "History of Colonel Jack" is one of these minor novels. It possesses the same wonderful quality as "Robinson Crusoe"—the almost unrivalled power of making fiction appear reality, from the skilful combination of minute details, which show the teeming invention as well as the accurate judgment of the writer. Daniel Defoe was born in 1661. His father was a Dissenter; and the greater part of his life was spent in asserting the principles of toleration, which were endangered by the Stuarts. He was unsuccessfully engaged in business, and for many years maintained himself by his pen. He died in 1731.]

The subtle devil, never absent from his business, but ready at all occasions to encourage his servants, brought me into an intimacy with one of the most exquisite divers, or pick-pockets, in the town; and this our intimacy was of no less a kind than that,

as I had an inclination to be as wicked as any of them, he was for taking care that I should not be disappointed.

He was above the little fellows who went about stealing trifles and baubles in Bartholomew fair, and ran the risk of being mobbed for 3s. or 4s. His aim was at higher things, even at no less than considerable sums of money and bills for more.

He solicited me earnestly to go and take a walk with him as above, adding, that after he had shown me my trade a little, he would let me be as wicked as I would; that is, as he expressed it, that after he had made me capable, I should set up for myself, if I pleased, and he would only wish me good luck.

Accordingly, he told me, if he had success, I should have my share, as much as if I had been principal; and this, he assured me, was a custom of the trade, in order to encourage young beginners, and bring them into the trade with courage, for that nothing was to be done if a man had not the heart of the lion.

I hesitated at the matter a great while, objecting the hazard; "Well, colonel," says he, "I find you are faint-hearted, and to be faint-hearted is indeed to be unfit for our trade, for nothing but a bold heart can go through stitch with this work; but, however, as there is nothing for you to do, so there is no risk for you to run in these things the first time. If I am taken," says he, "you have nothing to do in it, they will let you go free, for it shall easily be made appear, that whatever I have done you had no hand in it."

Upon these persuasions I ventured out with him: but I soon found that my new friend was a thief of quality, and a pick-pocket above the ordinary rank. He was a bigger boy than I a great deal; for though I was now near fifteen years old, I was not big of my age, and as to the nature of the thing, I was perfectly a stranger to it; I knew indeed what at first I did not, for it was a good while before I understood the thing as an offence: I looked on picking pockets as a trade, and thought I was to go apprentice to it; it is true, this was when I was young in the society, as well as younger in years, but even now I understood it to be only a thing for which, if we were catched, we ran the

risk of being ducked or pumped, which we call soaking, and then all was over, and we made nothing of having our rags wetted a little; but I never understood, till a great while after, that the crime was capital, and that we might be sent to Newgate for it, till a great fellow, almost a man, one of our society, was hanged for it; and then I was terribly frightened, as you shall hear by and by.

Well, upon the persuasions of this lad, I walked out with him; a poor innocent boy, and (as I remember my very thoughts perfectly well) I had no evil in my intentions; I had never stolen anything in my life: and if a goldsmith [banker] had left me in his shop, with heaps of money strewed all around me, and bade me look after it, I should not have touched it, I was so honest; but the subtle tempter baited his hook for me, as I was a child, in a manner suitable to my childishness, for I never took this picking of pockets to be dishonesty, but, as I have said above, I looked on it as a kind of trade that I was to be bred up to, and so I entered upon it, till I became hardened in it beyond the power of retreating; and thus I was made a thief involuntarily, and went on a length that few boys do, without coming to the common period of that kind of life, I mean to the transport-ship or to the gallows.

The first day I went abroad with my new instructor, he carried me directly into the city, and as we went first to the water-side, he led me into the long room at the Custom-House; we were but a couple of ragged boys at best, but I was much the worse; my leader had a hat on, a shirt, and a neck-cloth; as for me, I had neither of the three, nor had I spoiled my manners so much as to have a hat on my head since my nurse died, which was now some years. His orders to me were to keep always in sight, and near him, but not close to him, nor to take any notice of him at any time till he came to me; and if any hurly-burly happened, I should by no means know him, or pretend to have anything to do with him.

I observed my orders to a tittle. While he peered into every corner, and had his eye upon everybody, I kept my eye directly upon him, but went always at a distance, and on the other side of

the long room, looking as it were for pins, and picking them up out of the dust as I could find them, and then sticking them on my sleeve, where I had at last got forty or fifty good pins; but still my eye was upon my comrade, who, I observed, was very busy among the crowds of people that stood at the board doing business with the officers, who pass the entries, and make the cocquets, &c.

At length he comes over to me, and, stooping as if he would take up a pin close to me, he put something into my hand, and said, "Put that up, and follow me down-stairs quickly." He did not run, but shuffled along apace through the crowd, and went down, not the great stairs which we came in at, but a little narrow staircase at the other end of the long room; I followed, and he found I did, and so went on, not stopping below as I expected, nor speaking one word to me, till through innumerable narrow passages, alleys, and dark ways, we were got up into Fenchurch Street, and through Billiter Lane into Leadenhall Street, and from thence into Leadenhall Market.

It was not a meat-market day, so we had room to sit down upon one of the butcher's stalls, and he bid me lug out. What he had given me was a little leather letter-case, with a French almanac stuck in the inside of it, and a great many papers in it of several kinds.

We looked them over, and found there were several valuable bills in it, such as bills of exchange; and other notes, things I did not understand; but among the rest was a goldsmith's note, as he called it, of one Sir Stephen Evans, for £300, payable to the bearer, and at demand; besides this there was another note for £12, 10s., being a goldsmith's bill too, but I forget the name; there was a bill or two also written in French, which neither of us understood, but which it seems were things of value, being called foreign bills accepted.

The rogue, my master, knew what belonged to the goldsmith's bills well enough, and I observed, when he read the bill of Sir Stephen, he said, "This is too big for me to meddle with;" but when he came to the bill £12, 10s., he said to me, "This will

do, come hither, Jack:" so away he runs to Lombard Street, and I after him, huddling the other papers into the letter case. As he went along, he inquired the name out immediately, and went directly to the shop, put on a good grave countenance, and had the money paid him without any stop or question asked; I stood on the other side the way, looking about the street, as not at all concerned with anybody that way, but observed, that when he presented the bill, he pulled out the letter-case, as if he had been a merchant's boy, acquainted with business, and had other bills about him.

They paid him the money in gold, and he made haste enough in telling it over, and came away, passing by me, and going into Three King Court, on the other side of the way, when we crossed back into Clement's Lane, made the best of our way to Cole Harbour at the water-side, and got a sculler for a penny to carry us over the water to St Mary Over's stairs, where we landed, and were safe enough.

Here he turns to me: "Colonel Jack," says he, "I believe you're a lucky boy; this is a good job; we'll go away to St George's Fields and share our booty." Away we went to the fields, and sitting down in the grass, far enough out of the path, he pulled out the money—"Look here, Jack," says he; "did you ever see the like before in your life?"—"No, never," says I; and added very innocently, "must we have it all?"—"We have it!" says he; "who should have it?"—"Why," says I, "must the man have none of it again that lost it?"—"He have it again!" says he; "what d'ye mean by that?"—"Nay, I don't know," says I; "why, you said just now you would let him have the t'other bill again that you said was too big for you."

He laughed at me. "You are but a little boy," says he, "that's true; but I thought you had not been such a child neither;" so he mighty gravely explained the thing to me thus:—"that the bill of Sir Stephen Evans was a great bill for £300, and if I," says he, "that am but a poor lad, should venture to go for the money, they will presently say, how should I come by such a bill, and that I certainly found it or stole it, so they will stop me,"

says he, "and take it away from me, and it maybe bring me into trouble for it, too; so," says he, "I did say it was too big for me to meddle with, and that I would let the man have it again if I could tell how; but for the money, Jack, the money that we have got, I warrant you he should have none of that; besides," says he, "whoever he be that has lost this letter-case—to be sure, as soon as he missed it, he would run to a goldsmith and give notice that if anybody came for the money they would be stopped, but I am too old for him there," says he.

"Why," says I, "and what will you do with the bill—will you throw it away?—If you do, somebody else will find it," says I, "and they will go and take the money."—"No, no," says he; "they will be stopped and examined, as I tell you I should be." I did not know well what all this meant, so I talked no more about that; but we fell to handling the money. As for me I had never seen so much together in all my life, nor did I know what in the world to do with it, and once or twice I was going to bid him keep it for me, which would have been done like a child indeed, for to be sure I had never heard a word more of it, though nothing had befallen him.

However, as I happened to hold my tongue on that part, he shared the money very honestly with me; only at the end he told me that though it was true he promised me half, yet as it was the first time, and I had done nothing but look on, so he thought it was very well if I took a little less than he did; so he divided the money, which was £12, 10s., into two exact parts, viz., £6, 5s., in each part; then he took £1, 5s. from my part and told me I should give him that for handsel. "Well," says I, "take it then, for I think you deserve it all;" so however I took up the rest; "and what shall I do with this now," says I, "for I have nowhere to put it?"—"Why, have you no pockets," says he.—"Yes," says I, "but they are full of holes." I have often thought since that—and with some mirth too—how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with, for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pockets, but such as I say was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could

go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 16s., and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 16s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone a while my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again and take it out of my shoe and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and took that up and wrapt it all together and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout: in truth I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it

fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney: and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell: at last it came into my head that I would look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree, but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile End that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any, that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men, in particular, followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile End, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar at Bethnal Green. When I came a little way in the lane I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get at it; and when I came there I put my hand in

and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it: but, behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, that I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it; well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm, and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently: then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also: and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it, close to the ground, as the old hollow trees often have; and looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hallooed

quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a striking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

Ebery-Day Characters.

THE VICAR.

(*From the English edition of the Poems*, 1864.)

PRAED.

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man who lost his way, between
St Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the green,
And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath,
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—
"Our master knows you—you 're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow,

Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in Court or College,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses:
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius:
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned them,

For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praised the farmer's homely wit,
And shared the widow's homelier pottage
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus;
From him I learnt the rule of three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *quæ genus:*
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you 'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid?—look down,
And construe on the slab before you,
"*Hic jacet* GVLIELMVS BROWN,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru."

THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Years—years ago,—ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise or witty,—
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawned o'er this infernal Chitty;—
Years—years ago,—while all my joy
Was in my fowling-piece and filly,—
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lily.

I saw her at the County Ball:
There, when the sounds of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that set young hearts romancing;

She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And then she danced—O Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender;
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender!
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 'twas Venus from her isle,
And wondered where she 'd left her sparrows.

She talked,—of politics or prayers,—
Of Southey's prose or Wordsworth's sonnets,—
Of danglers—or of dancing bears,
Of battles—or the last new bonnets,
By candle light, at twelve o'clock,
To me it mattered not a tittle;
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
I wrote them to the "Sunday Journal:"
My mother laughed; I soon found out
That ancient ladies have no feeling:
My father frowned; but how should gout
See any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a Dean,
Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother, just thirteen,
Whose colour was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother for many a year
Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
And Lord-Lieutenant of the County.

But titles, and the three per cents.,
And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes, and rents,
Oh, what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks—
Such wealth, such honours, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the Stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the Muses.

She sketched; the vale, the wood, the beech,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading:
She botanised; I envied each
Young blosom in her boudoir fading:
She warbled Handel; it was grand;
She made the Catalani jealous:
She touched the organ; I could stand
For hours and hours to blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well filled with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies, and Rome,
Patterns for trimmings, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to Famine and to Slaughter,
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder-water.

And she was flattered, worshipped, bored;
Her steps were watched, her dress was noted;
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted;
She laughed, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolished;
She frowned, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolished.

She smiled on many, just for fun,—
I knew that there was nothing in it;

I was the first—the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute.—
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand,—and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves;—
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet"—upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows,—and then we parted.

We parted; months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after:
Our parting was all sob and sigh;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter:
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's Belle,
But only—Mrs Something Rogers!

Character of Brutus.

G. Long.

[We extract a "Character of Brutus" from the notes to the concluding volume of "The Civil Wars of Rome," a select translation of Plutarch, from which we have already borrowed. This character will startle many of our readers. But the acknowledged learning of Mr Long—one of the most distinguished scholars sent forth from that great nursery of scholars, Trinity College, Cambridge—will satisfy the candid that this estimate of one of the great men of antiquity is not a hasty and unsupported theory.]

Brutus had moderate abilities, with great industry and much learning: he had no merit as a general, but he had the courage

of a soldier; he had the reputation of virtue, and he was free from many of the vices of his contemporaries: he was sober and temperate. Of enlarged political views he had none; there is not a sign of his being superior in this respect to the mass of his contemporaries. When the Civil War broke out, he joined Pompeius, though Pompeius had murdered his father. If he gave up his private enmity, as Plutarch says, for what he believed to be the better cause, the sacrifice was honourable; if there were other motives, and I believe there were, his choice of his party does him no credit. His conspiracy against Cæsar can only be justified by those, if there are such, who think that a usurper ought to be got rid of in any way. But if a man is to be murdered, one does not expect those to take a part in the act who, after being enemies, have received favours from him, and professed to be friends. The murderers should at least be a man's declared enemies who have just wrongs to avenge. Though Brutus was dissatisfied with things under Cæsar, he was not the first mover in the conspiracy. He was worked upon by others, who knew that his character and personal relation to Cæsar would in a measure sanctify the deed; and by their persuasion, not his own resolve, he became an assassin in the name of freedom, which meant the triumph of his party, and in the name of virtue, which meant nothing.

The act was bad in Brutus as an act of treachery; and it was bad as an act of policy. It failed in its object, the success of a party, because the death of Cæsar was not enough; other victims were necessary, and Brutus would not have them. He put himself at the head of a plot in which there was no plan: he dreamed of success and forgot the means. He mistook the circumstances of the times, and the character of the men. His conduct after the murder was feeble and uncertain; and it was also as illegal as the usurpation of Cæsar. "He left Rome as Prætor without the permission of the Senate; he took possession of a province which, even according to Cicero's testimony, had been assigned to another; he arbitrarily passed beyond the boundaries of his province, and set his effigy on the coins." (Drumann.) He

attacked the Bessi in order to give his soldiers booty, and he plundered Asia to get money for the conflict against Cæsar and Antonius, for the mastery of Rome and Italy. The means that he had at his disposal show that he robbed without measure and without mercy; and never was greater tyranny exercised over helpless people in the name of liberty, than the wretched inhabitants of Asia experienced from Brutus the "Liberator" and Cassius "the last of the Romans." But all these great resources were thrown away in an ill-conceived and worse-executed campaign.

Temperance, industry, and unwillingness to shed blood, are noble qualities in a citizen and a soldier; and Brutus possessed them. But great wealth gotten by ill means is an eternal reproach; and the trade of money-lending carried on in the names of others, with unrelenting greediness, is both avarice and hypocrisy. Cicero, the friend of Brutus, is the witness for his wealth, and for his unworthy means to increase it.

Reflecting men in all ages have a philosophy. With the educated Greeks and Romans, philosophy was religion. The vulgar belief, under whatever name it may be, is never the belief of those who have leisure for reflection. The vulgar rich and vulgar poor are immersed in sense; the man of reflection strives to emerge from it. To him the things which are seen are only the shadows of the unseen; forms without substance, but the evidence of the substantial; "for the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." (Epistle to the Romans, i. 20.) Brutus was from his youth up a student of philosophy, and well versed in the systems of the Greeks. Untiring industry and a strong memory had stored his mind with the thoughts of others, but he had not capacity enough to draw profit from his intellectual as he did from his golden treasures. His mind was a barren field on which no culture could raise an abundant crop. His wisdom was the thought of others, and he had ever ready in his mouth something that others had said. But to utter other men's wisdom is not enough: a man must make it his own by the labour of independent thought. Philosophy and superstition

were blended in his mind, and they formed a chaos in his bewildered brain, as they always will do; and the product is "Gorgons and Hydras and Chimæras dire." In the still of night phantoms floated before his wasted strength and watchful eyes; perhaps the vision of him, the generous and the brave, who had saved the life of an enemy in battle, and fell by his hand in the midst of peace. Conscience was his tormentor, for truth was stronger than the illusions of a self-imputed virtue. Though Brutus had condemned Cato's death, he died by his own hand, not with the stubborn resolve of Cato, who would not yield to a usurper, but merely to escape from his enemies. A Roman might be pardoned for not choosing to become the prisoner of a Roman, but his grave should have been the battle-field, and the instrument should have been the hands of those who were fighting against the cause which he proclaimed to be righteous and just. Cato's son bettered his father's example: he died on the plain of Philippi in the ranks of the enemy. Brutus died without belief in the existence of that virtue which he had affected to follow; the triumph of a wrongful cause, as he conceived it, was a proof that virtue was an empty name. He forgot the transitory nature of all individual existences, and thought that justice perished with him. But a true philosopher does not make himself a central point, nor his own misfortunes a final catastrophe. He looks both backwards and forwards, to the past and the future, and views himself as a small link in the great chain of events which holds all things together. Brutus died in despair, with the courage, but not with the faith of a martyr.

When men talk of tyranny and rise against it, the name of Brutus is invoked; a mere name and nothing else. What single act is there in the man's life which promised the regeneration of his country and the freedom of mankind? Like other Romans, he only thought of maintaining the supremacy of Rome: his ideas were no larger than theirs; he had no sympathy for those whom Rome governed and oppressed. For his country, he had nothing to propose: its worn out political constitution he would maintain, not amend; indeed, amendment was impossible. Probably he

dreaded anarchy and the dissolution of social order, for that would have released his creditors and confiscated his valuable estates. But Cæsar's usurpation was not an anarchy; it was a monarchy, a sole rule; and Brutus, who was ambitious, could not endure that. It may be said that if the political views of Brutus were narrow, he was only like most of his countrymen. But why then is he exalted, and why is his name invoked? What single title had he to distinction, except what Cæsar gave him? A man of unknown family, the son of a woman whom Cæsar debauched, pardoned after fighting against his mother's lover, raised by him to the prætorship, and honoured with Cæsar's friendship—he has owed his distinction to nothing else than murdering the man whose genius he could not appreciate, but whose favours he had enjoyed.

His spurious philosophy has helped to save him from the detestation which is his due; but the false garb should be stripped off. A stoic, an ascetic, and nothing more, is a mere negation. The active virtues of Brutus are not recorded. If he sometimes did an act of public justice, (chap 35,) it was not more than many other Romans have done. To reduce this philosopher to his true level, we ask, what did he say or do that showed a sympathy with all mankind? Where is the evidence that he had the feeling of justice which alone can regenerate a nation? But it may be said, why seek in a Roman of his age what we cannot expect to find? Why then elevate him above the rest of his age and consecrate his name? Why make a hero of him who murdered his benefactor, and then ran away from the city which he was to save —from we know not what? And why make a virtuous man of him who was only austere, and who did not believe in the virtue that he professed? As to statesmanship, nobody has claimed that for him yet.

The deputy of Arras, [Robespierre,] poor, and despised even by his own party, won the confidence of the people by their belief in his probity; and he deserved it. Fanatical and narrow-minded, he was still a man of principles. Untiring industry, unshaken faith, and poverty, the guarantee of his probity, raised him slowly

to distinction, and enabled him to destroy all who stood between him and the realisation of an unbending theory. Though he had sacrificed the lives of others, he scorned to save his own by doing what would have contradicted his principles: he respected the form of legality, when its substance no longer existed, and refused to sanction force when it would have been used for his own protection, (Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, livr. lxi. 9.) A great and memorable example of crime, of fanaticism, and of virtue; of a career commenced in the cause of justice, in truth, faith, and sincerity; of a man who did believe in virtue, and yet spoiled the cause in which he embarked, and left behind him a name for universal execration.

Treachery at home, enmity abroad, and misconduct in its own leaders, made the French Revolution result in anarchy, and then in a tyranny. The Civil Wars of Rome resulted in a monarchy, and there was nothing else in which they could end. The Roman monarchy or the empire was a natural birth. The French empire was an abortion. The Roman empire was the proper growth of the ages that had preceded it: they could produce nothing better. In a few years after the battle of Philippi, Cæsar Octavianus got rid of his partner Antonius; and, under the administration of Augustus, the world enjoyed comparative peace, and the Roman empire was established and consolidated. The genius of Augustus, often ill-appreciated, is demonstrated by the results of his policy. He restored order to a distracted state, and transmitted his power to his successors. The huge fabric of Roman greatness, resting on its ancient foundations, only crumbled beneath the assaults that time and new circumstances make against all political institutions.

On the Athenian Orators.

ANONYMOUS.

[THE following is an extract from an article which appeared in "Knight's Quarterly Magazine" some forty years ago. We trace in it the same antitheti

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cal style, and the same affluence of illustration, which distinguish most of the productions of one of the most brilliant writers of our age.]

It may be doubted whether any compositions which have ever been produced in the world are equally perfect in their kind with the great Athenian orations. Genius is subject to the same laws which regulate the production of corn and molasses. The supply adjusts itself to the demand. The quantity may be diminished by restrictions, and multiplied by bounties. The singular excellence to which eloquence attained at Athens is to be mainly attributed to the influence which it exerted there. In turbulent times, under a constitution purely democratic, among a people educated exactly to that point to which men are most susceptible of strong and sudden impressions, acute, but not sound reasoners, warm in their feelings, unfixed in their principles, and passionate admirers of fine composition, oratory received such encouragement as it has never since obtained.

The taste and knowledge of the Athenian people was a favourite object of the contemptuous derision of Samuel Johnson; a man who knew nothing of Greek literature beyond the common school-books, and who seems to have brought to what he had read scarcely more than the discernment of a common schoolboy. He used to assert with that arrogant absurdity which, in spite of his great abilities and virtues, renders him perhaps the most ridiculous character in literary history, that Demosthenes spoke to a people of brutes;—to a barbarous people;—that there could have been no civilisation before the invention of printing. Johnson was a keen, but a very narrow-minded observer of mankind. He perpetually confounded their general nature with their particular circumstances. He knew London intimately. The sagacity of his remarks on its society is perfectly astonishing. But Fleet Street was the world to him. He saw that the Londoners, who did not read, were profoundly ignorant; and he inferred that a Greek, who had few or no books, must have been as uninformed as one of Mr Thrale's draymen.

There seems to be, on the contrary, every reason to believe

that, in general intelligence, the Athenian populace far surpassed the lower orders of any community that has ever existed. It must be considered that to be a citizen was to be a legislator—a soldier—a judge—one upon whose voice might depend the fate of the wealthiest tributary state, of the most eminent public man. The lowest offices, both of agriculture and of trade, were, in common, performed by slaves. The commonwealth supplied its meanest members with the support of life, the opportunity of leisure, and the means of amusement. Books were indeed few, but they were excellent, and they were accurately known. It is not by turning over libraries, but by repeatedly perusing and intently contemplating a few great models, that the mind is best disciplined. A man of letters must now read much that he soon forgets, and much from which he learns nothing worthy to be remembered. The best works employ, in general, but a small portion of his time. Demosthenes is said to have transcribed, six times, the History of Thucydides. If he had been a young politician of the present age, he might, in the same space of time, have skimmed innumerable newspapers and pamphlets. I do not condemn that desultory mode of study which the state of things in our day renders a matter of necessity. But I may be allowed to doubt whether the changes, on which the admirers of modern institutions delight to dwell, have improved our condition so much in reality as in appearance. Rumford, it is said, proposed to the Elector of Bavaria a scheme for feeding his soldiers at a much cheaper rate than formerly. His plan was simply to compel them to masticate their food thoroughly. A small quantity, thus eaten, would, according to that famous projector, afford more sustenance than a large meal hastily devoured. I do not know how Rumford's proposition was received: but, to the mind, I believe, it will be found more nutritious to digest a page than to devour a volume.

Books, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us, for a moment, transport ourselves, in thought, to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the

entablature, for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there; men, women, children, are thronging round him; the tears are running down their cheeks; their eyes are fixed; their very breath is still; for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands—the terrible—the murderous—which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward, with sparkling eyes, and gestures of expectation. Socrates is pitted against the famous Atheist from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald is crying—"Room for the Prytanes." The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made—"Who wishes to speak?" There is a shout, and a clapping of hands: Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education.

Knowledge thus acquired, and opinions thus formed, were, indeed, likely to be, in some respects, defective. Propositions, which are advanced in discourse, generally result from a partial view of the question, and cannot be kept under examination long enough to be corrected. Men of great conversational powers almost universally practise a sort of lively sophistry and exaggeration, which deceives, for the moment, both themselves and their auditors. Thus, we see doctrines, which cannot bear a close inspection, triumph perpetually in drawing-rooms, in debating societies, and even in legislative or judicial assemblies. To the conversational education of the Athenians, I am inclined to attribute the great looseness of reasoning which is remarkable in most of their scientific writings. Even the most illogical of modern writers would stand perfectly aghast at the puerile fallacies which seem to have deluded some of the greatest men of antiquity. But the very circumstances which retarded the growth of science were peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of eloquence. From the early habit of taking a share in animated discussion, the intelligent student would derive that readiness of resource, that copiousness

of language, and that knowledge of the temper and understanding of an audience, which are far more valuable to an orator than the greatest logical powers.

Horace has prettily compared poems to those paintings of which the effect varies as the spectator changes his stand. The same remark applies with at least equal justice to speeches. They must be read with the temper of those to whom they were addressed, or they must necessarily appear to offend against the laws of taste and reason; as the finest picture, seen in a light different from that for which it was designed, will appear fit only for a sign. This is perpetually forgotten by those who criticise oratory. Because they are reading at leisure, pausing at every line, reconsidering every argument, they forget that the hearers were hurried from point to point too rapidly to detect the fallacies through which they were conducted; that they had no time to disentangle sophisms, or to notice slight inaccuracies of expression; that elaborate excellence, either of reasoning or of language, would have been absolutely thrown away. To recur to the analogy of the sister art, these connoisseurs examine a panorama through a microscope, and quarrel with a scene-painter because he does not give to his work the exquisite finish of Gerard Dow.

Oratory is to be estimated on principles different from those which are applied to other productions. Truth is the object of philosophy and history. Truth is the object even of those works which are peculiarly called works of fiction, but which, in fact, bear the same relation to history which algebra bears to arithmetic. The merit of poetry, in its wildest forms, still consists in its truth—truth conveyed to the understanding, not directly by the words, but circuitously by means of imaginative associations, which serve as its conductors. The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion. The admiration of the multitude does not make Moore a greater poet than Coleridge, or Beattie a greater philosopher than Berkeley. But the criterion of eloquence is different. A speaker, who exhausts the whole philosophy of a question, who displays every grace of style, yet produces no effect on his audience, may be a great essayist, a great statesman, a great

master of composition, but he is not an orator. If he miss the mark, it makes no difference whether he have taken aim too high or too low.

The effect of the great freedom of the press in England has been, in a great measure, to destroy this distinction, and to leave among us little of what I call Oratory Proper. Our legislators, our candidates, on great occasions even our advocates, address themselves less to the audience than to the reporters. They think less of the few hearers than of the innumerable readers. At Athens the case was different; there the only object of the speaker was immediate conviction and persuasion. He, therefore, who would justly appreciate the merit of the Grecian orators should place himself, as nearly as possible, in the situation of their auditors; he should divest himself of his modern feelings and acquirements, and make the prejudices and interests of the Athenian citizens his own. He who studies their works in this spirit will find that many of those things which, to an English reader, appear to be blemishes—the frequent violation of those excellent rules of evidence, by which our courts of law are regulated—the introduction of extraneous matter—the reference to considerations of political expediency in judicial investigations —the assertions without proof—the passionate entreaties—the furious invectives—are really proofs of the prudence and address of the speakers. He must not dwell maliciously on arguments or phrases; but acquiesce in his first impressions. It requires repeated perusal and reflection to decide rightly on any other portion of literature. But, with respect to works of which the merit depends on their instantaneous effect, the most hasty judgment is likely to be best.

The Children of Light.

Archdeacon Hare.

[From the Seventh Sermon of a volume, entitled "The Victory of Faith." This Sermon was preached before the University of Cambridge, in 1828.]

Walk as children of light. This is the simple and beautiful substance of your Christian duty. This is your bright privilege, which, if you use it according to the grace whereby you have received it, will be a prelude and foretaste of the bliss and glory of heaven. It is to light that all nations and languages have had recourse, whenever they wanted a symbol for anything excellent in glory; and if we were to search through the whole of inanimate nature for an emblem of pure unadulterated happiness, where could we find such an emblem, except in light?—traversing the illimitable regions of space with a speed surpassing that of thought, incapable of injury or stain, and, whithersoever it goes, showering beauty and gladness. In order, however, that we may in due time inherit the whole fulness of this radiant beatitude, we must begin by training and fitting ourselves for it. Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him, to prepare the world for his coming. So should we endeavour to render our lives here on earth as it were the dawn of heaven's eternal day: we should endeavour to walk as children of light. Our thoughts and feelings should all be akin to light, and have something of the nature of light in them: and our actions should be like the action of light itself, and like the actions of all those powers and of all those beings which pertain to light, and may be said to form the family of light; while we should carefully abstain and shrink from all such works as pertain to darkness, and are wrought by those who may be called the brood of darkness.

Thus the children of light will walk as having the light of knowledge, steadfastly, firmly, right onward to the end that is set before them. When men are walking in the dark, through an unknown and roadless country, they walk insecurely, doubtingly, timidly. For they cannot see where they are treading: they are fearful of stumbling against a stone, or falling into a pit; they cannot even keep on for many steps certain of the course they are taking. But by day we perceive what is under us and about us, we have the end of our journey, or at least the quarter where it lies, full in view, and we are able to make for it by the safest and speediest

way. The very same advantage have those who are light in the Lord, the children of spiritual light, over the children of spiritual darkness. They know whither they are going; to heaven. They know how they are to get there: by Him who has declared Himself to be the Way; by keeping His words, by walking in His paths, by trusting in His atonement. If you then are children of light, if you know all this, walk according to your knowledge, without stumbling or slipping, without swerving or straying, without loitering or dallying by the way, onward and ever onward beneath the light of the Sun of Righteousness, on the road which leads to heaven.

In the next place the children of light are upright, and honest, and straightforward, and open, and frank, in all their dealings. There is nothing like lurking or concealment about them, nothing like dissimulation, nothing like fraud or deceit. These are the ministers and the spawn of darkness. It is darkness that hides its face, lest any should be appalled by so dismal a sight: light is the revealer and manifester of all things. It lifts up its brow on high, that all may behold it: for it is conscious that it has nothing to dread, that the breath of shame cannot soil it. Whereas the wicked lie in wait, and roam through the dark, and screen themselves therein from the sight of the sun; as though the sun were the only eye wherewith God can behold their doings. It is under the cover of night that the reveller commits his foulest acts of intemperance and debauchery. It is under the cover of night that the thief and the murderer prowls about to bereave his brother of his substance or of his life. These children of darkness seek the shades of darkness to hide themselves thereby from the eyes of their fellow-creatures, from the eyes of Heaven, nay, even from their own eyes, from the eye of conscience, which at such a season they find it easier to hoodwink and blind. They, on the other hand, who walk abroad and ply their tasks during the day, are those by whose labour their brethren are benefited and supported; those who make the earth yield her increase, or who convert her produce into food and clothing, or who minister to such wants as spring up in countless varieties beneath the

march of civilised society. Nor is this confined to men; the brute animals seem to be under a similar instinct. The beasts of prey lie in their lair during the daytime, and wait for sunset ere they sally out on their destructive wanderings; while the beneficent and household animals, those which are most useful and friendly to man, are like him in a certain sense children of light, and come forth and go to rest with the sun. They who are conscious of no evil wish or purpose do not shun or shrink from the eyes of others; though never forward in courting notice, they bid it welcome when it chooses to visit them. Our Saviour himself tells us, that *the condemnation of the world* lies in this, that *although light is come into the world, yet men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.* Nothing but their having utterly depraved their nature could seduce them into loving what is so contrary and repugnant to it. *For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, nor cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.* To the same effect He commands His disciples to *let their light so shine before men, that they may see their good works,* not, however, for any vain, ostentatious, selfish purpose—this would have been directly against the whole spirit of His teaching—but in order that men may be moved thereby to glorify God.

For the children of light are also meek and lowly. Even the sun, although he stands up on high, and drives his chariot across the heavens, rather averts observation from himself than attracts it. His joy is to glorify his Maker, to display the beauty, and magnificence, and harmony, and order, of all the works of God. So far, however, as it is possible for him, he withdraws himself from the eyes of mankind: not indeed in darkness, wherein the wicked hide their shame, but in excess of light, wherein God himself veils His glory. And if we look at the other children of light, that host of white-robed pilgrims that travel across the vault of the nightly sky, the imagination is unable to conceive anything quieter, and calmer, and more unassuming. They are the exquisite and perfect emblems of meek loveliness and humility in

high station. It is only the spurious lights of the fires whereby the earth would mimic the light of heaven, that glare and flare and challenge attention for themselves; while, instead of illumining the darkness beyond their immediate neighbourhood, they merely make it thicker and more palpable; as these lights alone vomit smoke, as these alone ravage and consume.

Again; the children of light are diligent, and orderly, and unweariable in the fulfilment of their duties. Here, also, they take a lesson from the sun, who pursues the path that God has marked out for him, and pours daylight on whatever is beneath him from his everlasting, inexhaustible fountains, and causes the wheel of the seasons to turn round, and summer and winter to perform their annual revolutions, and has never been behindhand in his task, and never slackens, nor faints, nor pauses; nor ever will pause, until the same hand which launched him on his way shall again stretch itself forth to arrest his course. All the children of light are careful to follow their Master's example, and *to work his works while it is day;* for they know that the night of the grave cometh, when no man can work, and that, unless they are working the works of light, when that night overtakes them, darkness must be their portion for ever.

The children of light are likewise pure. For light is not only the purest of all sensuous things, so pure that nothing can defile it, but whatever else is defiled, is brought to the light, and the light purifies it. And the children of light know that, although, whatever darkness may cover them will be no darkness to God, it may and will be darkness to themselves. They know that, although no impurity in which they can bury their souls will be able to hide them from the sight of God, yet it will utterly hide God from their sight. They know that it is only by striving to purify their own hearts, even as God is pure, that they can at all fit themselves for the beatific vision which Christ has promised to the pure of heart.

Cheerfulness, too, is a never-failing characteristic of those who are truly children of light. For is not light at once the most joyous of all things, and the enlivener and gladdener of all nature,

animate and inanimate, the dispeller of sickly cares, the calmer of restless disquietudes? Is it not as a bridegroom that the sun comes forth from his chamber?—and does he not rejoice as a giant to run his course? Does not all nature grow bright the moment he looks upon her, and welcome him with smiles? Do not all the birds greet him with their merriest notes? Do not even the sad tearful clouds deck themselves out in the glowing hues of the rainbow, when he vouchsafes to shine upon them? And shall not man smile with rapture beneath the light of the Sun of Righteousness? Shall he not hail His rising with hymns of praise and psalms of thanksgiving? Shall he not be cheered amid his deepest affliction, when the rays of that Sun fall upon him, and paint the arch of promise on his soul? It cannot be otherwise. Only while we are hemmed in with darkness are we harassed by terrors and misgivings. When we see clearly on every side, we feel bold and assured; nothing can then daunt, nothing can dismay us. Even that sorrow which with all others is the most utterly without hope, the sorrow for sin, is to the children of light the pledge of their future bliss. For with them it is the sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation; and having the Son of God for their Saviour, what can they fear? Or, rather, when they know and feel in their hearts that God has given His only-begotten Son to suffer death for their sakes, how shall they not trust that He, who has given them His Son, will also give them whatsoever is for their real, everlasting good.

Finally, the children of light will also be children of love. Indeed, it is only another name for the same thing. For light is the most immediate outward agent and minister of God's love, the most powerful and rapid diffuser of His blessings through the whole universe of His creation. It blesses the earth, and makes her bring forth herbs and plants. It blesses the herbs and plants, and makes them bring forth their grain and their fruit. It blesses every living creature, and enables all to support and enjoy their existence. Above all, it blesses man, in his goings out and his comings in, in his body and in his soul, in his senses and in his imagination, and in his affections: in his social intercourse with

his brother, and in his solitary communion with his Maker. Merely blot out light from the earth, and joy will pass away from it; and health will pass away from it; and life will pass away from it; and it will sink back into a confused, turmoiling chaos. In no way can the children of light so well prove that this is indeed their parentage, as by becoming the instruments of God in shedding His blessings around them. Light illumines everything, the lowly valley as well as the lofty mountain; it fructifies everything, the humblest herb as well as the lordliest tree; and there is nothing hid from its heat. Nor does Christ the Original, of whom light is the image, make any distinction between the high and the low, between the humble and the lordly. He comes to all, unless they drive Him from their doors. He calls to all, unless they obstinately close their ears against Him. He blesses all, unless they cast away His blessing. Nay, although they cast it away, He still perseveres in blessing them, even unto seven times, even unto seventy times seven. Ye, then, who desire to be children of light, ye who would gladly enjoy the full glory and blessedness of that heavenly name, take heed to yourselves, that ye walk as children of light in this respect more especially. No part of your duty is easier; you may find daily and hourly opportunity of practising it. No part of your duty is more delightful; the joy you kindle in the heart of another cannot fail of shedding back its brightness on your own. No part of your duty is more godlike. They who attempted to become like God in knowledge, fell in the garden of Eden. They who strove to become like God in power, were confounded on the plain of Shinar. They who endeavour to become like God in love, will feel His approving smile and His helping arm; every effort they make will bring them nearer to His presence; and they will find His renewed image grow more and more vivid within them, until the time comes, when they too shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

The Scottish Borderers.

SCOTT.

[THE extract which we give from the most popular author of his time is neither from his poetical nor his prose romances. Those works are in the hands of every reader; and we exclude them from the plan of this selection, for the same reason that we exclude scenes from Shakspere. The following account is from the original introduction to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and was written in 1802. That work was the first publication of Scott which developed the nature of his tastes and acquirements. It was the germ, at once, of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and of "Waverley." The life of Scott is not to be told in a brief notice like this. He was born on the 15th of August 1771; and died on 21st of September 1832. His father was a highly respectable writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and was connected by blood with several noble families. Scott was a sickly boy, and lame from his infancy. His delicate health led to the cultivation of his mind according to his own tastes; and the love of fiction gave the chief direction to his studies and amusements. Gradually, however, his constitution was established, though he remained always lame, but wonderfully active. He went through the formalities of a lawyer's education; was called to the Scottish bar in 1792; was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire in 1799; and one of the principal clerks of session in 1806. During this period he had some independence and much leisure; and from the time when he published a German translation in 1796, to the appearance of the "Lord of the Isles," in 1814, he was cultivating that taste which, during ten years, made him the most popular poet of the day. In 1814 "Waverley" was published anonymously. The success of this remarkable novel, and the rapid appearance of a succession of works by the same master, produced an era in our literature. Never was such triumphant success witnessed during an author's life-time. In 1826, Scott, who was mixed up with commercial undertakings, and who had too freely used the dangerous power of anticipating revenue by unlimited credit, was brought to ruin by the failure of these artificial resources, in connexion with publishers and printers. This is the heroic period of his life. His struggles to do justice to his creditors are beyond praise—they are for example, and are sacred. He fell in the contest with circumstances. The last words which he used in a public assembly were significant ones—they were those of the dying gladiator.]

Their morality was of a singular kind. The rapine by which they subsisted, they accounted lawful and honourable. Ever liable to lose their whole substance by an incursion of the English on a sudden breach of truce, they cared little to waste their time in cultivating crops to be reaped by their foes. Their cattle was, there-

fore, their chief property; and these were nightly exposed to the southern Borderers, as rapacious and active as themselves. Hence robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. The fatal privilege of pursuing the marauders into their own country, for recovery of stolen goods, led to continual skirmishes. The warden, also, himself frequently the chieftain of a Border horde, when redress was not instantly granted by the opposite officer for depredations sustained by his district, was entitled to retaliate upon England by a *warden raid*. In such cases, the mosstroopers who crowded to his standard, found themselves pursuing their craft under legal authority, and became the followers and favourites of the military magistrate, whose ordinary duty it was to check and suppress them. Equally unable and unwilling to make nice distinctions, they were not to be convinced that what was to-day fair booty was to-morrow a subject of theft. National animosity usually gave an additional stimulus to their rapacity: although it must be owned that their depredations extended also to the more cultivated parts of their own country.

The Borderers had, in fact, little reason to regard the inland Scots as their fellow-subjects, or to respect the power of the crown. They were frequently resigned, by express compact, to the bloody retaliation of the English, without experiencing any assistance from their prince and his more immediate subjects. If they beheld him, it was more frequently in the character of an avenging judge than of a protecting sovereign. They were, in truth, in the time of peace, a kind of outcasts, against whom the united powers of England and Scotland were often employed. Hence, the men of the Borders had little attachment to their monarchs, whom they termed in derision, the kings of Fife and Lothian; provinces which they were not legally entitled to inhabit, and which, therefore, they pillaged with as little remorse as if they had belonged to a foreign country. This strange, precarious, and adventurous mode of life, led by the Borderers, was not without its pleasures, and seems, in all probability, hardly so disagreeable to us as the monotony of regulated society must have been to those who had been long accustomed to a state of rapine. Well

has it been remarked, by the eloquent Burke, that the shifting tides of fear and hope, the flight and pursuit, the peril and escape alternate famine and feast, of the savage and the robber, after a time render all course of slow, steady, progressive, unvaried occupation, and the prospect only of a limited mediocrity, at the end of long labour, to the last degree tame, languid, and insipid. The interesting nature of their exploits may be conceived from the account of Camden.

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The inroads of the Marchers, when stimulated only by the desire of plunder, were never marked by cruelty, and seldom even with bloodshed unless in the case of opposition. They held, that property was common to all who stood in want of it; but they abhorred and avoided the crime of unnecessary homicide. This was perhaps partly owing to the habits of intimacy betwixt the Borderers of both kingdoms, notwithstanding their mutual hostility and reciprocal depredations. A natural intercourse took place between the English and Scottish Marches, at Border meetings, and during the short intervals of peace. They met frequently at parties of the chase and football; and it required many and strict regulations, on both sides, to prevent them from forming intermarriages and from cultivating too closely a degree of intimacy. The custom also of paying black-mail, or protection rent, introduced a connexion betwixt the countries; for a Scottish Borderer taking black-mail from an English inhabitant, was not only himself bound to abstain from injuring such person, but also to maintain his quarrel, and recover his property if carried off by others. Hence, a union arose betwixt the parties, founded upon mutual interest, which counteracted, in many instances, the effects of national prejudice.

This humanity and moderation was, on certain occasions, entirely laid aside by the Borderers. In the case of deadly feud, either against an Englishman or against any neighbouring tribe, the whole force of the offended clan was bent to avenge the death of any of their number. Their vengeance not only vented itself upon the homicide and his family, but upon all his kindred, on

his whole tribe, and on every one, in fine, whose death or ruin could affect him with regret.

The immediate rulers of the Borders were the chiefs of the different clans, who exercised over their respective septs a dominion partly patriarchal and partly feudal. The latter bond of adherence was, however, the more slender; for, in the acts regulating the Borders, we find repeated mention of "Clannes having captaines and chieftaines on whom they depend, oft-times against the willes of their landelordes." Of course these laws looked less to the feudal superior, than to the chieftain of the name, for the restraint of the disorderly tribes; and it is repeatedly enacted, that the head of the clan should be first called upon to deliver those of his sept who should commit any trespass, and that, on his failure to do so, he should be liable to the injured party in full redress. By the same statues, the chieftains and landlords presiding over Border clans were obliged to find caution, and to grant hostages, that they would subject themselves to the due course of law. Such clans as had no chieftain of sufficient note to enter bail for their quiet conduct became broken men, outlawed to both nations.

From these enactments the power of the Border chieftains may be conceived, for it had been hard and useless to have punished them for the trespass of their tribes, unless they possessed over them unlimited authority. The abodes of these petty princes by no means corresponded to the extent of their power. We do not find on the Scottish Borders the splendid and extensive baronial castles which graced and defended the opposite frontier. The Gothic grandeur of Alnwick, of Raby, and of Naworth, marks the wealthier and more secure state of the English nobles. The Scottish chieftain, however extensive his domains, derived no pecuniary advantage, save from such parts as he could himself cultivate or occupy. Payment of rent was hardly known on the Borders till after the Union of 1603. All that the landlord could gain from those residing upon his estate was their personal service in battle, their assistance in labouring the land retained in his natural possession, some petty quit-rents of a nature resembling

the feudal casualties, and perhaps a share in the spoil which they acquired by rapine. This, with his herds of cattle and of sheep, and with the *black-mail* which he exacted from his neighbours, constituted the revenue of the chieftain; and from funds so precarious he could rarely spare sums to expend in strengthening or decorating his habitation. Another reason is found in the Scottish mode of warfare. It was early discovered that the English surpassed their neighbours in the arts of assaulting and defending fortified places. The policy of the Scots, therefore, deterred them from erecting upon the Borders buildings of such extent and strength as, being once taken by the foe, would have been capable of receiving a permanent garrison. To themselves the woods and hills of their country were pointed out by the great Bruce as their safest bulwarks; and the maxim of the Douglases, that "it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep," was adopted by every Border chief. For these combined reasons the residence of the chieftain was commonly a large square battlemented tower, called a keep or peel, placed on a precipice on the banks of a torrent, and, if the ground would permit, surrounded by a moat. In short, the situation of a Border house, encompassed by woods, and rendered almost inaccessible by torrents, by rocks, or by morasses, sufficiently indicated the pursuits and apprehensions of its inhabitants. No wonder, therefore, that James V., on approaching the castle of Lockwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, is said to have exclaimed, "that he who built it must have been a knave in his heart." An outer wall, with some light fortifications, served as a protection for the cattle at night. The walls of these fortresses were of an immense thickness, and they could easily be defended against any small force; more especially as the rooms being vaulted each story formed a separate lodgement, capable of being held out for a considerable time. On such occasions the usual mode adopted by the assailants was to expel the defenders by setting fire to wet straw in the lower apartments. But the Border chieftains seldom chose to abide in person a siege of this nature; and I have scarce observed

a single instance of a distinguished baron made prisoner in his own house. The common people resided in paltry huts, about the safety of which they were little anxious, as they contained nothing of value. On the approach of a superior force they unthatched them, to prevent their being burned, and then abandoned them to the foe. Their only treasures were a fleet and active horse, with the ornaments which their rapine had procured for the females of their family, of whose gay appearance they were vain.

Upon the religion of the Borderers there can very little be said. They remained attached to the Roman Catholic faith rather longer than the rest of Scotland. This probably arose from a total indifference upon the subject; for we nowhere find in their character the respect for the Church, which is a marked feature of that religion. The abbeys which were planted upon the Border neither seem to have been much respected by the English nor by the Scottish barons. They were repeatedly burned by the former in the course of the Border wars, and by the latter they seem to have been regarded chiefly as the means of endowing a needy relation, or the subject of occasional plunder. The Reformation was late of finding its way into the Border wilds; for, while the religious and civil dissentions were at their height, in 1568, Drury writes to Cecil—"Our trusty neighbours of Teviotdale are holden occupied only to attend to the pleasure and calling of their own heads, to make some diversion in the matter." The influence of the reformed preachers, among the Borderers, seem also to have been but small; for, upon all occasions of dispute with the Kirk, James VI. was wont to call in their assistance.

But, though the Church, in these frontier counties, attracted little veneration, no part of Scotland teemed with superstitious fears and observances more than they did. "The Dalesmen," says Lesley, "never count their beads with such earnestness as when they set out upon a predatory expedition." Penances, the composition betwixt guilt and conscience, were also frequent upon the Borders. These were superstitions flowing immediately from the nature of the Catholic religion; but there was, upon the

Border, no lack of others of a more general nature. Such was the universal belief in spells, of which some traces may yet remain in the wild parts of the country.

We learn from Lesley, that the Borderers were temperate in their use of intoxicating liquors, and we are therefore left to conjecture how they occupied the time, when winter, or when accident, confined them to their habitations. The little learning which existed in the middle ages glimmered, a dim and dying flame, in the religious houses; and even in the sixteenth century, when its beams became more widely diffused, they were far from penetrating the recesses of the Border mountains. The tales of tradition, the song, with the pipe or harp of the minstrel, were probably the sole resources against *ennui* during the short intervals of repose from military adventure.

The more rude and wild the state of society, the more general and violent is the impulse received from poetry and music. The muse, whose effusions are the amusement of a very small part of a polished nation, records, in the lays of inspiration, the history, the laws, the very religion of savages. Where the pen and the press are wanting, the flow of numbers impressed upon the memory of posterity the deeds and sentiments of their forefathers. Verse is naturally connected with music; and, among a rude people, the union is seldom broken. By this natural alliance, the lays, "steeped in the stream of harmony," are more easily retained by the reciter, and produce upon his audience a more impressive effect. Hence, there has hardly been found to exist a nation so brutishly rude as not to listen with enthusiasm to the songs of their bards, recounting the exploits of their forefathers, recording their laws and moral precepts, or hymning the praises of their deities. But where the feelings are frequently stretched to the highest pitch, by the vicissitudes of a life of danger and military adventure, this predisposition of a savage people to admire their own rude poetry and music is heightened, and its tone becomes peculiarly determined. It is not the peaceful Hindoo at his loom, it is not the timid Esquimaux in his canoe, whom we must expect to glow at the war-song of Tyrtæus. The music and the poetry

of each country must keep pace with their usual tone of mind, as well as with the state of society.

The morality of their compositions is determined by the same circumstances. Those themes are necessarily chosen by the bard which regard the favourite exploits of the hearers, and he celebrates only those virtues which from infancy he has been taught to admire. Hence, as remarked by Lesley, the music and songs of the Borderers were of a military nature, and celebrated the valour and success of their predatory expeditions. Razing, like Shakspere's pirate, the eighth commandment from the decalogue, the minstrels praised their chieftains for the very exploits against which the laws of the country denounced a capital doom. An outlawed freebooter was to them a more interesting person than the king of Scotland exerting legal power to punish his depredations; and when the characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant. Spenser's description of the bards of Ireland applies, in some degree, to our ancient Border poets:—"There is among the Irish a certain kind of people called bards, which are to them instead of poets; whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men, in their poems or rhymes; the which are had in such high regard or esteem amongst them that none dare displease them for fear of running into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men; for their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually sung at all feasts and meetings by certain other persons, whose proper function that is, who also receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them."

For similar reasons, flowing from the state of society, the reader must not expect to find, in the Border ballads, refined sentiment, and far less elegant expression; although the style of such compositions has, in modern bards, been found highly susceptible of both. But passages might be pointed out, in which the rude minstrel has melted in natural pathos, or risen into rude energy. Even where these graces are totally wanting, the interest of the stories themselves, and the curious picture of manners which they frequently present, authorise them to claim some respect from the public.

Autumnal Field Sports.

VARIOUS.

POETRY has little to do with the field-sports of the present day, except to express a truthful hatred of those selfish enjoyments which demoralise the whole agricultural population. Yet we may find in the Poets many inspiriting pictures of the field-sports of our forefathers; and we must never forget that, however these things have degenerated, the manly exercises of the old English gentlemen were fitted to nourish the bold spirit of the sturdy yeomen with whom they lived in honest fellowship. Shakspere was unquestionably a keen sportsman, and has in many passages shown the nicest appreciation of what belonged to the excellence of horse and hound. He knew all the points of the horse, as may be seen in the noble description in the "Venus and Adonis;" he delighted in hounds of the highest breed:

The chase in his day was not a tremendous burst for an hour or two, whose breathless speed shuts out all sense of beauty in the sport. There was harmony in every sound of the ancient hunt—there was poetry in all its associations.

The solemn huntings of princes and great lords, where large assemblies were convened to chase the deer in spaces enclosed by nets, but where the cook and the butler were as necessary as the hunter, were described in stately verse by George Gascoigne. "The noble art of venerie" seems to have been an admirable excuse for ease and luxury "under the greenwood tree." But the open hunting with the country squire's beagles was a more stirring matter. By daybreak was the bugle sounded; and from the spacious offices of the Hall came forth the keepers, leading their slow-hounds for finding the game, and the foresters with their greyhounds in leash. Many footmen are there in attendance with their quarter-staffs and hangers. Slowly ride forth the master and his friends. Neighbours join them on their way to the wood. There is merriment in their progress, for, as they pass through the village, they stop before the door of the sluggard,

who ought to have been on foot, singing, "Hunt's up to the day:"—

The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up;
The birds they sing,
The deer they fling:
Hey nony, nony-no:
The hounds they cry,
The hunters fly:
Hey troli-lo, trololilo.
The hunt is up.

It is a cheering and inspiring tune—the *réveillée*—awakening like the "singing" of the lark, or the "lively din" of the cock. Sounds like those were heard, half-a-century after the youth of Shakspere, by the student whose poetry scarcely descended to the common things which surrounded him; for it was not the outgushing of the heart over all life and nature; it was the reflection of his own individuality, and the echo of books—beautiful indeed, but not all-comprehensive:—

Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
MILTON.

To the wood leads the chief huntsman. He has tracked the hart or doe to the covert on the previous night; and now the game is to be roused by man and dog. Some of the company may sing the fine old song, as old as the time of Henry VIII.:—

Blow thy horn, hunter,
Blow thy horn on high,
In yonder wood there lieth a doe;
In faith she woll not die.
Then blow thy horn, hunter,
Then blow thy horn, hunter,
Then blow thy horn, jolly hunter.

The hart is roused. The hounds have burst out "musical confusion." Soho! is cried. The greyhounds are unleashed. And now rush horsemen and footmen over hill, through dingle. A mile or two of sharp running, and he is again in cover. Again the keepers beat the thicket with their staves. He is again in the open field. And so it is long before the *treble-mort* is sounded; and the great mystery of "woodcraft," the anatomy of the venison, gone through with the nicest art, even to the cutting off a bone for the raven.

In Coleridge's "Literary Remains," the "Venus and Adonis" is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare-hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspere's description presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—"Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq." There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says—"I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before. But as accurate an observer *had* been before him :—

"She (the hare) generally returns to the beat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half way; she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies,—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

Compare this with Shakspere :—

> And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
> Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
> How he outruns the wind, and with what care
> He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
> The many musits through the which he goes
> Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Mr Ayton thus goes on :—

"The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seamen's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are at fault, or lose the scent, they are silent. . . . . The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of 'faults;' but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates is at least perilous; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal: they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance."

Compare Shakspere again:—

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometimes sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.
For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado, the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

One more extract from Mr Ayton:—

"Suppose, then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along—then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder."

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspere's description:—

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.
Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way;

Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any.

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement, in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr Ayton copied Shakspere. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the "Venus and Adonis," if he had had it in his mind. Shakspere and he had each looked minutely and practically upon the same scene; and the wonder is, not that Shakspere was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

Shakspere, in his earliest poem, could not forbear showing the deep sympathy for suffering which belongs to the real poet.

"Poor Wat" makes us hate all sports which inflict pain upon the lower animals, making their agonies our amusements. Never was this holy feeling more earnestly displayed than in Words-

worth's "Hartleap Well;" which is "a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrig. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase."

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the hart are left alone.

The poor hart toils along the mountain side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he lean'd against a thorn;
He had no follower, dog nor man, nor boy;
He neither crack'd his whip nor blew his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter lean'd,
Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat,
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yean'd,
And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet

Upon his side the hart was lying stretch'd;
His nostril touch'd a spring beneath a hill,
And with the last deep groan his breath had fetch'd
The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest,
(Never had living man such joyful lot!)
Sir Walter walk'd all round, north, south, and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot.

And climbing up the hill (it was at least
Nine roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found
Three several hoof-marks which the hunted beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now
Such sight was never seen by living eyes:
Three leaps have borne him from his lofty brow
Down to the very fountain where he lies."

To commemorate the wondrous leap of the gallant stag, Sir Walter raised three pillars where the turf was grazed by the stag's

hoofs, and he built a pleasure-house, and planted a bower, and made a cup of stone for the fountain.

. . . . . .

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,
Came up the hollow ;—him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then inquired.

The shepherd stopp'd, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now ; the spot is cursed.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms.

The arbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream ;
But as to the great lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood : but, for my part,
I've guess'd, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy hart.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have pass'd!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the step,
Are but three bounds—and look, sir, at this last ;
O master ! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his death-bed near the well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,
Lull'd by this fountain in the summer-tide ;
This water was perhaps the first he drank
When he had wander'd from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing:
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone."

"Gray-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine;
This beast not unobserved by Nature fell;
His death was mourn'd by sympathy divine.

The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creature whom He loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known;
But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

WORDSWORTH.

Remedies of Discontents.

BURTON.

[WE give an extract from "The Anatomy of Melancholy," the book of which Dr Johnson said that it was the only book that took him out of his bed two hours before he wished to rise. This was higher praise than that of Byron, who called this book "the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused." If Burton had only poured forth his singular feelings in his quaint and sometimes eloquent language, and had less

skilfully or less profusely intermingled his scholarship, the book must still have been regarded as a remarkable work. As it is, there is nothing like it in our language. We have made no attempt to give a literal translation of the quotations; for the author himself often does so, and almost invariably repeats the sentiments in English, so that his meaning cannot be mistaken. Robert Burton was born at Lindley, Leicestershire, in 1576, and was a student of Christchurch, Oxford, in which college he died in 1640.]

Discontents and grievances are either general or particular; general are wars, plagues, dearths, famine, fires, inundations, unseasonable weather, epidemical diseases which afflict whole kingdoms, territories, cities: or peculiar to private men, as cares, crosses, losses, death of friends, poverty, want, sickness, orbities, injuries, abuses, &c. Generally all discontent, *homines quatimur fortunæ salo.* No condition free, *quisque suos patimur manes.* Even in the midst of our mirth and jollity, there is some grudging, some complaint; as he saith, our whole life is a *glucupicron*, a bitter sweet passion, honey and gall mixed together; we are all miserable and discontent, who can deny it? If all, and that it be a common calamity, an inevitable necessity, all distressed, then, as Cardan infers, Who art thou that hopest to go free? Why dost thou not grieve thou art a mortal man, and not governor of the world? *Ferre, quam sortem patiuntur omnes, nemo recuset.* If it be common to all, why should one man be more disquieted than another? If thou alone wert distressed, it were indeed more irksome and less to be endured; but when the calamity is common, comfort thyself with this, thou hast more fellows, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*, 'tis not thy sole case, and why shouldst thou be so impatient? Ay, but alas! we are more miserable than others, what shall we do? Besides private miseries, we live in perpetual fear, and danger of common enemies; we have Bellona's whips, and pitiful out-cries for epithalamiums; for pleasant music, that fearful noise of ordnance, drums, and warlike trumpets still sounding in our ears; instead of nuptial torches, we have firing of towns and cities; for triumphs, lamentations; for joy, tears. So it is, and so it was, and ever will be. He that refuseth to see and hear, to suffer this, is not fit to live in

this world, and knows not the common condition of all men, to whom, so long as they live, with a reciprocal course, joys and sorrows are annexed, and succeed one another. It is inevitable, it may not be avoided, and why then shouldst thou be so much troubled? *Grave nihil est homini quod fert necessitas*, as Tully deems out of an old poet, that which is necessary cannot be grievous. If it be so, then comfort thyself with this, that whether thou wilt or no, it must be endured; make a virtue of necessity, and conform thyself to undergo it. *Si longa est, levis est; si gravis est, brevis est.* If it be long, 'tis light; if grievous, it cannot last. It will away, *dies dolorem minuit*, and if naught else, yet time will wear it out; custom will ease it; oblivion is a common medicine for all losses, injuries, griefs, and detriments whatsoever, and, when they are once past, this commodity comes of infelicity, it makes the rest of our life sweeter unto us. *Atque hæc olim meminisse juvabit*, the privation and want of a thing many times makes it more pleasant and delightsome than before it was. We must not think, the happiest of us all, to escape here without some misfortunes—

> "*Usque adeò nulla est sincera voluptas,*
> *Solicitum aliquid lætis intervenit.*"

Heaven and earth are much unlike; those heavenly bodies, indeed, are freely carried in their orbs without any impediment or interruption, to continue their course for innumerable ages, and make their conversions: but men are urged with many difficulties, and have divers hindrances, oppositions, still crossing, interrupting their endeavours and desires, and no mortal man is free from this law of nature. We must not, therefore, hope to have all things answer our own expectation, to have a continuance of good success and fortunes. *Fortuna nunquam perpetuò est bona.* And as Minutius Felix, the Roman consul, told that insulting Coriolanus, drunk with his good fortunes, look not for that success thou hast hitherto had. It never yet happened to any man since the beginning of the world, nor ever will, to have all things according to his desire, or to whom fortune was never opposite and adverse. Even so it fell out to him as he foretold. And so

to others, even to that happiness of Augustus; though he were Jupiter's almoner Pluto's treasurer, Neptune's admiral, it could not secure him. Such was Alcibiades's fortune, Narsetes, that great Gonsalvus, and most famous men's, that, as Jovius concludes, it is almost fatal to great princes, through their own default or otherwise circumvented with envy and malice, to lose their honours, and die contumeliously. 'Tis so, still hath been, and ever will be, *Nihil est ab omni parte beatum*,

> "There's no protection is so absolute,
> That some impurity doth not pollute."

Whatsoever is under the moon is subject to corruption, alterations; and so long as thou livest upon earth look not for other. Thou shalt not here find peaceable and cheerful days, quiet times, but rather clouds, storms, calumnies; such is our fate. And as those errant planets, in their distinct orbs, have their several motions, sometimes direct, stationary, retrograde, in apogeo, perigeo, oriental, occidental, combust, feral, free, and as our astrologers will have their fortitudes and debilities, by reason of those good and bad irradiations, conferred to each other's site in the heavens, in their terms, houses, case, detriments, &c.; so we rise and fall in this world, ebb and flow, in and out, reared and dejected, lead a troublesome life, subject to many accidents and casualties of fortunes, variety of passions, infirmities, as well from ourselves as others.

Yea, but thou thinkest thou art more miserable than the rest, other men are happy in respect of thee, their miseries are but flea-bitings to thine; thou alone art unhappy; none so bad as thyself. Yet if, as Socrates said: All the men in the world should come and bring their grievances together, of body, mind, fortune, sores, ulcers, madness, epilepsies, agues, and all those common calamities of beggary, want, servitude, imprisonment, and lay them on a heap to be equally divided, wouldst thou share alike, and take thy portion, or be as thou art? Without question thou wouldst be as thou art. If some Jupiter should say, to give us all content—

"*Jam faciam quod vultis: eris tu, qui modò miles,*
Mercator; tu, consultus modò, rusticus; hinc vos,
Vos hinc, mutatis discedite partibus; eia!
Quid statis? nolint."

"Well, be 't so, then: you, master soldier,
Shall be a merchant: you, sir lawyer,
A country gentleman: go you to this,
That side you; why stand ye? It 's well as 'tis."

Every man knows his own but not others' defects and miseries; and 'tis the nature of all men still to reflect upon themselves their own misfortunes, not to examine or consider other men's, not to confer themselves with others: to recount their miseries, but not their good gifts, fortunes, benefits, which they have; to ruminate on their adversity, but not once to think on their prosperity, not what they have, but what they want: to look still on them that go before, but not on those infinite numbers that come after, whereas many a man would think himself in heaven, a petty prince, if he had but the least part of that fortune which thou so much repinest at, abhorrest, and accountest a most vile and wretched estate. How many thousands want that which thou hast? How many myriads of poor slaves, captives, of such as work day and night in coal-pits, tin-mines, with sore toil to maintain a poor living, of such as labour in body and mind, live in extreme anguish and pain, all which thou art free from? *O fortunatos nimium bona si sua norint;* thou art most happy if thou couldst be content, and acknowledge thy happiness; *Rem carendo, non fruendo, cognoscimus;* when thou shalt hereafter come to want that which thou now loathest, abhorrest, and art weary of, and tired with, when 'tis past, thou wilt say thou wast most happy; and, after a little miss, wish with all thine heart thou hadst the same content again, mightst lead but such a life, a world for such a life; the remembrance of it is pleasant. Be silent, then, rest satisfied, *desine, intuensque in aliorum infortunia, solare mentem;* comfort thyself with other men's misfortunes, and as the moldiwarpe in Æsop told the fox complaining for want of a tail, and the rest of his companions, *tacete, quando me oculis captum videtis.*

you complain of toys, but I am blind, be quiet. I say to thee, Be thou satisfied. It is recorded of the hares that with a general consent they went to drown themselves, out of a feeling of their misery; but when they saw a company of frogs more fearful than they were, they began to take courage and comfort again. Confer thine estate with others. *Similes aliorum respice casus, mitius ista feres.* Be content, and rest satisfied; for thou art well in respect of others; be thankful for that which thou hast, that God hath done for thee; He hath not made thee a monster, a beast, a base creature, as He might, but a man, a Christian, such a man; consider aright of it, thou art full well as thou art. *Quicquid vult, habere nemo potest,* no man can have what he will: *Illud potest nolle, quod non habet,* he may choose whether he will desire that which he hath not: Thy lot is fallen, make the best of it. If we should all sleep at all times, (as Endymion is said to have done,) who then were happier than his fellow? Our life is but short, a very dream, and while we look about, *immortalitas adest,* eternity is at hand. Our life is a pilgrimage on earth, which wise men pass with great alacrity. If thou be in woe, sorrow, want, distress, in pain or sickness, think of that of our apostle, God chastiseth them whom He loveth: They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy, *Psal.* cxxvi. 6. As the furnace proveth the potter's vessel, so doth temptation try men's thoughts, *Eccl.* xxv. 5. 'Tis for thy good: *Periisses, nisi periisses:* Hadst thou not been so visited thou hadst been utterly undone; as gold in the fire, so men are tried in adversity. *Tribulatio ditat;* and, which Camerarius hath well shadowed in an emblem of a thresher and corn:

> "*Si tritura absit, paleis sunt abdita grana,*
> *Nos crux mundanis separat à paleis:*"
>
> "As threshing separates from straw the corn,
> By crosses from the world's chaff are we borne."

'Tis the very same which Chrysostome comments, *Hom.* 2, *in* 3 *Mat.* Corn is not separated but by threshing, nor men from worldly impediments but by tribulation. 'Tis that which Cyprian ingeminates, *Serm* 4, *De Immort.* 'Tis that which Hierom, which

all the Fathers inculcate, so we are catechised for eternity. 'Tis that which the proverb insinuates, *Nocumentum documentum.* 'Tis that which all the world rings into our ears. *Deus unicum habet Filium sine peccato, nullum sine flagello:* God, saith Austin, hath one Son without sin, none without correction. An expert seaman is tried in a tempest, a runner in a race, a captain in a battle, a valiant man in adversity, a Christian in temptation and misery. *Basil, Hom.* 8. We are sent as so many soldiers into this world, to strive with it, the flesh, the devil; our life is a warfare, and who knows it not. *Non est ad astra mollis è terris via:* and therefore peradventure this world here is made troublesome unto us, that, as Gregory notes, we should not be delighted by the way, and forget whither we are going.

> "*Ite, nunc fortes, uba celsa magni*
> *Ducit exempli via: cur inertes*
> *Terga nudatis? superata tellus*
> *Sidera donat.*"

Go on then merrily to heaven. If the way be troublesome, and you in misery, in many grievances; on the other side you have many pleasant sports, objects, sweet smells, delightsome tastes, music, meats, herbs, flowers, &c., to recreate your senses. Or put the case, thou art now forsaken of the world, dejected, contemned, yet comfort thyself, as it was said to Hagar in the wilderness, God sees thee; He takes notice of thee: there is a God above that can vindicate thy cause, that can relieve thee. And surely, Seneca thinks, He takes delight in seeing thee. The gods are well pleased when they see great men contending with adversity, as we are to see men fight, or a man with a beast. But these are toys in respect: Behold, saith he, a spectacle worthy of God: a good man contented with his estate. A tyrant is the best sacrifice to Jupiter, as the ancients held, and his best object a contented mind. For thy part then rest satisfied, cast all thy care on Him, thy burden on Him, rely on Him, trust in Him, and He shall nourish thee, care for thee, give thee thine heart's desire; say with David, God is our hope and strength, in troubles ready

to be found, *Psal.* xlvi. 1. For they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, *Psal.* cxxiv. 2. As the mountains are about Jerusalem, so is the Lord about His people, from henceforth and for ever.

The Good Parson.

DRYDEN.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
(As God hath clothed his own ambassador;)
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore,
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last.
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd;
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres;)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heaven, and pains of hell,

And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But, on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forced himself to drive; but loved to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepared;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim His style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes his parish freely paid he took;
But never sued, or cursed with bell or book.
With patience bearing wrong, but offering none;
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare;
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
"True priests," he said, "and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store;
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief."

Wide was his parish: not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;

Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spared his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor dost he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold;
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day:
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squared;
That all might see the doctrine which they heard:
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd:)
For, when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate for his holy life he prized;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despised.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show:
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn;
In purple he was crucified, not born.

They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face,
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And His own work, as in creation bless'd.

The tempter saw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was disposed,
And high and low with happy Harry closed.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood!
Near though he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had Richard unconstrain'd resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.

Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.

The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.

He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue:
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.

Now, through the land, his care of souls he stretch'd,
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.

Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; loved by most, admired by all,
With what he begg'd, his brethren he relieved,
And gave the charities himself received.
Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us by the way with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

The Hurricane.

AUDUBON.

[JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the great American Naturalist, was born in 1780, and died in 1851. Till the close of his life he continued labouring as a draughtsman and a writer upon the zoology of his country. Beautifully has he described the scenes of his labours, "amid the tall grass of the far extended prairies of the west, in the solemn forests of the north, on the heights of midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosoms of our vast bays, lakes, and rivers,—searching for things hidden since the creation of this wondrous world from all but the Indian who has roamed in the gorgeous but melancholy wilderness."]

Various portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element even now brings with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were for once at least in the course of my life entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I though fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left to me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massy trunks, and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm,

that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers strewed, in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They were floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under

them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches, as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effect of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself by saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briers and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all those different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

The Introduction of Tea and Coffee.

D'ISRAELI.

[MR ISAAC D'ISRAELI, who died at the age of eighty-two, on Jan. 19, 1848, is principally known by his chief work, "The Curiosities of Literature," pub-

lished in 1791. This pleasant, gossiping miscellany, the result of extensive reading, is not distinguished for any of the higher qualities of authorship. It is neither brilliant nor profound. But, if not always accurate, it is never offensive; and we read the book with the same delight that we listen without effort to an agreeable and unpretending story-teller, who is fuller of his subject than of himself. His son, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, created Earl of Beaconsfield, earned for himself laurels, not only in the fields of literature, but also in the senate.]

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire; and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

In our own recollection, strange imaginations impeded the first period of vaccination; when some families, terrified by the warning of a physician, conceived their race would end in a species of Minotaurs.

We smile at the simplicity of the men of nature, for their mistaken notions at the first introduction among them of exotic novelties; and yet, even in civilised Europe, how long a time those whose profession, or whose reputation, regulate public opinion, are influenced by vulgar prejudices, often disguised under the imposing form of science! and when their ludicrous absurdities and obstinate prejudices enter into the matters of history, it is then we discover that they were only imposing on themselves and on others.

It is hardly credible, that on the first introduction of the Chinese leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment; or the American leaf, whose sedative fumes made it so long a universal favourite; or the Arabian berry, whose aroma exhilarates its European votaries; that the use of these harmless novelties should have spread consternation in the nations of Europe, and have been anathematised by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Yet this seems to have happened. Patin, who wrote so furiously against the introduction of antimony, spread the same alarm

at the use of tea, which he calls "l'impertinente nouveauté du siècle." In Germany, Hanneman considered tea-dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and Dr Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, suspected that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published against the use of this shrub, from various motives. In 1670, a Dutch writer says it was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay-water. "The progress of this famous plant," says an ingenious writer, "has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and established its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues."—"Edinburgh Review," 1816.

The history of the tea-shrub, written by Dr Lettsom, is usually referred to on this subject: I consider it little more than a plagiarism on Dr Short's learned and curious "Dissertation on Tea," 1730, 4to. Lettsom has superadded the solemn trifling of his moral and medical advice.

Those now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients nor those of the middle ages tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the use of this shrub are the casual notices of travellers, who seem to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it. A Russian ambassador, in 1639, who resided at the Court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of tea for the czar, "as it would only encumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The appearance of "a black water," and an acrid taste, seem not to have recommended it to the German Olearius, in 1633. Dr Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried with them great store of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese for tea; and received three or four pounds of tea for one of sage; but at length the

Dutch could not export a sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate, for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained; according to the common accounts, it came into England from Holland, in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity: the custom of drinking tea became fashionable, and a pound weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of the collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East India Companies, the honour of introducing its use into Europe may be claimed by both. Dr Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James I., for the first fleet set out in 1600: but had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty would have been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as 1641, for in a scarce "Treatise of Warm Beer," where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot in preference to cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Maffei's account, that "they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called *Chia*, hot." The word *Cha* is the Portugese term for tea, retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese: while our intercourse with the Chinese made us, no doubt, adopt their term *Theh*, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portugese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term *Bohea*, tea which comes from the country of *Vouhi*; and that of Hysor was the

name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

The best account of the early use, and the prices of tea in England, appears in the hand-bill of one who may be called our first Tea-maker. This curious hand-bill bears no date, but as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings in 1660, this bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have :—

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16*s.* to 50*s.* a pound."

Probably tea was not in general use domestically so late as in 1687 ; for in the diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, he registers that "Père Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drunk in China." Had his lordship been in the general habit of drinking tea, he had not, probably, made it a subject for his diary.

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. Yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour: that admirable traveller, Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople in 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informing him, that he should teach Europe

in what manner the Turks took what he calls "*Cahué*," or as the word is written in an Arabic and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford, in 1659, on "the nature of the drink *Kauhi* or coffee." As this celebrated traveller lived in 1652, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drunk at Rome: this remains for the discovery of some member of the "Arcadian Society." Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also "a Pilgrim," and well knew what was "*Coffa*," which "they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it; good they say for digestion and mirth."

It appears, by Le Grand's "Vie Privée des François," that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself nor its appearance was inviting: it was probably attributed by the gay to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups, in which it was poured, the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the Parisian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation, and in 1672, an Armenian at Paris, at the fair-time, opened a coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smoke and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect coffee-houses. A Florentine, one Procope, celebrated in his days as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices: he embellished his apartment, and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses, repaired to Procope's, where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to inhale the fresh and fragrant steam. Le Grand says, that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, Rousseau, &c., met; but the mild steams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so

many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortunes and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses in Paris. We, however, had the use before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his hand-bill, in which he sets forth,

"The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publiquely made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both in medicinal and domestic views. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to have been more universally used, as it still is on the Continent; and its use is connected with a resort for the idle and the curious: the history of coffee-houses is often that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people. Even in its native country the government discovered that extraordinary fact, and the use of the Arabian berry was more than once forbidden where it grows; for Ellis, in his "History of Coffee," 1774, refers to an Arabian MS. in the King of France's library, which shows that coffee-houses in Asia were sometimes suppressed. The same fate happened on its introduction into England.

Of the Lord's-Day.

CAVE.

TIME is a circumstance no less inseparable from religious actions than place, for man consisting of a soul and body cannot always be actually engaged in the service of God: that is the privilege

of angels, and souls freed from the fetters of mortality. So long as we are here, we must worship God with respect to our present state, and consequently of necessity have some definite and particular time to do it in. Now, that a man might not be left to a floating uncertainty in a matter of so great importance, in all ages and nations men have been guided by the very dictates of nature to pitch upon some certain seasons, wherein to assemble and meet together to perform the public offices of religion. What and how many were the public festivals instituted and observed, either amongst Jews or Gentiles, I am not concerned to take notice of. For the ancient Christians, they ever had their peculiar seasons, their solemn and stated times of meeting together to perform the common duties of divine worship; of which, because the Lord's-day challenges the precedency of all the rest, we shall begin first with that. And being unconcerned in all the controversies which in the late times were raised about it, I shall only note some instances of the piety of Christians in reference to this day, which I have observed in passing through the writers of those times.

For the name of this day of public worship, it is sometimes, especially by Justin Martyr and Tertullian, called Sunday, because it happened upon that day of the week which by the heathens was dedicated to the sun; and therefore as being best known to them, the Fathers commonly made use of it in their Apologies to the heathen governors. This title continued after the world became Christians, and seldom it is that it passes under any other name in the imperial edicts of the first Christian emperors. But the more proper and prevailing name was Κυριακη, or *Dies Dominica*, the Lord's-day, as it is called by St John himself, as being that day of the week whereon our Lord made His triumphant return from the dead. This, Justin Martyr assures us, was the original of the title. "Upon Sunday," says he, "we all assemble and meet together, as being the first day wherein God, parting the darkness from the rude chaos, created the world, and the same day whereon Jesus Christ our Saviour rose again from the dead; for He was crucified the day before Saturday, and the day after (which is Sunday) He appeared to His apostles and

disciples;" by this means observing a kind of analogy and proportion with the Jewish Sabbath, which had been instituted by God himself. For as that day was kept as a commemoration of God's Sabbath, or resting from the works of creation, so was this set apart to religious uses, as the solemn memorial of Christ's resting from the work of our redemption in this world, completed upon the day of His resurrection. Which brings into my mind that custom of theirs so universally common in those days, that whereas at other times they kneeled at prayers, on the Lord's-day they always prayed standing, as is expressly affirmed both by Justin Martyr, and Tertullian; the reason of which we find in the authors of the Questions and Answers in Justin Martyr. "It is," says he, "that by this means we may be put in mind both of our fall by sin, and our resurrection or restitution by the grace of Christ: that for six days we pray upon our knees, as in token of our fall by sin: but that on the Lord's-day we do not bow the knee, does symbolically represent our resurrection by which through the grace of Christ we are delivered from our sins, and the power of death." This, he there tells us, was a custom derived from the very times of the apostles, for which he cites Irenæus in his book concerning Easter; and this custom was maintained with so much vigour, that, when some began to neglect it, the great council of Nice took notice of it, and ordained that there should be a constant uniformity in this case, and that on the Lord's-day (and at such times as were usual) men should stand when they made their prayers to God. So fit and reasonable did they think it to do all possible honour to that day on which Christ rose from the dead. Therefore, we may observe, all along, in the sacred story, that after Christ's resurrection the apostles and primitive Christians did especially assemble upon the first day of the week: and, whatever they might do at other times, yet there are many passages that intimate that the first day of the week was their most solemn time of meeting. On this day it was that they were met together when our Saviour first appeared to them, and so again the next week after: and on this day they were assembled when the Holy Ghost so visibly

came down upon them, when Peter preached that excellent sermon, converted and baptized three thousand souls. Thus, when St Paul was taking his leave at Troas, upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, *i.e.*, as almost all agree, to celebrate the holy Sacrament, he preached to them, sufficiently intimating that upon that day it was their usual custom to meet in that manner, and elsewhere giving directions to the church of Corinth (as he had done in the like to other churches) concerning their contributions to the poor suffering brethren, he bids them lay it aside upon the first day of the week, which seems plainly to respect their religious assemblies upon that day, for then it was that every one according to his ability deposited something for the relief of the poor, and the uses of the Church.

After the apostles the Christians constantly observed this day, meeting together for prayer, expounding and hearing of the Scriptures, celebration of the Sacraments, and other public duties of religion. "Upon the day called Sunday," says Justin Martyr, "all of us that live either in city or country meet together in one place;" and what they then did he there describes, of which afterwards. This, doubtless, Pliny meant, when, giving Trajan an account of the Christians, he tells him that they were wont to meet together to worship Christ *stato die*, upon a set certain day; by which he can be reasonably understood to design no other but the Lord's-day; for, though they probably met at other times, yet he takes notice of this only, either because the Christians whom he had examined, had not told him of their meeting at other times, or because this was their most public and solemn convention, and which in a manner swallowed up the rest. By the violent persecutions of those times the Christians were forced to meet together before day. So Pliny in the same place tells the emperor that they assembled before daylight to sing their morning hymns to Christ, whence it is that Tertullian so often mentions these nocturnal convocations. This gave occasion to their spiteful adversaries to calumniate and asperse them. The heathen in Minucius charges them with their night congregations, upon

which account they are there scornfully called *latebrosa et lucifugax natio*, an "obscure and skulking generation;" and the very first thing that Celsus objects to is, that the Christians had private and clancular [secret] assemblies, or combinations. To which Origen answers, "that, if it were so, they might thank them for it who would not suffer them to exercise it more openly; that the Christian doctrine was sufficiently evident and obvious, and better known through the world than the opinions and sentiments of their best philosophers; and that, if there were some mysteries in the Christian religion which were not communicated to every one, it was no other thing than what was common in the several sects of their own philosophy. But to return.

They looked upon the Lord's-day as a time to be celebrated with great expressions of joy, as being the happy memory of Christ's resurrection, and accordingly restrained whatever might savour of sorrow and sadness. Fasting on that day they prohibited with the greatest severity, accounting it utterly unlawful, as Tertullian informs us. It was a very bitter censure that of Ignatius, (or of whosoever that epistle was, for certainly it was not his,) that whoever fasts on a Lord's-day is a murderer of Christ. However, it is certain that they never fasted on those days, no, not in the time of Lent itself; nay, the Montanists, though otherwise great pretenders to fasting and mortification, did yet abstain from it on the Lord's-day. And, as they accounted it a joyful and good day, so they did whatever they thought might contribute to the honour of it. No sooner was Constantine come over to the Church, but his principal care was about the Lord's-day. He commanded it to be solemnly observed, and that by all persons whatsoever. He made it to all a day of rest; that men might have nothing to do but to worship God, and be better instructed in the Christian faith, and spend their whole time without anything to hinder them in prayer and devotion, according to the custom and discipline of the Church. And for those in his army, who yet remained in their paganism and infidelity, he commanded them upon Lord's-days to go out into the fields, and there pour out their souls in hearty prayers

to God; and, that none might pretend their own inability to the duty, he himself composed and gave them a short form of prayer, which he enjoined them to make use of every Lord's-day: so careful was he that this day should not be dishonoured or misemployed, even by those who were yet strangers and enemies to Christianity. He moreover ordained that there should be no courts of judicature open upon this day, no suits or trials at law; but that for any works of mercy, such as emancipating and setting free of slaves or servants, this might be done. That there should be no suits nor demanding debts upon this day was confirmed by several laws of succeeding emperors; and that no arbitrators, who had the umpirage of any business lying before them, should at that time have power to determine to take up litigious causes, penalties being entailed upon any that transgressed herein. Theodosius the Great, anno 386, by a second law ratified one which he had passed long before, wherein he expressly prohibited all public shows upon the Lord's-day, that the worship of God might not be confounded with those profane solemnities. This law the younger Theodosius some years after confirmed and enlarged, enacting, that on the Lord's-day (and some other festivals there mentioned) not only Christians, but even Jews and heathens, should be restrained from the pleasure of all sights and spectacles, and the theatres be shut up in every place; and whereas it might so happen that the birthday or inauguration of the emperor might fall upon that day, therefore to let the people know how infinitely he preferred the honour of God, before the concerns of his own majesty and greatness, he commanded that, if it should so happen, that then the imperial solemnity should be put off, and deferred till another day.

I shall take notice but of one instance more of their great observance of this day, and that was their constant attendance upon the solemnities of public worship. They did not think it enough to read and pray and praise God at home, but made conscience of appearing in the public assemblies, from which nothing but sickness and absolute necessity did detain them: and if sick, or in prison, or under banishment, nothing troubled them

more than that they could not come to church, and join their devotions to the common services. If persecution at any time forced them to keep a little close, yet no sooner was there the least mitigation, but they presently returned to their open duty, and publicly met all together. No trivial pretences, no light excuses, were then admitted for any one's absence from the congregation, but, according to the merit of the cause, severe censures were passed upon them. The synod at Illiberis provided that if any man dwelling in a city (where usually churches were nearest hand) should for three Lord's-days absent himself from the church, he should for some time be suspended the communion, that he might appear to be corrected for his fault.

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

ANONYMOUS.

Ere yet the evening star, with silver ray,
Sheds its mild lustre on this Sacred Day,
Let us resume with thankful hearts again
The rites that Heaven and holiness ordain.

Still let those precious truths our thoughts engage,
Which shine revealed on inspiration's page;
Nor those blest hours in vanity be passed,
Which all who lavish will lament at last.

And as yon sun descending rolls away,
To rise in glory at returning day,
So may we set, our transient being o'er,
So rise in glory on the eternal shore.

Character of Colonel Hutchinson.

MRS HUTCHINSON.

[THE "Life of Colonel Hutchinson," one of the Parliamentary leaders in the time of Charles I., written by his widow Lucy, is one of the most delightful of our English Memoirs. In those days of strife and domestic anxiety, it is touching to know what solace there was for the good men of either party, in the deep affection for their husbands of such wives as Mrs Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe. The following extract is an address entitled, "Mrs Hutchinson to her Children, concerning their Father."]

To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another, till in a short time he arrived to that height which many longer lives could never reach; and, had I but the power of rightly disposing and relating them, his single example would be more instructive than all the rules of the best moralist, for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of His Spirit; therefore, in the head of all his virtues, I shall set that which was the head and spring of them all, his Christianity—for this alone is the true royal blood that runs through the whole body of virtue, and every pretender to that glorious family, who hath no tincture of it, is an impostor and a spurious brat. This is that sacred fountain which baptizeth all the gentle virtues that so immortalise the names of Cicero, Plutarch, Seneca, and all the old philosophers: herein they are regenerated, and take a new name and nature; digged up in the wilderness of nature, and dipped in this living spring, they are planted, and flourish, in the Paradise of God.

By Christianity I intend that universal habit of grace which is wrought in a soul by the regenerating Spirit of God, whereby the whole creature is resigned up into the divine will and love, and all its actions designed to the obedience and glory of its Maker. As soon as he had improved his natural understanding with the acquisition of learning, the first studies he exercised himself in were principles of religion, and the first knowledge he laboured for was a knowledge of God, which, by a diligent examination of the Scripture and the several doctrines of great men pretending that ground, he at length obtained. Afterward, when he had laid a sure and orthodox foundation in the doctrine of the free grace of God given us by Jesus Christ, he began to survey the superstructures, and to discover much of the hay and stubble of man's inventions in God's worship, which His Spirit burnt up in the day of their trial. His faith being established in the truth, he was full of love to God and all His saints. He hated persecution for religion, and was always a champion for all religious people against all their great oppressors. He detested all scoffs at any practice

of worship, though such a one as he was not persuaded of. Whatever he practised in religion was neither for faction nor advantage, but contrary to it, and purely for conscience' sake. As he hated outsides in religion, so could he worse endure those apostasies and those denials of the Lord and base compliances with His adversaries, which timorous men practise under the name of prudent and just condescensions to avoid persecution.

Christianity being in him as the fountain of all his virtues, and diffusing itself into every stream, that of his prudence falls into the next mention. He from a child was wise, and sought to by many that might have been his fathers for counsel, which he could excellently give to himself and others; and whatever cross event in any of his affairs may give occasion to fools to overlook the wisdom of the design, yet he had as great a foresight, as strong a judgment, as clear an apprehension of men and things as no man more. He had rather a firm impression than a great memory, yet he was forgetful of nothing but injuries. His own integrity made him credulous of other men's, till reason and experience convinced him, and as unapt to believe cautions which could not be received without entertaining ill opinions of men, yet he had wisdom enough never to commit himself to a traitor, though he was once wickedly betrayed by friends whom necessity and not mistake forced him to trust. He was as ready to hear as to give counsel, and never pertinacious in his will when his reason was convinced. There was no opinion which he was most settled in either concerning divine or human things but he would patiently and impartially have it debated. In matters of faith his reason always submitted to the word of God, and what he could not comprehend he would believe because it was written; but in all other things, the greatest names in the world could never lead him without reason: he would deliberate when there was time, but never lost an opportunity of anything that was to be done by tedious dispute. He would hear as well as speak, and yet never spoke impertinently or unseasonably. He very well understood himself his own advantages, natural parts, gifts and acquirements, yet so as neither to glory of them to others,

nor overvalue himself for them, for he had an excellent virtuous modesty, which shut out all vanity of mind, and yet admitted that true understanding of himself which was requisite for the best improvement of all his talents; he no less understood and was more heedful to remark his defects, imperfections, and disadvantages, but that too only to excite his circumspection concerning them, not to damp his spirit in any noble enterprise. He had a noble spirit of government, both in civil, military, and œcumenical administrations, which forced even from unwilling subjects a love and reverence of him, and endeared him to the souls of those rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck an awe of him into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love. He had a clear discerning of men's spirits, and knew how to give every one their just weight; he contemned none that were not wicked, in whatever low degree of nature or fortune they were otherwise: wherever he saw wisdom, learning, or other virtues in men, he honoured them highly, and admired them to their full rate; but never gave himself blindly up to the conduct of the greatest master. Love itself, which was as powerful in his as in any soul, rather quickened than blinded the eyes of his judgment in discerning the imperfections of those that were most dear to him. His soul ever reigned as king in the internal throne, and never was captive to his sense: religion and reason, its two favoured councillors, took order that all the passions, kept within their own just bounds, there did him good service, and furthered the public weal. He found such felicity in that proportion of wisdom that he enjoyed, as he was a great lover of that which advanced it, learning and the arts, which he not only honoured in others, but had by his industry arrived to be a far greater scholar than is absolutely requisite for a gentleman. He had many excellent attainments, but he no less evidenced his wisdom in knowing how to rank and use them, than in gaining them. He had wit enough to have been both subtle and cunning, but he so abhorred dissimulation that I cannot say he was either. Greatness of courage would not suffer him to put on a vizard, to secure him from any: to retire into the shadow of privacy and

silence was all his prudence could effect in him. It will be as hard to say which was the predominant virtue in him, as which is so in its own nature. He was as excellent in justice as in wisdom —the greatest advantage, nor the greatest danger, nor the dearest interest or friend in the world could not prevail on him to prevent justice even to an enemy. He never professed the thing he intended not, nor promised what he believed out of his own power, nor failed the performance of anything that was in his power to fulfil. Never fearing anything he could suffer for the truth, he never at any time would refrain a true or give a false witness; he loved truth so much that he hated even sportive lies and gulleries. He was so just to his own honour that he many times forbore things lawful and delightful to him, rather than he would give any one occasion of scandal. Of all lies he most hated hypocrisy in religion, either to comply with changing governments or persons, without a real persuasion of conscience, or to practise holy things to get the applause of men or any advantage. As in religion, so in friendship, he never professed love when he had it not, nor disguised hate or aversion, which indeed he never had to any party or person, but to their sins: and loved even his bitterest enemies so well that I am witness how his soul mourned for them, and how heartily he desired their conversion. If he were defective in any part of justice, it was when it was in his power to punish those who had injured him, when I have so often known him to recompense with favours instead of revenge, that his friends used to tell him, if they had any occasion to make him favourably partial to them, they would provoke him by an injury. He was as faithful and constant to his friends as merciful to his enemies, nothing grieved him more than to be obliged when he could not hope to return it. He that was a rock to all assaults of might and violence, was the greatest easy soul to kindness, that the least warm spark of that melted him into anything that was not sinful.

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Nor was his soul less shining in honour than in love. Piety being still the bond of all his other virtues, there was nothing he

durst not do or suffer, but sin against God, and therefore, as he never regarded his life in any noble or just enterprise, so he never staked it in any rash or unwarrantable hazard. He was never surprised, amazed, or confounded with great difficulties and dangers, which rather served to animate than distract his spirits; he had made up his accounts with life and death, and fixed his purpose to entertain both honourably, so that no accident ever dismayed him, but he rather rejoiced in such troublesome conflicts as might signalise his generosity. A truer or more lively valour there never was in any man, but, in all his actions, it ever marched in the same file with wisdom. He understood well, and as well performed when he undertook it, the military art in all parts of it: he naturally loved the employment, as it suited with his active temper more than any, conceiving a mutual delight in leading those men that loved his conduct: and, when he commanded soldiers never was man more loved and reverenced by all who were under him; for he would never condescend to them in anything they mutinously sought, nor suffer them to seek what it was fit for him to provide, but prevented them by his loving care; and, while he exercised his authority in no way but in keeping them to their just duty, they joyed as much in his commands as he in their obedience: he was very liberal to them, but ever chose just times and occasions to exercise it. I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous or less proud; he never disclaimed the meanest person nor flattered the greatest: he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest labourers, but still so ordering his familiarity as it never raised them to a contempt, but entertained still at the same time a reverence with love of him; he ever preserved himself in his own rank, neither being proud of it so as to despise any inferior, nor letting fall that just decorum which his honour obliged him to keep up. He was as far from envy of superiors as from contemning them that were under him: he was above the ambition of vain titles, and so well contented with the even ground of a gentleman, that no invitation could have prevailed upon him to advance one step that way; he loved sub

stantial not airy honour: as he was above seeking or delighting in empty titles for himself, so he neither denied nor envied any man's due precedency, but pitied those that took a glory in that which had no foundation of virtue. As little did he seek after popular applause or pride himself in it, if at any time it cried up his just deserts; he more delighted to do well than to be praised, and never set vulgar commendations at such a rate as to act contrary to his own conscience or reason for the obtaining them, nor would forbear a good action which he was bound to, though all the world disliked it, for he never looked on things as they were in themselves, nor through the dim spectacles of vulgar estimation. As he was far from a vain affectation of popularity, so he never neglected that just care that an honest man ought to have of his reputation, and was as careful to avoid the appearances of evil as evil itself; but, if he were evil spoken of for truth or righteousness' sake, he rejoiced in taking up the reproach; which all good men that dare bear their testimony against an evil generation must suffer. Though his zeal for truth and virtue caused the wicked, with the sharp edges of their malicious tongues, to attempt to shave off the glories from his head, yet his honour, springing from the vast root of virtue, did but grow the thicker and more beautiful for all their endeavours to cut it off. He was as free from avarice as from ambition and pride. Never had any man a more contented and thankful heart for the estate that God had given, but it was a very narrow compass for the exercise of his great heart. He loved hospitality as much as he hated riot: he could contentedly be without things beyond his reach, though he took very much pleasure in all those noble delights that exceeded not his faculties. In those things that were of mere pleasure, he loved not to aim at that he could not attain; he would rather wear clothes absolutely plain, than pretending to gallantry, and would rather choose to have none than mean jewels or pictures, and such other things as were not of absolute necessity: he would rather give nothing than a base reward or present; and, upon that score lived very much retired, though his nature was very sociable, and delighted in going into and re-

ceiving company, because his fortune would not allow him to do it in such a noble manner as suited with his mind. He was so truly magnanimous, that prosperity could never lift him up in the least, nor give him any tincture of pride or vain glory, nor diminish a general affability, courtesy, and civility, that he had always to all persons. When he was most exalted, he was most merciful and compassionate to those that were humbled. At the same time that he vanquished any enemy, he cast away all his ill-will to him, and entertained thoughts of love and kindness as soon as he had ceased to be in a posture of opposition. He was as far from meanness as from pride, as truly generous as humble, and showed his noble spirit more in adversity than in his prosperous condition: he vanquished all the spite of his enemies by his manly suffering, and all the contempts they could cast upon him were their, not his, shame.

The Death of Socrates.

PLATO.

[FROM TAYLOR'S TRANSLATION OF THE "PHÆDON."]

[A CELEBRATED philosopher of Athens, son of Aristo and Parectonia. His original name was Aristocles, and he received that of Plato from the largeness of his shoulders. As one of the descendants of Codrus, and the offspring of a noble, illustrious, and opulent family, Plato was educated with care, his body formed and invigorated with gymnastic exercises, and his mind cultivated and enlightened by the study of poetry and geometry, from which he derived that warmth of imagination, and acuteness of judgment, which have stamped his character as the most flowery and subtle writer of antiquity. It is from the writings of Plato chiefly that we are to form a judgment of his merit as a philosopher, and of the service which he rendered to science. No one can be conversant with these without perceiving that his diction always retained a strong tincture of that poetical spirit which he discovered in his first productions. This is the principal ground of those lofty encomiums, which both ancient and modern critics have passed on his language, and particularly of the high estimation in which it was held by Cicero, who, treating of the subject of language, says, "that if Jupiter were to speak in the Greek tongue, he would use the language of Plato." The accurate Stagyrite describes it as "a middle species of diction, between verse and prose." Some of his *Dialogues* are elevated by

such sublime and glowing conceptions, enriched with such copious diction, and flow in so harmonious a rhythm, that they may be truly called highly poetical. Even in the discussion of abstract subjects, the language of Plato is often clear, simple, and full of harmony.]

When he had thus spoken, "Be it so, Socrates," said Criton; "but what orders do you leave to those who are present, or to myself, either respecting your children, or anything else, in the execution of which we should most gratify you?" "What I always do say, Criton, (he replied,) nothing new: that if you pay due attention to yourselves, do what you will, you will always do what is acceptable to myself, to my family, and to your own selves, though you should not now promise me anything. But if

you neglect yourselves, and are unwilling to live following the track, as it were, of what I have said both now and heretofore, you will do nothing the more, though you should now promise many things, and that with earnestness." "We shall take care therefore," said Criton, "so to act. But how would you be buried?" "Just as you please, (said he,) if you can but catch me, and I not elude your pursuit." And at the same time gently

laughing, and addressing himself to us, "I cannot persuade Criton," he said, "my friends, that I am that Socrates who now disputes with you, and methodises every part of the discourse, but he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how I ought to be buried. But all that long discourse which some time since I addressed to you, in which I asserted that after I had drunk the poison I should no longer remain with you, but should depart to certain felicities of the blessed, this I seem to have declared to him in vain, though it was undertaken to console both you and myself. Be surety, therefore, for me to Criton, to the reverse of that, for which he became surety for me to the judges; for he was my bail that I should remain; but be you my bail that I shall not remain when I die, but shall depart hence, that Criton may bear it the more easily, and may not be affected when he sees my body burned or buried, as if I were suffering some dreadful misfortune; and that he may not say at my interment, that Socrates is laid out, or is carried out, or is buried. For be well assured of this, my friend Criton, that when we speak amiss we are not only blamable as to our expressions, but likewise do some evil to our souls. But it is fit to be of good heart, and to say that my body will be buried, and to bury it in such manner as may be most pleasing to yourself, and as you may esteem it most agreeable to our laws."

When he had thus spoken, he arose, and went into another room, that he might wash himself, and Criton followed him: but he ordered us to wait for him. We waited therefore accordingly, discoursing over, and reviewing among ourselves what had been said; and sometimes speaking about his death, how great a calamity it would be to us; and sincerely thinking that we, like those who are deprived of their fathers, should pass the rest of our life in the condition of orphans. But when he had washed himself, his sons were brought to him, (for he had two little ones, and one older,) and the women belonging to his family likewise came in to him; but when he had spoken to them before Criton, and had left them such injunctions as he thought proper, he ordered the boys and women to depart, and he himself returned

to us. And it was now near the setting of the sun; for he had been away in the inner room for a long time. But when he came in from bathing he sat down and did not speak much afterwards: for then the servant of the Eleven * came in, and, standing near him, "I do not perceive that in you, Socrates," said he, "which I have taken notice of in others; I mean that they are angry with me, and curse me, when, being compelled by the magistrates, I announce to them that they must drink the poison. But, on the contrary, I have found you to the present time to be the most generous, mild, and best of all the men that ever came into this place; and therefore I am well convinced that you are not angry with me, but with the authors of your present condition, for you know who they are. Now, therefore, (for you know what I came to tell you,) farewell; and endeavour to bear this necessity as easily as possible." And, at the same time, bursting into tears, and turning himself away, he departed. But Socrates, looking after him, said, "And thou, too, farewell; and we shall take care to act as you advise." And at the same time, turning to us, "How courteous," he said, "is the behaviour of that man! During the whole time of my abode here, he has visited me, and often conversed with me, and proved himself to be the best of men; and now how generously he weeps on my account! But let us obey him, Criton, and let some one bring the poison, if it is bruised; and if not, let the man whose business it is bruise it." "But, Socrates," said Criton, "I think that the sun still hangs over the mountains, and is not set yet. And at the same time, I have known others who have drunk the poison very late, after it was announced to them; who have supped and drunk abundantly. Therefore, do not be in such haste, for there is yet time enough." Socrates replied, "Such men, Criton, act fitly in the manner in which you have described, for they think to derive some advantage from so doing; and I also with propriety shall not act in this manner. For I do not think I shall gain anything by drinking it later, except becoming ridiculous to myself through desiring to live, and being sparing of life, when nothing of it any

* Athenian magistrates, who had the charge of executing criminals.

longer remains. Go, therefore," said he, "be persuaded, and comply with my request."

Then Criton, hearing this, gave a sign to the boy that stood near him; and the boy departing, and having stayed for some time, came back with a person that was to administer the poison, who brought it pounded in a cup. And Socrates, looking at the man, said, "Well, my friend, (for you are knowing in these matters,) what is to be done?" "Nothing," he said, "but, after you have drunk it, to walk about, until a heaviness takes place in your legs, and then to lie down: this is the manner in which you have to act." And at the same time he extended the cup to Socrates. And Socrates taking it—and, indeed, Echecrates—with great cheerfulness, neither trembling nor suffering any change for the worse in his colour or countenance, but as he was used to do, looking up sternly at the man, "What say you," he said, "as to making a libation from this potion? may I do it or not?" "We can only bruise as much, Socrates," he said, "as we think sufficient for the purpose." "I understand you," he said; "but it is both lawful and proper to pray to the gods that my departure from hence thither may be prosperous: which I entreat them to grant may be the case." And, so saying, he stopped, and drank the poison very readily and pleasantly. And thus far indeed the greater part of us were tolerably well able to refrain from weeping: but when we saw him drinking, and that he had drunk it, we could no longer restrain our tears. And from me, indeed, in spite of my efforts, they flowed, and not drop by drop; so that, wrapping myself in my mantle, I bewailed myself, not indeed for his misfortune, but for my own, considering what a companion I should be deprived of. But Criton, who was not able to restrain his tears, was compelled to rise before me. And Apollodorus, who during the whole time prior to this had not ceased from weeping, then wept aloud with great bitterness, so that he infected all who were present except Socrates. But Socrates, upon seeing this, exclaimed, "What are you doing, you strange men! In truth, I principally sent away the women lest they should produce a disturbance of this kind; for I have heard that it is proper to

die among well-omened sounds. Be quiet, therefore, and maintain your fortitude." And when we heard this we were ashamed, and restrained our tears. But he, when he found during his walking about that his legs became heavy, and had told us so, laid himself down on his back. For the man had told him to do so. And at the same time, he who gave him the poison, touching him at intervals, examined his feet and legs. And then, pressing very hard on his foot, he asked him if he felt it. But Socrates answered that he did not. And after this he pressed his thighs, and thus, going upwards, he showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates also touched himself, and said that when the poison touched his heart he should then depart. But now the lower part of his body was almost cold; when, uncovering himself (for he was covered) he said, (and these were his last words,) "Criton, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Discharge this debt, therefore, for me, and do not neglect it." "It shall be done," said Criton; "but consider whether you have any other commands." To this inquiry of Criton he made no reply; but shortly after he moved himself, and the man uncovered him. And Socrates fixed his eyes; which, when Criton perceived, he closed his mouth and eyes. Thus, Echecrates, was the end of our companion; a man, as it appears to me, the best of those whom we were acquainted with at that time, and, besides this, the most prudent and just.

Robin Hood.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

[ALLAN CUNNINGHAM was born at Blackwood, near Dumfries, in 1784. His parents were in humble circumstances, though not of humble descent. He was apprenticed to a stone-mason at the early age of eleven, so that he was essentially one of the self-taught. His decided vocation was to literature; and when he came to London in 1810 he supported himself by writing in the Magazines and reporting for Newspapers. But his honest trade gave him honourable employment, and enabled him to cultivate his more congenial tastes. He was engaged in 1814 by Chantrey, the sculptor, in his workshop; and gradually became the manager of his extensive business—for so the monu-

factory of a great sculptor must be called. In his leisure hours Cunningham laboured assiduously as an author in the departments of romance, poetry, biography, and criticism. But his fame will chiefly rest upon his songs; some of which have not been excelled by the most illustrious of the song-writers of Scotland. These are collected into a small volume. The following account of the "Robin-Hood Ballads" appeared in the "Penny Magazine." Allan Cunningham died in 1842.]

The ballads devoted to the exploits of Robin Hood and his whole company of outlaws are amongst the most popular of those interesting remembrances of the past. They breathe of the inflexible heart and honest joyousness of old England: there is more of the national character in them than in all the songs of classic bards or the theories of ingenious philosophers. They are numerous, too, and fill two handsome volumes. Though Ritson, an editor ridiculously minute and scrupulous, admitted but eight-and-twenty into his edition, the number might be extended, for the songs in honour of bold Robin were for centuries popular all over the isle; and were they now out of print might be restored, and with additions, from the recitation of thousands, north as well as south. Though modified in their language during their oral transmission from the days of King John till the printing-press took them up, they are in sense and substance undoubtedly ancient. They are the work, too, of sundry hands: some have a Scottish tone, others taste of the English border; but the chief and most valuable portion belongs to Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire; and all—and this includes those with a Scotch sound—are in a true and hearty English taste and spirit.

A few of these ballads are probably the work of some joyous yeoman, who loved to range the green woods and enjoy the liberty and licence which they afforded; but we are inclined to regard them chiefly as the production of the rural ballad-maker, a sort of inferior minstrel, who to the hinds and husbandmen was both bard and historian, and cheered their firesides with rude rhymes, and ruder legends, in which the district heroes and the romantic stories of the peasantry were introduced with such

embellishments as the taste of the reciter considered acceptable. These ballads, graphic as they are, will by some be pronounced rude: we must admit too that they are often inharmonious and deficient in that sequence of sound which critics in these our latter days desire: but the eye, in the times when they were composed, was not called, as now, to the judgment-seat; and the ear —for music accompanied without overpowering the words—was satisfied with anything like similarity of sounds. The ballad-maker therefore was little solicitous about the flow of his words, the harmony of balanced quantities, or the clink of his rhymes. His compositions, delighting as they did our ancestors, sound rough and harsh in the educated ear of our own times, for our taste is delicate in matters of smoothness and melody. They are, however, full of incident and of human character; they reflect the manners and feelings of remote times; they delineate much that the painter has not touched and the historian forgotten; they express, but without acrimony, a sense of public injury or of private wrong; nay, they sometimes venture into the regions of fancy, and give pictures in the spirit of romance. A hearty relish for fighting and fun; a scorn of all that is skulking and cowardly; a love of whatever is free and manly and warm-hearted; a hatred of all oppressors, clerical and lay; and a sympathy for those who loved a merry joke, either practical or spoken, distinguish the ballads of Robin Hood.

The personal character as well as history of the bold outlaw is stamped on every verse. Against luxurious bishops and tyrannic sheriffs his bow was ever bent and his arrow in the string; he attacked and robbed, and sometimes slew, the latter without either compunction or remorse; in his more humoursome moods he contented himself with enticing them in the guise of a butcher or a potter, with the hope of a good bargain, into the green wood, where he first made merry and then fleeced them, making them to dance to such music as his forest afforded, or join with Friar Tuck in hypocritical thanksgiving for the justice and mercy they had experienced. Robin's eyes brightened and his language grew poetical when he was aware of the approach of some swollen

pluralist—a Dean of Carlisle or an Abbot of St Mary's—with sumpter-horses carrying tithes and dining-gear, and a slender train of attendants. He would meet him with great meekness and humility: thank our Lady for having sent a man at once holy and rich into her servant's sylvan diocese; inquire too about the weight of his purse, as if desirous to augment it; but woe to the victim who, with gold in his pocket, set up a plea of poverty. "Kneel, holy man," Robin would then say, "kneel, and beg of the saint who rules thy abbey-stead to send money for thy present wants;" and, as the request was urged by quarter-staff and sword, the prayer was a rueful one, while the gold which a search in the prelate's mails discovered was facetiously ascribed to the efficacy of his intercession with his patron saint, and gravely parted between the divine and the robber.

Robin Hood differed from all other patriots—for patriot he was—of whom we read in tale or history. Wallace, to whom he has been compared, was a high-souled man of a sterner stamp, who loved better to see tyrants die than gain all the gold the world had to give; and Rob Roy, to whom the poet of Rydal Mount has likened the outlaw of Sherwood, had little of the merry humour and romantic courtesy of Bold Robin. This seems to have arisen more from the nature than the birth of the man; he was no lover of blood, nay, he delighted in sparing those who sought his life when they fell into his power; and he was beyond all examples, even of knighthood, tender and thoughtful about women: even when he prayed, he preferred our Lady to all the other saints in the calendar. Next to the ladies, he loved the yeomanry of England; he molested no hind at the plough, no thresher in the barn, no shepherd with his flocks; he was the friend and protector of husbandman and hind, and woe to the priest who fleeced, or the noble that oppressed them. The widow too and the fatherless he looked upon as under his care, and wheresoever he went some old woman was ready to do him a kindness for a saved son or a rescued husband.

The personal strength of the outlaw was not equal to his activity; but his wit so far excelled his might that he never found

use for the strength which he had—so well did he form his plans and work out all his stratagems. If his chief delight was to meet with a fierce sheriff or a purse-proud priest, "all under the green-wood-tree," his next was to encounter some burly groom who refused to give place to the king of the forest, and was ready to make good his right of way with cudgel or sword; the tinker, who, with his crab-tree staff, "made Robin's sword cry twang," was a fellow of their stamp. With such companions he recruited his bands when death or desertion thinned them, and it seemed that to be qualified for his service it was necessary to excel him at the use of the sword or the quarter staff; his skill in the bow was not so easily approached. He was a man too of winning manners and captivating address, for his eloquence, united with his woodland cheer, sometimes prevailed on the very men who sought his life to assume his livery, and try the pleasures which Barnesdale or Plompton afforded.

The high blood of Robin seems to have been doubted by Sir Walter Scott, who, in the character of Locksley, makes the traditionary Earl of Huntingdon but a better sort of rustic, with manners rather of a franklin than a noble. Popular belief is, however, too much even for the illustrious author of "Ivanhoe," and bold Robin will remain an earl while woods grow and waters run. He was born, it is believed, in Nottinghamshire in the year 1160, and during the reign of Henry II. In his youth he was extravagant and wild, dissipated part of his patrimony, and was juggled out of the remainder by the united powers of a sheriff and an abbot. This made him desperate, drove him to the woods: and in the extensive forests which reached from Nottingham over several counties he lived a free life with comrades whom his knowledge of character collected, and who soon learned to value a man who planned enterprises with judgment, and executed them with intrepidity and success. He soon became famous over the whole island, and with captains after his own heart, such as Little John, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck, and Allan-a-Dale, he ranged at will through the woodlands, the terror alike of the wealthy and the tyrannic. Nay, tradition, as well as ballad,

avers, that a young lady of beauty, if not of rank, loved his good looks as well as his sylvan licence so much, that she accompanied him in many of his expeditions.

"In these forests," says Ritson, "and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independent sovereign; at perpetual war with the king of England and all his subjects, with the exception, however, of the poor and the needy, or such as were desolate and oppressed, or stood in need of his protection." This wild life had for Robin charms of its own; it suited the taste of a high but irregular mind to brave all the constituted authorities in the great litigated rights of free forestry; the deer with which the wood swarmed afforded food for all who had the art to bend a bow; and a ruined tower, a shepherd's hut, a cavern, or a thicket,

"When leaves were sharp and long,"

gave such a shelter as men who were not scrupulous about bed or toilet desired; while wealthy travellers or churchmen abounding in tithes supplied them, though reluctantly, with Lincoln green for doublets and wine for their festivals. Into Robin's mode of life the poet Drayton, who might have been a striker of deer in his day, has entered with equal knowledge and spirit:

"An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellows' winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill.
Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which below their arms their sheafs were buckled fast:
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted was a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard long:
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or butt, or prick, or roving shaft.
Their arrows finely paired for timber and for feather,
With birch and brazil pierced to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
They loose gave such a twang as might be heard a mile."

Nor was the poet unaware of the way in which Robin maintained all this bravery:—

> "From wealthy abbots' chests and churls' abundant store
> What oftentimes he took he shared amongst the poor;
> No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
> To him, before he went, but for his pass must pay."

In that wild way, and with no better means than his ready wit and his matchless archery, Robin baffled two royal invasions of Sherwood and Barnesdale, repelled with much effusion of blood half a score of incursions made by errant knights and armed sheriffs, and, unmoved by either the prayers or the thunders of the Church, he reigned and ruled till age crept upon him, and illness, arising from his exposure to summer's heat and winter's cold, followed, and made him, for the first time, seek the aid of a leech. This was a fatal step: the lancet of his cousin, the Prioress of Kirklees Nunnery, in Yorkshire, to whom he had recourse in his distress, freed both Church and State from further alarm by treacherously bleeding him to death. "Such," exclaims Ritson, more moved than common, "was the end of Robin Hood; a man who, in a barbarous age and under complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence which has endeared him to the common people whose cause he maintained, and which, in spite of the malicious endeavours of pitiful monks, by whom history was consecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and sainted idiots, to suppress all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal."

The personal character of Robin Hood stands high in the pages of both history and poetry. Fordun, a priest, extols his piety; Major pronounces him the most humane of robbers; and Camden, a more judicious authority, calls him the gentlest of thieves, while in the pages of the early drama he is drawn at heroic length, and with many of the best attributes of human nature. His life and deeds have not only supplied materials for the drama and the ballad, but proverbs have sprung from them; he stands the demigod of English archery; men used to swear

both by his bow and his clemency: festivals were once annually held, and games of a sylvan kind celebrated in his honour, in Scotland as well as in England. The grave where he lies has still its pilgrims; the well out of which he drank still retains its name; and his bow and one of his broad arrows were within this century to be seen in Fountains Abbey.

A Little Geste of Robin Hood.

ANONYMOUS.

THE longest of all the ballads which bear the name of Robin Hood was first printed at the Sun, in Fleet Street, by Wynken de Worde. It is called "A Little Geste of Robin Hood;" but so ill-informed was the printer in the outlaw's history, that he describes it as a story of King Edward, Robin Hood, and Little John. It is perhaps one of the oldest of these compositions.

The ballad begins somewhat in the minstrel manner:—

Come lithe a listen, gentlemen,
That be of free-born blood;
I shall tell you of a good yeoman,
His name was Robin Hood.

Robin he was a proud outlaw,
As ever walked on ground;
So courteous an outlaw as he was
Has never yet been found.

It then proceeds to relate how Robin stood in Barnesdale Wood, with all his companions beside him, and refused to go to dinner till he should find some bold baron or unasked guest, either clerical or lay, with wealth sufficient to furnish forth his table. On this Little John, who seems always to have had a clear notion of the work in hand, inquired anxiously,—

Where shall we take, where shall we leave,
Where shall we abide behind,
Where shall we rob, where shall we reave,
Where shall we beat and bind?

There is no force, said bold Robin,
Can well withstand us now;
So look ye do no husbandman harm,
That tilleth with his plough.

He gives similar directions about tenderly treating honest yeo-

men, and even knights and squires disposed to be good fellows; "but beat," said he, "and bind bishops and archbishops; and be sure never to let the high sheriff of Nottingham out of your mind."—"Your words shall be our law," said Little John; "and you will forgive me for wishing for a wealthy customer soon—I long for dinner. One, a knight with all the external marks of a golden prize, was first observed by Little John, approaching on horseback through one of the long green glades of Barnesdale Wood: the stranger is well drawn:—

All dreary then was his semblaunt,
And little was his pride:
His one foot in the stirrup stood,
The other waved beside.

His hood hung over his two eyne;
He rode in simple array,
A sorrier man than he was one
Rode never in summer's day.

"I greet you well," said Little John, "and welcome you to the greenwood; my master has refused to touch his dinner these three hours, expecting your arrival." "And who is your master," inquired the stranger, "that shows me so much courtesy?" "E'en Robin Hood," said the other, meekly. "Ah, Robin Hood!" replied the stranger, "he is a good yeoman and true, and I accept his invitation." Little John, who never doubted but that the stranger was simulating sorrow and poverty, the better to hide his wealth, conducted him at once to the trysting-tree, where Robin received him with a kindly air and a cheerful countenance.

They washed together, and wiped both,
And set till their dinere
Of bread and wine they had enough,
And numbles of the deere.

Swans and pheasants they had full good,
And fowls of the rivere;
There failed never so little a bird
That ever was bred on brere.

"I thank thee for thy dinner, Robin," said the knight; "and if thou ever comest my way I shall repay it." "I make no such exchanges, Sir Knight," said the outlaw, "nor do I ask any one for dinner. I vow to God, as it is against good manners for a yeoman to treat a knight, that you must pay for your entertainment." "I have no more in my coffer," said the other composedly, "save ten shillings," and he sighed as he said it. Robin signed to Little John, and he dived into the stranger's luggage at once: he found

but ten shillings, and said, "The knight has spoken truly." "I fear you have been a sorry steward of your inheritance, Sir Knight," said the outlaw; "ten shillings is but a poor sum to travel with." "It was my misfortune, not my fault, Robin," said the knight; "my only son fell into a quarrel,

"And slew a knight of Lancashire,
And a squire full bold,
And all to save him in his right
My goods are sett and sold.

"My lands are sett to wad, Robin,
Until a certain day,
To a rich abbot here beside
Of St Mary's Abbeye.

"My lands," he continued, "are mortgaged for four hundred pounds; the abbot holds them: nor know I any friend who will help me—not one." Little John wept; Will Scarlett's eyes were moist; and Robin Hood, much affected, cried, "Fill us more wine: this story makes me sad too." The wine was poured out and drunk, and Robin continued, "Hast thou no friend, Sir Knight, who would give security for the loan of four hundred pounds?" "None," sighed the other, "not one friend have I save the saints." Robin shook his head. "The saints are but middling securities in matters of money: you must find better before I can help you."

I have none other, then, said the knight,
The very sooth to say,
Except that it be our dear Ladye,
Who never fail'd me a day.

Robin at length accepted the Virgin's security, and bade Little John tell out four hundred pounds for the knight; and, as he was ill apparelled, he desired him to give him three yards, and no more, of each colour of cloth for his use. John counted out the cash with the accuracy of a miser; but, as his heart was touched with the knight's misfortunes, he measured out the cloth even more than liberally: he called for his bow and ell wand, and every time he applied it, he skipped, as the ballad avers, "footes three."

Scathlock he stood still and laugh'd,
And swore by Mary's might,
John may give him the better measure,
For by Peter it cost him light.

Give him a gray steed too, Robin, he said,
Besides a saddle new,
For he is our Ladye's messenger;
God send that he prove true.

"Now," inquires the knight, "when shall my day of payment be?" "If it so please you, sir," said Robin, "on this day twelvemonth, and the place shall be this good oak." "So be it," answered the knight, and rode on his way.

The day of payment came, and Robin Hood and his chivalry sat below his trysting oak: their conversation turned on the absent knight and on his spiritual security.

Go we to dinner, said Little John;
Robin Hood, he said nay,
For I dread our Ladye be wroth with me,
She hath sent me not my pay.

Have no doubt, master, quoth Little John,
Yet is not the sun at rest,
For I daresay and safely swear
The knight is true and trest.

The confidence of Little John was not misplaced; for, while he took his bow and with Will Scarlett and Much the miller's son walked into the glades of Barnesdale Forest to await for the coming of baron or bishop with gold in their purses, the knight was on his way to the trysting-tree with the four hundred pounds in his pocket, and a noble present for the liberal outlaw: the present was in character:—

He purveyed him an hundred bows,
The strings they were well dight;
An hundred sheafs of arrows good,
The heads burnish'd full bright.

And every arrow was an ell long,
With peacock plume y-dight,
Y-nocked to all with white silver,
It was a seemly sight.

The knight was, however, detained on the way by a small task of mercy; he came to a place where a horse, saddled, and bridled, and a pipe of wine, were set up as the prizes at a public wrestling-match; and as they were won by a strange yeoman, the losers raised a tumult, and, but for the interference of the knight and the men who accompanied him, would have deprived the yeoman of his prizes and done him some personal harm. The Abbot, too, of St Mary's had raised difficulties in the restoring of his land and the receipt of the redemption money; and the sun was down, and the hour of payment stipulated with Robin expired, when the good knight arrived at the trysting-tree. Events in the meanwhile had happened which require notice.

As Little John with his two companions stood watch in the

wood of Barnesdale, the former, who loved his dinner almost as well as he loved a fray, began not only to grow impatient, but to entertain doubts about the hour of payment being kept. He was now to be relieved from his anxiety:—

For as they look'd in Barnesdale wood,
And by the wide highway,
Then they were aware of two black monks,
Each on a good palfraye.

Then up bespake he, Little John,
To Much he thus 'gan say,
By Mary, I'll lay my life to wad,
These monks have brought our pay.

To stop and seize two strong monks with fifty armed men at their back seemed a daring task for three outlaws; it was ventured on without hesitation:—

My brethern twain, said Little John,
We are no more but three;
But an we bring them not to dinner,
Full wroth will our master be.

Now bend your bows, said Little John,
Make all yon press to stand;
The foremost monk, his life and his death,
Is closed in my hand.

"Stand, churl monks," said the outlaws; "how dared you be so long in coming, when our master is not only angry but fasting?" —"Who is your master?" inquired the astonished monks. "Robin Hood," answered Little John. "I never heard good of him," exclaimed the monk; "he is a strong thief." He spoke his mind in an ill time for himself; one called him a false monk; another, it was Much, shot him dead with an arrow, and, slaying or dispersing the whole armed retinue of the travellers, the three outlaws seized the surviving monk and the sumpter-horses, and took them all to their master below the trysting-tree. Robin welcomed his dismayed guest, caused him to wash, and sitting down with him to dinner, and passing the wine, inquired who he was and whence he came. "I am a monk, sir, as you see," was the reply, "and the cellarer of St Mary's Abbey." Robin bethought him on this of the knight and his security:—

I have great marvel, then Robin Hood said,
And all this livelong day,
I dread our Ladye is wroth with me,
She hath sent me not my pay.

Have no doubt, master, said Little John,
Ye have no need, I say,
This monk hath got it, I dare well swear,
For he is of her abbaye.

"That is well said, John," answered Robin Hood. "Monk, you must know that our Lady stands security for four hundred pounds; the hour of payment is come; hast thou the money?" The monk swore roundly that he now heard of this for the first time, and that he had only twenty marks about him for travelling expenses. "We shall see that," said the outlaw: "I marvel that our Ladye should send her messenger so ill provided: go thou, Little John, and examine, and report truly"—

Little John spread his mantle down,
He had done the same before;
And he told out of the good monk's mails
Eight hundred pounds and more.

Little John let it lie full still,
And went to his master in haste;
Sir, he said, the monk is true enough,
Our Ladye hath doubled your cost.

I make mine avow to God, said Robyne;
Monk, what said I to thee?
Our Ladye is the truthfullest dame
That ever yet found I me.

I vow by St Paule, said Robin Hood then,
I have sought all England thorowe,
Yet found I never for punctual pay
Half so secure a borrowe.

Little John enjoyed this scene of profit and humour, and stood ready to fill the monk's cup when Robin ordered wine. "Monk, you are the best of monks," said the outlaw; "when you return to your abbey, greet our Lady well, and say she shall ever find me a friend; and for thyself, hark, in thine ear: a piece of silver and a dinner worthy of an abbot shall always be thine when you ride this way."—"To invite a man to dinner that you may beat and bind and rob him," replied the monk, "looks little like courtesy."—"It is our usual way, monk," answered Robin, dryly; "we leave little behind."

As the monk departed, the knight made his appearance, but Robin refused the four hundred pounds. "You were late in coming," he said, "and our Lady, who was your security, sent and paid it double." The knight looked strangely on the outlaw, and answered, "Had I not stayed to help a poor yeoman, who was suffering wrong, I had kept my time."—"For that good deed, Sir Knight," said Robin Hood, "I hold you fully excused; and more, you will ever find me a friend"—

Come now forth, Little John,
And go to my treasury,
And bring me there four hundred pound,
The monk over told it me.
And if thou fail any spending,
Come to Robin Hood,
And by my troth, thou shalt none fail
The whiles I have any good.

And broke well thy four hundred pound
Which I lent to thee,
Have here four hundred pound,
Thou gentle knight and true,
And buy horse and harness good,
And gilt thy spurs all new:
And make thyself no more so bare,
By the counsel of me.

Thus then holp him, good Robin,
The knight all of his care.
God, that sitteth in heaven high,
Grant us well to fare.

The Quarrel of Squire Bull and his Son.

PAULDING.

[JAMES KIRKE PAULDING, an American writer of celebrity, was born in 1779. In 1806 he joined with Washington Irving in the production of a periodical work entitled "Salmagundi;" and he wrote several novels. "The History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," from which the following is an extract, was published in 1816. Mr. Paulding was a member of the Government of the United States during Van Buren's presidency. Died 1860.]

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called Bullock Island. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was in fact a sort of Jack of all trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, and excellent bottle-companion, and passably honest as times go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a quarrelsome overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbours, but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he hardly ever was seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose. Such was Squire

Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people his neighbours—one of these odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The squire was as tight a hand to deal with in-doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, about whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses; and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction, (I can't tell which,) fell into a great passion, and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his doctors and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made villanous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself in a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new land to which the squire pretended some sort of claim, intending to settle there, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But, being a lad of mettle, he took his axe on one shoulder, and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labours, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms; and building himself a fine farmhouse, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and, besides,

was in great want of money on account of his having lately to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbours and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well to do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and, had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance; but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody that had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own boy, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you would only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trowsers with a huge bagging seat which seemed to have nothing in it. This made people say he had no bottom; but whoever said so lied, as they found to their cost whenever they put Jonathan in a passion. He always wore a linsey-wolsey coat that did not above half cover his breech, and the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton, all which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together; till at last one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with

threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head. The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of most excellent bottom. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan for ever.

The Progress of Discontent.

T. WARTON.

[WRITTEN AT OXFORD IN 1746.]

WHEN, now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor:
"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown;
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him:
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, sir!"—'Tis done.

Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated
Are with a scholarship completed;
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:

In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters pass'd,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot;
"These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings;
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
Oh! what's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head?
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice-Pres.—of Bursar too;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"

Too fond of freedom and of ease,
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length—and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear:
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashioned yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-ranged hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam,

Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream.
Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim,
Shall to an arbour, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor loved devotion—
But of a garden had no notion.

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his churchwardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning.
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing.
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sunday—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
"Why did I sell my college life
(He cries) for benefice and wife?

Return, ye days! when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure;
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected
At annual bottlings, corks selected;
And dined untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride.
No cares were then for forward peas
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christening-dinners cross'd
No children cried for butter'd toast,
And every night I went to bed
Without a modus in my head!"

Oh! trifling head and fickle heart,
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art,
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases.
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

Resolutions.

Bishop Beveridge.

CONCERNING MY TALENTS.

Having so solemnly devoted myself to God, according to the covenant He hath made with me, and the duty I owe to Him; not only what I am, and what I do, but likewise what I have, is still to be improved for Him. And this I am bound to, not only upon a federal, but even a natural account; for whatsoever I have, I received from Him, and therefore all the reason in the world whatsoever I have should be improved for Him. For I look upon myself as having no other property in what I enjoy than a servant hath in what he is intrusted with to improve for his master's use: thus, though I should have ten thousand pounds a year, I should have no more of my own than if I had but two-

pence in all the world. For it is only committed to my care for a season, to be employed and improved to the best advantage, and will be called for again at the grand audit, when I must answer for the use or abuse of it; so that, whatsoever in a civil sense I may call my own, that, in a spiritual sense, I must esteem as God's. And, therefore, it nearly concerns me to manage all the talents I am intrusted with as things I must give a strict account of at the day of judgment. As God bestows His mercies upon me, through the greatness of His love and affection; so am I to restore His mercies back again to Him by the holiness of my life and conversation. In a word, whatever I receive from His bounty, I must, some way or other, lay out for His glory, accounting nothing my own, any further than as I improve it for God's sake and the spiritual comfort of my own soul.

In order to this, I shall make it my endeavour, by the blessing of God, to put in practice the following resolutions:—

RESOLUTION I.

Time, health, and parts, are three precious talents, generally bestowed upon men, but seldom improved for God. To go no further than myself, how much time and health have I enjoyed by God's grace: and how little of it have I laid out for His honour! On the contrary, how oft have I offended, affronted, and provoked Him even when He has been courting me with His favours, and daily pouring forth His benefits upon me! This, alas! is a sad truth, which, whensoever I seriously reflect upon, I cannot but acknowledge the continuance of my life as the greatest instance of God's mercy and goodness, as well as the greatest motive to my gratitude and obedience. In a due sense, therefore, of the vanities and follies of my younger years, I desire to take shame to myself for what is past, and do this morning humbly prostrate myself before the throne of grace, to implore God's pardon, and to make solemn promises and resolutions for the future, to "cast off the works of darkness, and to put on the armour of light;" and not only so, but to redeem the precious minutes I have squandered away, by husbanding those that remain to the best

advantage. I will not trifle and sin away my time in the pleasures of sense, or the impertinences of business, but shall always employ it in things that are necessary, useful, and proportion it to the weight and importance of the work or business I engage myself in; allotting such a part of it for this business, and such a part for that, so as to leave no interval for unlawful or unnecessary actions, to thrust themselves in, and pollute my life and conversation.

For, since it has pleased God to favour me with the blessings of health, and I am not certain how soon I may be deprived of it, and thrown upon a bed of sickness, which may deprive me of the use of my reason, or make me incapable of anything else, but grappling with my distemper; it highly concerns me to make a due use of this blessing while I have it: to improve these parts and gifts that God has endowed me with, to the manifestation of His glory, the salvation of my soul, and the public good of the community whereof I am a member.

To these ends, it will be requisite for me frequently to consider with myself which way my weak parts may be the most usefully employed, and to bend them to those studies and actions which they are naturally the most inclined to and delighted in, with the utmost vigour and application; more particularly in spiritual matters, to make use of all opportunities for the convincing others of God's love to them, and their sins against God; of their misery by nature, and happiness by Christ; and when the truth of God happens to be in any way traduced or opposed, to be as valiant in defence of it as its enemies are violent in their assaults against it. And as I thus resolve to employ my inward gifts and faculties for the glory and service of God; so,

RESOLUTION II.

This, without doubt, is a necessary resolution, but it is likewise very difficult to put in practice, without a careful observance of the following rules:

First, never to lavish out my substance, like the prodigal, in the revels of sin and vanity, but after a due provision for the neces-

sities and conveniences of life to lay up the overplus for acts of love and charity towards my indigent brethren. I must consider the uses and ends for which God has intrusted me with such and such possessions; that they were not given me for the pampering my body, the feeding my lusts, or puffing me up with pride and ambition; but for advancing His glory and my own and the public good. But why do I say given? when, as I before observed, I have no property in the riches I possess; they are only lent me for a few years to be dispensed and distributed as my great Lord and Master sees fit to appoint, viz., for the benefit of the poor and necessitous, which He has made His deputies to call for and receive His money at my hands. And this, indeed, is the best use I can put it to, for my own advantage as well as theirs; for the money I bestow upon the poor, I give to God to lay up for me, and I have His infallible word and promise for it, that it shall be paid me again with unlimited interest out of His heavenly treasury, which is infinite, eternal, and inexhaustible. Hence it is that whensoever I see any fit object of charity, methinks I hear the Most High say unto me, "Give this poor brother so much of my store, which thou hast in thy hand, and I will place it to thy account, as given to myself;" and "look what thou layest out, it shall be paid thee again."

The second rule is, never to spend a penny where it can be better spared; nor to spare it where it can be better spent. And this will oblige me, whensoever any occasion offers of laying out money, considerately to weigh the circumstances of it, and, according as the matter, upon mature deliberation, requires, I must not grudge to spend it; or, if at any time I find more reason to spare, I must not dare to spend it; still remembering, that as I am strictly to account for the money God has given me, so I ought neither to be covetous in saving, or hoarding it up, nor profuse in throwing it away, without a just occasion. The main thing to be regarded is the end I propose to myself in my expenses, whether it be really the glory of God, or my own carnal humour and appetite.

For instance, if I lay out my money in clothing my body, the

question must be, whether I do this only for warmth and decency, or to gratify my pride and vanity. If the former, my money is better spent; if the latter, it is better spared than spent. Again, do I lay it out in eating and drinking, if this be only to satisfy the necessities of nature, and make my life more easy and comfortable, it is without doubt very well spent; but if it be to feed my luxury and intemperance, it is much better spared; better for my soul, in keeping it from sin, and better for my body in preserving it from sickness: and this rule is the more strictly to be observed, because it is as great a fault in a servant not to lay out his master's money when he should, as to lay it out when he should not.

In order, therefore, to avoid both these extremes, there is a third rule to be observed under this resolution; and that is to keep a particular account of all my receipts and disbursements, to set down in a book every penny I receive at the hands of the Almighty, and every penny I lay out for His honour and service. By this means I shall be, in a manner, both forced to get my money lawfully, and to lay it out carefully: but how can I put that amongst the money I have received from God, which I have got by unlawful means? certainly, such money I may rather account as received from the devil for his use, than from God for His. And so must I either lay every penny out for God, or otherwise I shall not know where to set it down, for I must set down nothing but what I lay out for His use; and if it be not His use, with what face can I say it was? And by this means also, when God shall be pleased to call me to an account for what I received from Him I may with comfort appear before Him; and having improved the talents He had committed to my charge, I may be received into His heavenly kingdom with a "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy."

RESOLUTION III.

That all power and authority hath its original from God, and that one creature is not over another, but by the providence and will of Him who is over all; and so, by consequence, that all the

authority we have over men is to be improved for God, is clear, not only from that question, "Who made thee to differ from another; and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" but likewise, and that more clearly, from that positive assertion, "the powers that be are ordained of God." That, therefore, I may follow my commission, I must stick close to my present resolution, even in all the power God gives me to behave myself as one invested with that power from above, to restrain vice and encourage virtue, as oft as I have an opportunity so to do, always looking upon myself as one commissioned by Him, and acting under Him. For this reason, I must still endeavour to exercise my authority as if the most high God was in my place in person as well as power. I must not follow the dictates of my own carnal reason, much less the humours of my own biassed passion, but still keep to the acts which God himself hath made, either in the general statute-book for all the world, the Holy Scriptures, or in the particular laws and statutes of the nation wherein I live.

And questionless, if I discharge this duty as I ought, whatever sphere of authority I move in, I am capable of doing a great deal of good, not only by my power but by my influence and example. For common experience teaches us, that even the inclinations and desires of those that are eminent for their quality or station, are more powerful than the very commands of God himself; especially among persons of an inferior rank, and more servile disposition, who are apt to be more wrought upon by the fear of present punishment, or the loss of some temporal advantage, than anything that is future or spiritual. Hence it is, that all those whom God intrusteth with this precious talent have a great advantage and opportunity in their hand for the suppressing sin and the exalting holiness in the world: a word from their mouths against whoredom, drunkenness, and the profanation of the Sabbath, or the like; yea, their very example and silent gestures being able to do more than the threatenings of Almighty God, either pronounced by Himself in His word, or by His ministers in His holy ordinances.

This, therefore, is my resolution, that whatsoever authority the

most high God shall be pleased to put upon me, I will look upon it as my duty, and always make it my endeavour, to demolish the kingdom of sin and Satan, and establish that of Christ and holiness in the hearts of all those to whom my commission extends; looking more at the duty God expects from me, than at the dignity He confers upon me. In a word, I will so exercise the power and authority God puts into my hands here, that when the particular circuit of my life is ended, and I shall be brought to the general assize to give an account of this among my other talents, I may give it up with joy; and so exchange my temporal authority upon earth for an eternal crown of glory in heaven.

RESOLUTION IV.

If the authority I have over others, then questionless the affection others have to me is to be improved for God: and that because the affection they bear to me in a natural sense hath a kind of authority in me over them in a spiritual one. And this I gather from my own experience; for I find none to have a greater command over me, than they that manifest the greatest affections for me. Indeed it is a truth generally agreed on, that a real and sincere esteem for any person is always attended with a fear of displeasing that person; and where there is fear in the subject, there will, doubtless, be authority in the object; because fear is the ground of authority, as love is, or ought to be, the ground of that fear. The greatest potentate, if not feared, will not be obeyed; if his subjects stand in no awe of him, he can never strike any awe upon them. Nor will that awe have its proper effects in curbing and restraining them from sin and disobedience, unless it proceeds from, and is joined with, love.

I know the Scripture tells me, "There is no fear in love, but that perfect love casteth out fear." But that is to be understood of our love to God, not to men, and that a perfect love, too, such as can only be exercised in heaven. There I know our love will be consummate, without mixture, as well as without defect; there will be a perfect expression of love on both sides, and so no fear of displeasure on either. But this is a happiness which is not

to be expected here on earth; so long as we are clothed with flesh and blood, we shall, in one degree or other, be still under the influence of our passions and affections. And, therefore, as there is no person we can love upon earth, but who may sometimes see occasion to be displeased with us: so he will always, upon that account, be feared by us. This I look upon as the chief occasion of one man's having so much power and influence over another.

But how comes this under the notion of a talent received from God, and so to be improved for Him? Why, because it is He, and He alone, that kindles and blows up the sparks of pure love and affection in us, and that by the breathings of His own Spirit. It was the Lord that gave Joseph favour in the sight of the "keeper of the prison," and who brought Daniel into favour and tender love with the "prince of the eunuchs." And so of all others in the world: for we are told elsewhere, that as "God fashioneth the hearts of men, so he turneth them which way soever he will." Insomuch that I can never see any express their love to me, but I must express my thankfulness to God for it: nor can I feel in myself any warmth of affection towards others, without considering it as a talent hid in my breast, which I am obliged in duty to improve for Him, by stirring up their affections unto Him whose affections Himself hath stirred up towards me. And this will be the more easy to effect, if I take care, in the first place, to express the zeal and sincerity of my own love to God, by making Him the chief object of my esteem and adoration; and manifest my aversion to the sins they are guilty of, by representing them as most loathsome and abominable, as well as most dangerous and damnable. For, wherever there is a true and cordial affection to any person, it is apt to bias those that are under the influence of it, to choose the same objects for their love or aversion, that such a person does, that is, to love what he loves, and to hate what he hates. This, therefore, is the first thing to be done, to stir up the affections of others to love and serve God.

Another way of my improving the affections of others to this end, is by setting them a good example: for commonly what a friend doth, be it good or bad, is pleasing to us, because we look not at

the goodness of the thing that is done, but at the loveliness of the person that doth it. And if the vices of a friend seem amiable, how much more will his virtues shine! For this reason, therefore, whensoever I perceive any person to show a respect for, or affection to me, I shall always look upon it as an opportunity put into my hands to serve and glorify my great Creator, and shall look upon it as a call from heaven, as much as if I heard the Almighty say to me, I desire to have this person love me, and therefore have I made him to love thee: do thou but set before him an example of goodness and virtue, and his love to thy person shall induce and engage him to direct his actions according to it. This, therefore, is the rule that I fully resolve to guide myself by, with relation to those who are pleased to allow me a share in their esteem and affection, which I hope to improve to their advantage in the end; that as they love me, and I love them now, so we may all love God, and God love us to all eternity.

RESOLUTION V.

Whatsoever comes from God being a talent to be improved to Him, I cannot but think good thoughts to be as precious talents as it is possible a creature can be blessed with. But let me esteem them as I will, I am sure my Master will reckon them amongst the talents He intrusts me with, and for which He will call me to an account; and therefore I ought not to neglect them. The Scripture tells me, "I am not sufficient of myself to think anything as of myself, but that my sufficiency is of God." And if I be not sufficient to think anything, much less am I able of myself to think of that which is good; forasmuch as to good thoughts there must always be supposed a special concurrence of God's Spirit; whereas to other thoughts there is only the general concurrence of His presence. Seeing, therefore, they come from God, how must I lay them out for Him? Why, by sublimating good thoughts unto good affections. Does God vouchsafe to send down into my heart a thought of Himself? I am to send up this thought to Him again, in the fiery chariot of love, desire, and joy. Doth He dart into my soul a thought of holiness and

purity? I am to dwell and meditate upon it till it break out into a flame of love and affection for Him. Doth He raise up in my spirit a thought of sin, and show me the ugliness and deformity of it? I must let it work its desired effect, by making it as loathsome and detestable as that thought represents it to be.

But good thoughts must not only be improved to produce good affections in my heart, but likewise good actions in my life. So that the thoughts of God should not only make me more taken with His beauty, but more active for His glory; and the thoughts of sin should not only damp my affection for it, but likewise deter and restrain me from the commission of it.

And thus every good thought that God puts into my heart, instead of slipping out, as it does with some others without regard, will be cherished and improved to the producing of good actions, these actions will entitle me to the blessing of God, and that to the kingdom of glory.

RESOLUTION VI.

Everything that flows from God to His servants, coming under the notion of talents to be improved for Himself, I am sure afflictions, as well as other mercies, must needs be reckoned among those talents God is pleased to vouchsafe. Indeed it is a talent without which I should be apt to forget the improvement of all the rest; and which, if well improved, itself will "work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It is the non-improvement of an affliction that makes it a curse; whereas, if improved, it is as great a blessing as any God is pleased to scatter amongst the children of men. And therefore it is, that God most frequently intrusteth this precious talent with His own peculiar people: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore will I punish you for your iniquities." Those that God knows the best, with them will He intrust the most, if not of other talents yet be sure of this, which is so useful and necessary to bring us to the knowledge of ourselves and our Creator, that without it we should be apt to forget both.

It is this that shows us the folly and pride of presumption, as

well as the vanity and emptiness of all worldly enjoyments; and deters us from incensing and provoking Him from whom all our happiness as well as our afflictions flow. Let, therefore, what crosses or calamities soever befall me, I am still resolved to bear them all, not only with a patient resignation to the Divine will, but even to comfort and rejoice myself in them as the greatest blessings. For instance, am I seized with pain and sickness? I shall look upon it as a message from God, sent on purpose to put me in mind of death, and to convince me of the necessity of being always prepared for it by a good life, which a state of uninterrupted health is apt to make us unmindful of. Do I sustain any losses or crosses? The true use of this is, to make me sensible of the fickleness and inconstancy of this world's blessings, which we can no sooner cast our eyes upon, but they immediately "take to themselves wings and fly away from us." And so all other afflictions God sees fit to lay upon me may, in like manner, be some way or other improved for my happiness.

But besides the particular improvements of particular chastisements, the general improvement of all is the increasing of my love and affection for that God who brings these afflictions upon me. For how runs the mittimus whereby He is pleased to send me to the dungeon of afflictions? "Deliver such a one to Satan to be buffeted" in the flesh: "that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." By this it appears that the furnace of afflictions, which God is pleased at any time to throw me into, is not heated at the fire of His wrath, but at the flames of His affection to me. The consideration whereof, as it should more inflame my love to Him, so shall it likewise engage me to express a greater degree of gratitude towards Him, when He singles me out, not only to suffer from Him, but for Him too. For this is an honour indeed peculiar to the saints of God, which if He should ever be pleased to prefer me to, I shall look upon it as upon other afflictions, to be improved for His glory, the good of others, and the everlasting comfort of my own soul.

Thus have I reckoned up the talents God hath or may put into my hands to be improved to His glory. May the same Divine

Being that intrusteth me with them, and inspired me with these good resolutions concerning them, enable me, by His grace, to make a due use of them, and carefully to put in practice what I have thus religiously resolved upon.

Of his own Studies.

MILTON.

[IN Milton's prose writings, controversial as most of them are, we find the most interesting morsels of autobiography. The following is from "The Reason of Church Government."]

Concerning this wayward subject against prelacy, the touching whereof is so distasteful and disquietous to a number of men; as, by what hath been said, I may deserve of charitable readers to be credited, that neither envy nor gall hath entered me on this controversy; but the enforcement of conscience only, and a preventive fear, lest the omitting of this duty should be against me, when I would store up to myself the good provision of peaceful hours. So, lest it should be still imputed to me, as I have found it hath been, that some self-pleasing humour of vain-glory hath incited me to contest with men of high estimation, now, while green years are upon my head, from this needless surmisal I shall hope to dissuade the intelligent and equal auditor, if I can but say successfully that which in this exigent behoves me; although I would be heard only, if it might be, by the elegant and learned reader, to whom principally for a while I shall beg leave I may address myself. To him it will be no new thing, though I tell him that, if I hunted after praise, by the ostentation of wit and learning, I should not write thus out of mine own season, when I have neither yet completed to my mind the full circle of my private studies; although I complain not of any insufficiency to the matter in hand: or were I ready to my wishes, it were a folly to commit anything elaborately composed to the careless and interrupted listening of these tumultuous times. Next, if I were wise only to

my own ends, I would certainly take such a subject as of itself might catch applause; whereas this hath all the disadvantages on the contrary, and such a subject as the publishing whereof might be delayed at pleasure, and time enough to pencil it over with all the curious touches of art, even to the perfection of a faultless picture; *whenas* in this argument, the not deferring is of great moment to the good speeding, that if solidity have leisure to do her office, art cannot have much. Lastly, I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand; and though I shall be foolish in saying more to this purpose, yet since it will be such a folly as wisest men go about to commit, have only confessed and so committed, I may trust with more reason, because with more folly, to have courteous pardon. For although a poet, soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him, might, without apology, speak more of himself than I mean to do; yet for me sitting here below in the cool element of prose, a mortal thing among many readers, of no empyreal conceit, to venture and divulge unusual things of myself I shall petition to the gentler sort, it may not be envy to me. I must say, therefore, that after I had, for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, whom God recompense, been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout, (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there,) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up amongst them, was received with

written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, (which I take to be my portion in this life,) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written, to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other; that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, (that were a toilsome vanity,) but to be an interpreter and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island, in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope, and hardest attempting. Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know

art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art. And lastly, what king or knight before the conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripure also affords us a divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And this my opinion, the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most an end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the laws and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear over all the kinds of lyric poesy to be incomparable. These abilities wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to in-breed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightiness, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and

pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable and grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of examples, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were ragged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit this would be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills, to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body, without some recreating intermission of labour, and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth, if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care, not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised a while since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies, by martial exercises, to all warlike skill and performance; and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds, by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with

eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: "She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates." Whether this may not be only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn paneguries, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people, to receive at once both recreation and instruction; let them in authority consult. The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me, ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse, that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and foredated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelacy, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of whom I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much

credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes; from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings; who when they have like good sumpters laid you down their horse-load of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, you may take off their pack-saddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries. But were it the meanest under-service, if God, by His secretary, conscience, enjoin it, it were sad for me if I should draw back; for me especially, now when all men offer their aid to help, ease, and lighten the difficult labours of the Church, to whose service, by the intentions of my parents and friends, I was destined of a child, and in mine own resolutions, till coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take orders, must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal; which unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either strait perjure, or split his faith; I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence, before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing. Howsoever, thus church-outed by the prelates, hence may appear the right I have to meddle in these matters; as before the necessity and constraint appeared.

Habits of the Red Deer.

SCROPE.

[THE following interesting contribution to Natural History is from a spirited and agreeable volume, published in 1838—"The Art of Deer-Stalking," by W. Scrope, Esq.]

The red deer is not a very hardy animal; he does not by choice subsist on coarse food, but eats close, like a sheep. With his body weakened and wasted during the rutting season in the autumn, exposed to constant anxiety and irritation, engaged in continual combats, he feels all the rigours of winter approaching before he has time to recruit his strength:—the snow storm comes on, and the bitter blast drives him from the mountains. Subdued by hunger, he wanders to the solitary shielings of the shepherds; and will sometimes follow them through the snow, with irresolute steps, as they are carrying the provender to the sheep. He falls, perhaps into moss pits and mountain tarns, whilst in quest of decayed water plants, where he perishes prematurely from utter inability to extricate himself. Many, again, who escape starvation, feed too greedily on coarse herbage at the first approach of open weather, which produces a murrain amongst them, not unlike the rot in sheep, of which they frequently die. Thus, natural causes, inseparable from the condition of deer in a northern climate, and on a churlish soil unsheltered by woods, conspire to reduce these animals to so feeble a state, that the short summer which follows is wholly insufficient to bring them to the size they are capable of attaining under better management.

If we look at the difference in size and weight of two three-year old beasts, the one belonging to a good, and the other to a bad farmer, we shall find that difference to amount to nearly double. The first animal is well fed for the sake of the calf, both in winter and summer; and the last, from insufficient keep, loses in winter what it has gained in summer, and requires double the food in the succeeding season to restore it to what it was at the commencement of winter. Thus it is with the deer.

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About the end of September, and the first week in October, the harts swell in their necks, have a ruff of long wiry hair about them, and are drawn up in their bodies like greyhounds. They now roll restlessly in the peat pools till they become almost black with mire, and feed chiefly on a light-coloured moss, that grows on the round tops of hills, so that they do not differ so entirely from the rein-deer in their food as some naturalists have imagined.

In this state of rutting they are rank, and wholly unfit for the table. Such deer a good sportsman never fires at; but many may be found at this time, not so forward, but perfectly good; and they are, of course, easily distinguished. This is a very wild and picturesque season. The harts are heard roaring all over the forest, and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminate fatally. When a master hart has collected a number of hinds, another will endeavour to take them from him: they fight till one of them, feeling himself worsted, will run in circles round the hinds, being unwilling to leave them: the other pursues, and when he touches the fugitive with the points of his horns, the animal thus gored either bounds suddenly on one side, and then turns and faces him, or will dash off to the right or the left, and at once give up the contest. The conflict, however, generally continues a considerable time; and nothing can be more entertaining than to witness, as I have done, the varied successes and address of the combatants. It is a sort of wild just, in the presence of the dames, who, as of old, bestow their favours upon the most valiant.

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A conflict of this savage nature, which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon's forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor, whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain at Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were

found. Mezentius himself never attached the dead body to the living one in a firmer manner.

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Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them, that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill-tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying in open corries, where the swells of wind come occasionally from all quarters.

I have said that deer go up wind, but by clever management, and employing men to give them their wind, (these men being concealed from their view,) they may be driven down it; and in certain cases they may easily be sent, by a side wind, towards that part of the forest which they consider as their sanctuary.

It is to be noted that on the hill-side the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed, these fine fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds, and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task, the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you shall see the master hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles. In ordinary cases, however, he is of a most ungallant and selfish disposition; for, when he apprehends danger from the rifle, he will rake away the hinds with his horns, and get in the midst of them, keeping his antlers as low as possible.

There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an

instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him in full view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible; he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case, he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one; a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired.

When a stag is closely pursued by dogs, and feels that he cannot escape from them, he flies to the best position he can, and defends himself to the last extremity. This is called going to bay. If he is badly wounded, or very much over-matched in speed, he has little choice of ground; but if he finds himself stout in the chase, and is pursued in his native mountains, he will select the most defensible spot he has it in his power to reach; and woe be unto the dog that approaches him rashly. His instinct always leads him to the rivers, where his long legs give him a great advantage over the deer-hounds. Firmly he holds his position, whilst they swim powerless about him, and would die from cold and fatigue before they could make the least impression on him. Sometimes he will stand upon a rock in the midst of the river, making a most majestic appearance; and in this case it will always be found that the spot on which he stands is not approachable on his rear. In this situation he takes such a sweep with his antlers that he could exterminate a whole pack of the most powerful lurchers that were pressing too closely upon him in front. He is secure from all but man, and the rifle-shot must end him. Superior dogs may pull him down when running, but not when he stands at bay.

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The deer, like many other animals, seems to foresee every change of weather; at the approach of a storm they leave the higher hills and descend to the low grounds; sometimes even two days before the change takes place. Again, at the approach of a thaw, they

leave the low grounds and go to the mountains by a similar anticipation of change. They never perish in snow-drifts, like sheep, since they do not shelter themselves in hollows, but keep the bare ground, and eat the tops of the heather.

One would imagine that in a severe storm many would perish by avalanches. But, during the long period of sixty years, Mr John Crerer remembers but two accidents of this nature. These were in Glen Mark: eleven were killed by one fall, and twenty-one by another: the snow in its descent carried the deer along with it into the glen and across the burn, and rolled up a little way on the opposite brae, where the animals were smothered.

Harts are excellent swimmers, and will pass from island to island in quest of hinds or change of food. It is asserted that the rear hart in swimming rests his head on the croup of the one before him; and that all follow in the same manner.

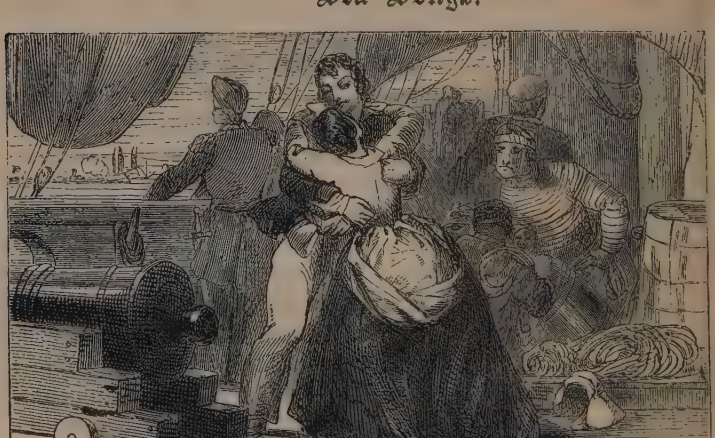
When a herd of deer are driven, they follow each other in a line; so that when they cross the stalker it is customary for him to be quiet, and suffer the leaders to pass before he raises his rifle. If he were to fire at the first that appeared, he would probably turn the whole of them; or if he were to run forward injudiciously after a few had passed, the remainder, instead of following the others in a direct line, would not cross him except under particular circumstances and dispositions of ground, but would bear off an end, and join the others afterwards. It must be remarked, however, that when deer are hard pressed by a dog, they run in a compact mass, the tail ones endeavouring to wedge themselves into it. They will also run in this manner when pressed by drivers on the open moor. But they are sensible that they could not pass the narrow oblique paths that are trodden out by them in the precipitous and stony parts of the mountain, or encounter the many obstructions of rock, river, and precipice, that rugged nature is continually opposing to them, in any other manner than in rank and file. If they did, they must separate, and lose the wind, which is not their system.

They do not run well up hill when fat, but they will beat any dog in such oblique paths as I have mentioned. The hardness and sharp edges of their hoof give them great tenacity, and pre-

vent them suffering from the stones, whilst a dog, having no fence against injury, is obliged to slacken his pace.

The bone also of a deer's foot is small and particularly hard; it is this peculiar construction which renders the animal as strong as he is fleet. The support and strength of the joints of the feet of all animal bodies, according to Sir E. Home, depends less upon their own ligaments than upon the action of the muscles whose tendons pass over them. "This fact," he says, "was strongly impressed on my mind in the early part of my medical education, by seeing a deer which leaped over the highest fences, and the joints of whose feet, when examined, were as rigid, in every other direction but that of their motion, as the bone itself; but when the tendon Achilles, which passed over the joint, was divided with a view to keep the animal from running away, the foot could readily be moved in any direction, the joint no longer having the smallest firmness."

Sea Songs.



VARIOUS.

OUR Sea Songs have a character of their own which is identical with the character of a sea-girt people. It is not mere fancy

to believe that there is something peculiar in that character. The extent and variety of these songs render a small selection quite inadequate to exhibit their freshness, their heartiness, their thorough knowledge of a sailor's life.

One of the most popular, as well as the most refined of these songs, is the famous ballad of GAY. The air of this ballad has been attributed to Handel; but it was the composition of Leveridge, a bass-singer, who also composed "The Roast Beef of Old England."

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-eyed Susan came on board,
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sail among the crew."

William, then high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides quickly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain!
Let me kiss off that falling tear—
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind;
They 'll tell thee sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find—
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn:
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head:
The lessening boat unwilling rows to land—
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

THE STORM.

This noble song is generally attributed to George Alexander Stevens, a well-known actor half a century ago, and is printed among his other productions. It has, however, been contended that the writer was William Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck." The air to which it is set and sung is an old one of the middle of the seventeenth century, attached to a sea song, "Come listen to my ditty." "The Storm" was made universally popular by Incledon.

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, fast in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets and haul-yards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling:
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
Quick the topsail-sheets let go,
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces.
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms!
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our minds enthrals;

Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the foresheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventive-brace set,
Man the foreyard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leek beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;

Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn,
Alas! from hence there 's no retreating,
Alas! to them there 's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us;
Both chain pumps are choked below—
Heaven have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown,
To the pump let every hand, boys;
See! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we 've found, it cannot pour fast,
We 've lightened her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights! boys—we 're off shore.

Now once more on joys we 're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has saved our lives;
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to lips a brimmer join;
Where's the tempest now—who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

POOR JACK.

The greatest writer of Sea-Songs was CHARLES DIBDIN. He was a musician as well as a poet. It is not too much to say that his songs were worth more for national defence than a hundred "towers along the steep." His songs are now provided in abundant volumes for every ship of our navy. We give his "Poor Jack,"—the very perfection of simplicity and pathos.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;

A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And 'tain't to a little I 'll strike;
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reef'd foresail we 'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there 's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he 'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d' ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For says he, do ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d' ye see, she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world 's wide, and there 's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why, you 'll ne'er hear of me more:
What then, all 's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d' ye see, there 's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D' ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor 's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought 's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino 's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's;

Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for Poor Jack.

Cottier Rents.

PROFESSOR JONES.

[THE Reverend Richard Jones was Professor of Political Economy and History at the noble establishment of the East India Company at Haileybury, for the education of their civil officers. Mr Jones was the successor of Malthus. His great talents, his extensive and varied knowledge, and the practical character of his understanding, eminently fitted him for a teacher in this difficult science. He died in 1855. His principal work is an octavo volume, published in 1831, on "The Distribution of Wealth," in which the subject of rent is treated, not as a metaphysical theory, but with a careful examination of all the various systems prevailing in the world, by which revenue is derived from land. Our extract is taken from this work.]

Under the head of Cottier Rents, we may include all rents contracted to be paid in money by peasant tenants extracting their own maintenance from the soil.

They are found to some extent in various countries; but it is in Ireland alone that they exist in such a mass, as palpably to influence the general state of the country. They differ from the other classes of peasant rents in this the most materially; that it is not enough for the tenant to be prepared to give in return for the land which enables him to maintain himself a part of his labour, as in the case of serf rents, or a definite proportion of the produce, as in the case of metayer or ryot rents. He is bound, whatever the quantity or value of his produce may be, to pay a fixed sum of money to the proprietor.* This is a change most difficult to introduce, and very important when introduced Money payments from the occupiers are by no means essential, we must recollect, to the rise or progress of rents. Over by far the greater part of the globe such payments have never yet been

* An engagement essentially pertaining to the nature of capital, by one who is *not* a capitalist.—ED.

established. Tenants yielding plentiful rents in produce may be quite unable, from the infrequency of exchanges, to pay even small sums in money, and the owners of land may, and do, form an affluent body, consuming and distributing a large proportion of the annual produce of a country, while it is extremely difficult for them to lay their hands on very insignificant sums in cash. Money rents, indeed, are so very rarely paid by *peasant* cultivators, that, where they do exist among them, we may expect to find the power of discharging them founded on peculiar circumstances. In the case of Ireland, it is the neighbourhood of England, and the connexion between the two countries, which supports the system of money rents paid by the peasantry. From all parts of Ireland, the access, direct or indirect, to the English market, gives the Irish cultivators means of obtaining cash for a portion of their produce. In some districts, it even appears that the rents are paid in money earned by harvest-work in England; and it is repeatedly stated in the evidence before the Emigration Committee, that were this resource to fail, the power of paying rents would cease in these districts at once. Were Ireland placed in a remoter part of the world, surrounded by nations not more advanced than herself, and were her cultivators dependent for their means of getting cash on her own internal opportunities of exchange, it seems highly probable, that the landlords would soon be driven by necessity to adopt a system of either labour or produce rents, similar to those which prevail over the large portion of the globe cultivated by the other classes of peasant tenantry.

Once established, however, the effects of the prevalence of cottier rents among a peasant population are important; some advantageous, some prejudicial. In estimating them, we labour under the great disadvantage of having to form our general conclusions from a view of a single instance, that of Ireland. Did we know nothing of labour rents but what we collect from one country, Hungary for instance, how very deficient would have been our notions of their characteristics.

The disadvantages of cottier rents may be ranged under three heads. First, the want of any external check to assist in repress-

ing the increase of the peasant population beyond the bounds of an easy subsistence. Secondly, the want of any protection to their interests, from the influence of usage and prescription in determining the amount of their payments. And thirdly, the absence of that obvious and direct common interest, between the owners and the occupiers of the soil, which, under the other systems of peasant rents, secure to the tenants the forbearance and assistance of their landlords when calamity overtakes them.

The first, and certainly the most important disadvantage of cottier rents, is the absence of those external checks (common to every other class of peasant rents) which assist in repressing the effects of the disposition found in all peasant cultivators to increase up to the limits of a very scanty subsistence.

To explain this, we must, to a slight extent, anticipate the subject of population. It shall be as shortly as possible. We know that men's animal power of increase is such as to admit of a very rapid replenishing of the districts they inhabit. When their numbers are as great as their territory will support in plenty, if the effects of such a power of increase are not diminished, their condition must get worse. If, however, the effects of their animal power of multiplication are diminished, this must happen, either from internal causes or motives, indisposing them to its full exercise, or from external causes acting independently of their will. But a peasant population, raising their own wages from the soil, and consuming them in kind, whatever may be the form of their rents, are universally acted upon very feebly by internal checks, or by motives disposing them to restraint. The causes of this peculiarity we shall have hereafter to point out. The consequence is, that unless some external cause, quite independent of this will, forces such peasant cultivators to slacken their rate of increase, they will, in a limited territory, whatever be the form of their rents, very rapidly approach a state of want and penury, and will be stopped at last only by the physical impossibility of procuring subsistence. Where labour or metayer rents prevail, such external causes of repression are found in the interests and interference of the landlords: where ryot rents are

established, in the vices and mismanagement of the government: where cottier rents prevail, no such external causes exist, and the unchecked disposition of the people leads to a multiplication which ends in wretchedness. Cottier rents, then, evidently differ for the worse in this respect from serf and metayer rents. It is not meant of course that serfs and metayers do not increase till their numbers and wants would alone place them very much at the mercy of the proprietors, but the obvious interest of those proprietors leads them to refuse their assent to the further division of the soil, and so to withhold the means of settling more families, long before the earth becomes thronged with a multitudinous tenantry, to which it can barely yield subsistence. The Russian or Hungarian nobleman wants no more serf tenants than are sufficient for the cultivation of his domain; and he refuses allotments of land to any greater number, or perhaps forbids them to marry. The power of doing this at one time or other existed as a legal right wherever labour rents have prevailed. The owner of a domain cultivated by metayers has an interest in not multiplying his tenants, and the mouths to be fed, beyond the number necessary to its complete cultivation. When he refuses to subdivide the ground further, fresh families can find no home, and the increase of the aggregate numbers of the people is checked. The thinness of the population in ryot countries is ordinarily caused by the vices and violence of the government, and there is no question that this is what keeps so large a portion of Asia ill-peopled or desolate. But when cottier rents have established themselves, the influence of the landlord is not exerted to check the multiplication of the peasant cultivators till an extreme case arrives. The first effects of the increasing numbers of the people, that is, the more ardent competition for allotments, and the general rise of rents, seem for a time unquestionable advantages to the landlords, and they have no direct or obvious motive to refuse further subdivision, or to interfere with the settlement of fresh families, till the evident impossibility of getting the stipulated rents, and perhaps the turbulence of peasants starving on insufficient patches of land, warn the proprietors that

the time is come, when their own interests imperiously require that the multiplication of the tenantry should be moderated. We know, however, from the instance of Ireland, the only one on a large scale open to our observation, that, while rents are actually rising, a conviction that their nominal increase is preparing a real diminution comes slowly, and is received reluctantly; and that before such a conviction begins to be generally acted upon, the cultivators may be reduced to a situation in which they are both wretched and dangerous.

The tardiness with which landlords exert their influence in repressing the multiplication of the people, must be ranked, then, among the disadvantages of the cottier, when compared with serf or metayer rents.

The second disadvantage is the want of any influence of custom and prescription in keeping the terms of the contract between the proprietors and their tenantry steady and fixed.

In surveying the habits of a serf or metayer country, we are usually able to trace some effects of ancient usage. The number of day's labour performed for the landlord by the serf remains the same, from generation to generation, in all the provinces of considerable empires. The metayer derived his old name of Colonus Medietarius from taking half the produce; and half the produce we see still his usual portion, throughout large districts containing soils of very different qualities. It is true that the influence of ancient usage does not always protect the tenant from want or oppression; its tendency, however, is decidedly in his favour. But cottier rents, contracted to be paid in money, must vary in nominal amount with the variations in the price of produce: after change has become habitual, all traces of a rent, considered equitable because it is prescriptive, are wholly lost, and each bargain is determined by competition.

There can be little doubt that the tendency to constancy in the terms of their contract, observable in serf and metayer countries, is on the whole a protection to the cultivators; and that change and competition, common amongst cottiers, are disadvantageous to them.

The third disadvantage of cottier rents is the absence of such a

direct and obvious common interest between landlord and tenant, as might secure to the cultivator assistance when in distress.

There can be no case in which there is not, in reality, a community of interest between the proprietors of the soil and those who cultivate it; but their common interest in the other forms of peasant holding is more direct and obvious, and therefore more influential, upon the habits and feelings of both tenants and landlords. The owner of a serf relies upon the labour of his tenants for producing his own subsistence, and when his tenant becomes a more inefficient instrument of cultivation, he sustains a loss. The owner of a metairie, who takes a proportion of the produce, cannot but see that the energy and efficiency of his tenant are his own gain: languid and imperfect cultivation his loss. The serf, therefore, relies upon his lord's sense of interest, or feelings of kindness, for assistance, if his crops fail, or calamity overtakes him in any shape, and he seldom is repulsed or deceived. This half-recognised claim to assistance seems, we know, occasionally so valuable to the serfs, that they have rejected freedom from the fear of losing it. The metayers receive constantly loans of food and other assistance from the landlord, when from any cause their own resources fail. The fear of losing their stock, their revenue, and all the advances already made, prevent the most reluctant landlords from withholding aid on such occasions. Even the ryot, miserable as he ordinarily is, and great as is the distance which separates him from the sovereign proprietor, is not always without some share in these advantages. His exertions are felt to be the great source of the revenue of the state, and under tolerably well regulated governments, the importance is felt and admitted of aiding the cultivators when distressed, by forbearance, and sometimes by advances. The interests of the cottier tenant are less obviously identified with those of the proprietor: changes of tenants, and variations of rent, are common occurrences; and the removal of an unlucky adventurer, and the acceptance of a more sanguine bidder, are expedients more easy and palatable to the proprietor than that of mixing themselves up with the risks and burdens of cultivation by advances to their tenants. In the

Highlands of Scotland, indeed, the chief assisted his clan largely. They were his kinsmen and defenders, bound to him by ties of blood, and the guardians of his personal safety. The habits engendered while these feelings were fresh, are not yet worn out. But the cottier, merely as such, the Irish cottier for instance, has no such hold on the sympathies of his landlord; and there can be no question that, of the various classes of peasant tenantry, they stand the most thoroughly desolate and alone in the time of calamity; that they have the least protection from the ordinary effects of disastrous reverses, or of the failure of their scanty resources from any other causes.

Such are the disadvantages of this the least extensive system of peasant rents. The principal advantage the cottier derives from his form of tenure is the great facility with which, when circumstances are favourable to him, he changes altogether his condition in society. In serf, metayer, or ryot countries, extensive changes must take place in the whole frame-work of society, before the peasants become capitalists, and independent farmers. The serf has many stages to go through before he arrives at this point. The metayer, too, must become the owner of the stock on his farm, and be able to undertake to pay a money rent. Both changes take place slowly and with difficulty, especially the last, the substitution of money rents, which supposes a considerable previous improvement in the internal commerce of the nation, and is ordinarily the result, not the commencement, of improvement in the condition of the cultivators. But the cottier is already the owner of his own stock, he exists in a society in which the power of paying money rents is already established. If he thrives in his occupation, there is nothing to prevent his enlarging his holding, increasing his stock, and becoming a capitalist, and a farmer in the proper sense of the word. It is pleasing to hear the resident Irish landlords, who have taken some pains, and made some sacrifices, to improve the character and condition of their tenantry, bearing their testimony to this fact, and stating the rapidity with which some of the cottiers have, under their auspices, acquired stock, and become small farmers. Most of the countries occupied by

metayers, serfs, and ryots, will probably contain a similar race of tenantry for some ages. If the events of the next half century are favourable to Ireland, her cottiers are likely to disappear, and to be merged in a very different race of cultivators. The facility for gliding out of their actual condition to a higher and a better is an advantage, and a very great advantage, of the cottier over the other systems of peasant rents, and atones for some of its gloomier features.

Making allowances for the peculiarities pointed out, the effects of cottier rents on the wages of labour and other relations of society, will be similar to those of other peasant rents. The quantity of produce being determined by the fertility of the soil, the extent of the allotment, and the skill and industry of the cottier; the division of that produce on which his wages depend is determined by his contract with the landlord, and by the rent he pays. And again, the whole amount of produce being determined as before, the landlord's share, the rent, depends upon the maintenance left to the peasant, that is, upon his wages.

The existence of rent under a system of cottier tenants is in no degree dependent upon the existence of different qualities of soil, or of different returns to the stock and labour employed. Where, as has been repeatedly observed, no funds sufficient to support the body of the labourers are in existence, they must raise food themselves from the earth or starve; and this circumstance would make them tributary to the landlords, and give rise to rents, and, as their number increased, to very high rents, though all the lands were perfectly equal in quality.

Cottier rents, like other peasant rents, may increase from two causes; first, from an increase of the whole produce, of which increase the landlord takes the whole or a part; or the produce remaining stationary, they may increase from an augmentation of the landlord's share, that of the tenant being diminished to the exact amount of the additional rent.

When the rent increases and the produce remains stationary, the increase of rent indicates no increase of the riches and revenue of the country: there has been a transfer of wealth but no addition

to it: one party is impoverished to the precise amount to which another is enriched.

When, on the other hand, increased rents are paid by increased produce, there is an addition to the wealth of the country; not a mere transfer of that already existing; the country is richer to the extent, at least, of the increased rent; and, probably, to a greater extent, from the increased revenues of the cultivators.

It is obviously the interest of the landlord of cottier, as of other peasant tenants, that an increase of his rents should always originate in the prosperity of cultivation, not in pressure on the tenants. The power of increase from the last source is very limited, from improvement indefinite.

It is clearly too the interest of the landlord that the cottier tenantry should be replaced by capitalists, capable of pushing cultivation to the full extent to which both skill and means can carry it, instead of the land being intrusted to the hands of mere labourers struggling to exist, unable to improve, and, when much impoverished by competition, degraded, turbulent, and dangerous.

Movement of the Reformation.

D'Aubigné.

[The "History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D., President of the Theological School of Geneva, and Vice-President of the Société Evangélique, is amongst the most popular of modern books. He was born 1794; died 1872.]

A great movement was going on. The Reformation, which, after the Diet of Worms, had been thought to be confined with its first teacher in the narrow chamber of a strong castle was breaking forth in every part of the empire, and so to speak, throughout Christendom. The two classes, hitherto mixed up together, were now beginning to separate: and the partisans of a monk, whose only defence was his tongue, now took their stand fearlessly in the face of the servants of Charles V. and Leo X. Luther had

scarcely left the walls of the Wartburg, the Pope had excommunicated all his adherents, the imperial diet had just condemned his doctrine, the princes were endeavouring to crush it in most of the German states, the ministers of Rome were lowering it in the eyes of the people by their violent invectives, and the other states of Christendom were calling upon Germany to sacrifice a man whose assaults they feared even at a distance; and yet this new sect, few in numbers, and among whose numbers there was no organisation, no bond of union, nothing in short that concentrated their common power, was already frightening the vast, ancient, and powerful sovereignty of Rome by the energy of its faith and the rapidity of its conquests. On all sides, as in the first warm days of spring, the seed was bursting from the earth spontaneously and without effort. Every day showed some new progress. Individuals, villages, towns, whole cities, joined in this new confession of the name of Jesus Christ. There was unpitying opposition, there were terrible persecutions, but the mysterious power that urged all these people onward was irresistible; and the persecuted, quickening their steps, going forward through exile, imprisonment, and the burning pile, everywhere prevailed over their persecutors.

The monastic orders that Rome had spread over Christendom, like a net intended to catch souls and keep them prisoners, were the first to break their bonds, and rapidly to propagate the new doctrine throughout the Church. The Augustines of Saxony had walked with Luther, and felt that inward experience of the Holy Word which, by putting them in possession of God himself, dethroned Rome and her lofty assumptions. But in the other convents of the order evangelical light had dawned in like manner. Sometimes they were old men, who, like Staupitz, had preserved the sound doctrines of truth in the midst of deluded Christendom, and who now besought God to permit them to depart in peace, for their eyes had seen His salvation. At other times they were young men, who had received Luther's teaching with the eagerness peculiar to their age. The Augustine converts at Nuremberg, Osnabruck, Dillingen, Ratisbon, Strasburg,

and Antwerp, with those in Hesse and Würtemberg, turned towards Jesus Christ, and by their courage excited the wrath of Rome.

But this movement was not confined to the Augustines only. High-spirited men imitated them in the monasteries of other orders, and notwithstanding the clamours of the monks, who would not abandon their carnal observances, notwithstanding the anger, contempt, sentences, discipline, and imprisonments of the cloister, they fearlessly raised their voices in behalf of that holy and precious truth, which they had found at last after so many painful inquiries, such despair and doubt, and such inward struggle. In the majority of the cloisters the most spiritual, pious, and learned monks declared for the Reformation. In the Franciscan convent at Ulm, Eberlin and Kettenbach attacked the slavish works of monasticism, and the superstitious observances of the Church, with an eloquence capable of moving the whole nation; and they called for the immediate abolition of the monasteries and houses of ill fame. Another Franciscan, Stephen Kempe, preached the gospel at Hamburg, and, alone, presented a firm front to the hatred, envy, menaces, snares, and attacks of the priests, who were irritated at seeing the crowd abandon their altars, and flock with enthusiasm to hear his sermons.

Frequently the superiors in the convents were the first led away in the path of reform. At Halberstadt, Neuenwerk, Halle, and Sagan, the priors set the example to their monks, or at least declared that, if a monk felt his conscience burdened by the weight of monastic vows, far from detaining him in the convent, they would take him by the shoulders and thrust him out of doors.

Indeed, throughout all Germany, the monks were seen laying down their frocks and cowls at the gates of their monasteries. Some were expelled by the violence of the brethren or the abbots; others, of mild and pacific character, could no longer endure the continual disputes, abuse, clamour, and hatred, which pursued them even in their slumbers; the majority were convinced that monastic life was opposed to the will of God and to

a Christian life; some had arrived at this conviction by degrees; and others suddenly, by reading a passage in the Bible. The sloth, grossness, ignorance, and degradation that constituted the very nature of the mendicant orders inspired with indescribable disgust all men of elevated mind, who could no longer support the society of their vulgar associates. One day a Franciscan, going his rounds, stopped with the box in his hand begging alms at a blacksmith's forge, of Nürnberg. "Why," said the smith, "do you not gain your bread by the work of your own hands?" At these words the sturdy monk threw away his staff, and seizing the hammer plied it vigorously on the anvil. The useless mendicant had become an honest workman. His box and frock were sent back to the monastery.

The monks were not the only persons who rallied round the standard of the gospel; priests in still greater numbers began to preach the new doctrines. But preachers were not required for its propagation; it frequently acted on men's minds, and aroused them from their deep slumber without any one having spoken.

Luther's writings were read in cities, towns, and even villages; at night by the fireside the schoolmaster would often read them aloud to an attentive audience. Some of the hearers were affected by their perusal; they would take up the Scriptures to clear away their doubts, and were struck with surprise at the astonishing contrast between the Christianity of the Bible and their own. After oscillating between Rome and Scripture, they soon took refuge with that living Word which shed so new and sweet a radiance on their hearts. While they were in this state, some evangelical preacher, probably a priest or a monk, would arrive. Speaking eloquently, and with conviction, he announced that Christ had made full atonement for the sins of His people, and demonstrated by Holy Scripture the vanity of works and human penances. A terrible opposition would then break out; the clergy, and sometimes the magistrates, would strain every nerve to bring back the souls they were about to lose. But there was in the new preaching a harmony with Scripture and a

hidden force that won all hearts, and subdued even the most rebellious. At the peril of their goods, and of their life if need be, they ranged themselves on the side of the gospel, and forsook the barren and fanatical orators of the papacy. Sometimes the people, incensed at being so long misled, compelled them to retire; more frequently the priests, deserted by their flocks, without tithes or offerings, departed voluntarily and in sadness to seek a livelihood elsewhere. And while the supporters of the ancient hierarchy retired from these places sorrowful and dejected, and sometimes bidding farewell to their old flocks in the language of anathema, the people, whom truth and liberty transported with joy, surrounded the new preachers with acclamations, and, thirsting for the Word of God, carried them as it were in triumph into the church and into the pulpit.

A word of power, proceeding from God, was at that time regenerating society. The people, or their leaders, would frequently invite some man, celebrated for his faith, to come and enlighten them; and he, for love of the gospel, would immediately abandon his interests and his family, his country and friends. Persecution often compelled the partisans of the Reformation to leave their homes, they reached some spot where it was as yet unknown; there they would find some house that offered an asylum to poor travellers; there they would speak of the gospel, read a chapter to the attentive hearers, and perhaps, by the intercession of their new friends, obtain permission to preach once publicly in the church. . . . Then indeed a fierce fire would break out in the city, and the greatest exertions were ineffectual to quench it. If they could not preach in the church, they found some other spot. Every place became a temple. At Husum, in Holstein, Hermann Taat, who was returning from Wittemberg, and against whom the clergy of the parish had closed the church doors, preached to an immense crowd in the cemetery, beneath the shade of two large trees, not far from the spot where, seven centuries before, Anschar had proclaimed the gospel to the heathen. At Arnstadt, Gaspard Güttel, an Augustine monk, preached in the market-place. At Dantzic, the gospel was

announced on a little hill without the city. At Goslar, a Wittemberg student taught the new doctrines in a meadow, planted with lime-trees; whence the evangelical Christians were denominated the *Lime-tree Brethren.*

While the priests were exhibiting their sordid covetousness before the eyes of the people, the new preachers said to them, "Freely we have received, freely do we give." The idea often expressed by the new preachers from the pulpit, that Rome had formerly sent the Germans a corrupted gospel, so that now for the first time Germany heard the Word of Christ in its heavenly and primal beauty, produced a deep impression on men's minds. And the noble thought of the equality of all men, of a universal brotherhood in Jesus Christ, laid strong hold upon those souls which for so long a period had groaned beneath the yoke of feudalism, and of the papacy of the Middle Ages.

Often would unlearned Christians, with the New Testament in their hands, undertake to justify the doctrine of the Reformation. The Catholics who remained faithful to Rome withdrew in affright; for to priests and monks alone had been assigned the task of studying sacred literature. The latter were therefore compelled to come forward; the conference began; but ere long, overwhelmed by the declarations of Holy Scripture cited by these laymen, the priests and monks knew not how to reply. . . . "Unhappily," says Cochlæus, "Luther had persuaded his followers to put no faith in any other oracle than the Holy Scriptures." A shout was raised in the assembly denouncing the scandalous ignorance of these old theologians, who had hitherto been reputed such great scholars by their own party.

Men of the lowest station, and even the weaker sex, by the aid of God's word, persuaded and led away men's hearts. Extraordinary works are the result of extraordinary times. At Ingoldstadt, under the eyes of De Eck, a young weaver read Luther's works to the assembled crowd. In this very city, the university having resolved to compel a disciple of Melancthon to retract, a woman, named Argula de Staufen, undertook his defence, and challenged the doctors to a public disputation. Women and

children, artisans and soldiers, knew more of the Bible than the doctors of the schools, or the priests of the altars.

Christendom was divided into two hostile bodies, and their aspects were strikingly contrasted. Opposed to the old champions of the hierarchy, who had neglected the study of languages and the cultivation of literature, (as one of their own body informs us,) were generous-minded youths, devoted to study, investigating Scripture, and familiarising themselves with the masterpieces of antiquity. Possessing an active mind, an elevated soul, and intrepid heart, these young men soon acquired such knowledge, that, for a long period, none could compete with them. It was not only the vitality of their faith which rendered them superior to their contemporaries, but an elegance of style, a perfume of antiquity, a sound philosophy, a knowledge of the world, completely foreign to the theologians "of the old leaven," as Cochlæus himself terms them. Accordingly, when those youthful defenders of the Reformation met the Romish doctors in any assembly, they attacked them with such ease and confidence, that these ignorant men hesitated, became embarrassed, and fell into a contempt merited in the eyes of all.

The ancient edifice was crumbling under the load of superstition and ignorance; the new one was rising on the foundation of faith and learning. New elements entered deep into the lives of the people. Torpor and dulness were in all parts succeeded by a spirit of inquiry and a thirst for instruction. An active, enlightened, and living faith took the place of superstitious devotion and ascetic meditations. Works of piety succeeded bigoted observances and penances. The pulpit prevailed over the ceremonies of the altar; and the ancient and sovereign authority of God's Word was at length restored in the Church.

The printing-press, that powerful machine discovered in the fifteenth century, came to the support of all these exertions, and its terrible missiles were continually battering the walls of the enemy.

The impulse which the Reformation gave to public literature in Germany was immense. Whilst, in the year 1513, only thirty-five

publications had appeared, and thirty-seven in 1517, the number of books increased with astonishing rapidity after the appearance of Luther's Thesis. In 1518, we find seventy-one different works: in 1519, one hundred and eleven; in 1520, two hundred and eight; in 1521, two hundred and eleven; in 1522, three hundred and forty-seven; and in 1523, four hundred and ninety-eight. . . And where were all these published? For the most part at Wittemberg. And who were their authors? Generally Luther and his friends. In 1522, one hundred and thirty of the Reformer's writings were published; and, in the year following, one hundred and eighty-three. In this same year only twenty Roman Catholic publications appeared. The literature of Germany thus saw the light in the midst of struggles, contemporaneously with her religion. Already it appeared, as later times have seen it, learned, profound, full of boldness and activity. The national spirit showed itself for the first time without alloy, and at the very moment of its birth, received the baptism of fire from Christian enthusiasm.

What Luther and his friends composed, others circulated. Monks, convinced of the unlawfulness of monastic obligations, and desirous of exchanging a long life of slothfulness for one of active exertion, but too ignorant to proclaim the Word of God, travelled through the provinces, visiting hamlets and cottages, where they sold the books of Luther and his friends. Germany soon swarmed with these bold colporteurs. Printers and booksellers eagerly welcomed every writing in defence of the Reformation, but they rejected the books of the opposite party, as generally full of ignorance and barbarism. If any one of them ventured to sell a book in favour of the papacy, and offered it for sale in the fairs at Frankfort or elsewhere, merchants, purchasers, and men of letters overwhelmed him with ridicule and sarcasm. It was in vain that the emperor and princes had published severe edicts against the writings of the Reformers. As soon as an inquisitorial visit was to be paid, the dealers, who had received secret intimation, concealed the books that it was intended to proscribe: and the multitude, ever eager for what is prohibited, immediately

bought them up, and read them with the greatest avidity. It was not only in Germany that such scenes were passing; Luther's writings were translated into French, Spanish, English, and Italian, and circulated amongst these nations.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.

Horace Smith.

[Horace Smith, one of the authors of the famous "Rejected Addresses," is also known as the writer of several novels, and of a few miscellaneous poems. He died at Brighton, July 12, 1849. His brother James, who died in 1839, enjoyed, perhaps, a higher reputation for wit; but the two will be ever associated in the literary history of our time, not only for their success as writers, but for that inestimable quality without which even wit is worthless, kindliness of nature and genuine benevolence.]

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy:
Thou hast a tongue; come, let us hear its tune;
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphynx's fame
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

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Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd.
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen? what strange adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations.

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold.
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd:
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless ligament endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

Archbishop Leighton.

[Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, who was one of the many sufferers for conscience' sake in the reign of Charles I. He was born in 1611, at Edinburgh. The honours of

Episcopacy were almost forced upon him in the reign of Charles II.; but he resigned his archbishopric, and ended his life, in 1684, in privacy and seclusion. His theological works are of the very highest order. One story is related of him that completely illustrates his character. In his day a question frequently put to the Scottish clergy at their assemblies was, "Whether they preached to the times?" When Leighton's turn came, his reply was, "When all my brethren preach to the times, suffer me to preach about eternity."]

There are many things that keep mankind employed, particularly business, or rather trifles; for so the affairs, which are in this world considered as most important, ought to be called when compared to that of minding our own valuable concerns, knowing ourselves, and truly consulting our highest interests; but how few are there that make this their study! The definition you commonly give of man is, that he is a rational creature; though, to be sure, it is not applicable to the generality of mankind, unless you understand that they are such, not actually, but in power only, and that very remote. They are, for the most part at least, more silly and foolish than children, and, like them, fond of toys and rattles; they fatigue themselves, running about and sauntering from place to place, but do nothing to purpose.

What a wonder it is that souls of a heavenly original have so far forgot their native country, and are so immersed in dirt and mud, that there are few men who frequently converse with themselves about their own state, thinking gravely of their original and their end, seriously laying to heart, that, as the poet expresses it, "Good and evil are set before mankind:" and who, after mature consideration, not only think it the most wise and reasonable course, but are also fully resolved to exert themselves to the utmost, in order to arrive at a sovereign contempt of earthly things, and aspire to those enjoyments that are Divine and eternal. For our parts, I am fully persuaded we shall be of this mind, if we seriously reflect upon what has been said. For if there is, of necessity, a complete, permanent, and satisfying good intended for man, and no such good is to be found in the earth or earthly things, we must proceed further, and look for it somewhere else and, in consequence of this, conclude that man is not quite ex-

tinguished by death, but removes to another place, and that the human soul is by all means immortal.

Many men have added a great variety of different arguments to support this conclusion, some of them strong and solid, and others, to speak freely, too metaphysical, and of little strength, especially as they are obscure, as easily denied, and as hard to be proved, as that very conclusion in support of which they are adduced.

They who reason from the immaterial nature of the soul, and from its being infused into the body, as also from its method of operation, which is confined to none of the bodily organs, may easily prevail with those who believe these principles, to admit the truth of the conclusion they draw from them: but if they meet with any who obstinately deny the premises, or even doubt the truth of them, it will be a matter of difficulty to support such hypothesis with clear and conclusive arguments. If the soul of man was well acquainted with itself, and fully understood its own nature, if it could investigate the nature of its union with the body, and the method of its operation therein, we doubt not but from thence it might draw these and other such arguments of its immortality; but since, shut up in the prison of a dark body, it is so little known, and so incomprehensible to itself, and since, in so great obscurity, it can scarce, if at all, discover the least of its own features and complexion, it would be a very difficult matter for it to say much concerning its internal nature, or nicely determine the methods of its operation. But it would be surprising if any one should deny that the very operations it performs, especially those of the more noble and exalted sort, are strong marks and conspicuous characters of its excellence and immortality.

Nothing is more evident than that, besides life, and sense, and animal spirits, which he has in common with the brutes, there is in man something more exalted, more pure, and that more nearly approaches to Divinity. God has given to the former a sensitive soul, but to us a mind also; and, to speak distinctly, that spirit which is peculiar to man, and whereby he is raised above all other animals, ought to be called mind rather than soul. Be this as it

may, it is hardly possible to say how vastly the human mind excels the other with regard to its wonderful powers, and, next to them, with respect to its works, de ices, and inventions. For it performs such great and wonderful things, that the brutes, even those of the greatest sagacity, can neither imitate, nor at all understand, much less invent. Nay, man, though he is much less in bulk, and inferior in strength to the greatest part of them, yet, as lord and king of them all, he can, by surprising means, bend and apply the strength and industry of all the other creatures, the virtues of all herbs and plants, and, in a word, all the parts and powers of this visible world, to the convenience and accommodation of his own life. He also builds cities, erects commonwealths, makes laws, conducts armies, fits out fleets, measures not only the earth, but the heavens also, and investigates the motions of the stars. He foretells eclipses many years before they happen; and, with very little difficulty, sends his thoughts to a great distance, bids them visit the remotest cities and countries, mount above the sun and the stars, and even the heavens themselves.

But all these things are inconsiderable, and contribute but little to our present purpose, in respect of that one incomparable dignity that results to the human mind from its being capable of religion, and having indelible characters thereof naturally stamped upon it. It acknowledges a God, and worships Him; it builds temples to His honour; it celebrates His never enough exalted majesty with sacrifices, prayers, and praises; depends upon His bounty; implores His aid; and so carries on a constant correspondence with heaven: and, which is a very strong proof of its being originally from heaven, it hopes at last to return to it. And truly, in my judgment this previous impression and hope of immortality and these earnest desires after it, are a very strong evidence of that immortality. These impressions, though in most men they lie overpowered, and almost quite extinguished by the weight of their bodies, and an extravagant love to present enjoyments; yet, now and then, in time of adversity, break forth and exert themselves, especially under the pressure of severe distempers, and at the approaches of death. But those whose minds are purified, and their

thoughts habituated to Divine things, with what constant and ardent wishes do they breathe after that blessed immortality? How often do their souls complain within them that they have dwelt so long in these earthly tabernacles? Like exiles, they earnestly wish, make interest, and struggle hard, to regain their native country. Moreover, does not that noble neglect of the body and its senses, and that contempt of all the pleasures of the flesh, which these heavenly souls have attained, evidently show that, in a short time, they will be taken from hence, and that the body and soul are of a very different and almost contrary nature to one another; that, therefore, the duration of the one depends not upon the other, but is quite of another kind; and that the soul, set at liberty from the body, is not only exempted from death, but, in some sense, then begins to live, and then first sees light? Had we not this hope to support us, what ground should we have to lament our first nativity, which placed us in a life so short, so destitute of good, and so crowded with miseries; a life which we pass entirely in grasping phantoms of felicity, and suffering real calamities! So that, if there were not, beyond this, a life and happiness that more truly deserves these names, who can help seeing that, of all creatures, man would be the most miserable, and, of all men, at the best, the most unhappy?

For, although every wise man looks upon the belief of the immortality of the soul as one of the great and principal supports of religion, there may possibly be some rare, exalted, and truly divine minds, who would choose the pure and noble path of virtue for its own sake, would constantly walk in it, and, out of love to it, would not decline the severest hardships, if they should happen to be exposed to them on its own account. Yet it cannot be denied that the common sort of Christians, though they are really and at heart sound believers and true Christians, fall very far short of this attainment, and would scarcely, if at all, embrace virtue and religion, if you take away the rewards; which I think the Apostle Paul hints at in this expression, *if in this life only we have hope, we are of all men the most miserable,* (1 Cor. xv. 19.) The apostle, indeed, does not intend these words as a

direct proof of the immortality of the soul in a separate state, but an argument to prove the resurrection of the body; which is a doctrine near akin, and closely connected with the former. For that great restoration is added as an instance of the superabundance and immensity of the Divine goodness, whose pleasure it is, that not only the better and more divine part of man, which, upon its return to its original Source, is, without the body, capable of enjoying a perfectly happy and eternal life, should have a glorious immortality, but also that this earthly tabernacle, as being the faithful attendant and constant companion of the soul through all its toils and labours in this world, be also admitted to a share and participation of its heavenly and eternal felicity; that so, according to our Lord's expression, every faithful soul may have returned into his bosom, *good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over*, (Luke vi. 38.)

Let our belief of this immortality be founded entirely on divine revelation; and then, like a city fortified with a rampart of earth drawn round it, let it be outwardly guarded and defended by reason, which, in this case, suggests arguments as strong and convincing as the subject will admit of. If any one, in the present case, promises demonstration, his undertaking is certainly too much; if he desires or accepts it from another, he requires too much. There are, indeed, very few demonstrations in philosophy, if you except mathematical sciences, that can be truly and strictly so called; and, if we inquire narrowly into the matter, perhaps we shall find none at all; nay, if even the mathematical demonstrations are examined by the strict rules and ideas of Aristotle, the greatest part of them will be found imperfect and defective. The saying of that philosopher is, therefore, wise and applicable to many cases: "Demonstrations are not to be expected in all cases, but so far as the subject will admit of them." But if we were well acquainted with the nature and essence of the soul, or even its precise method of operation on the body, it is highly probable we could draw from thence evident and undeniable demonstrations of that immortality which we are now asserting;

whereas, so long as the mind of man is so little acquainted with its own nature, we must not expect any such.

But that unquenchable thirst of the soul, which we have already mentioned, is a strong proof of its divine nature; a thirst not to be allayed with the impure and turbid waters of any earthly good, or of all worldly enjoyments taken together. It thirsts after the never-failing fountain of good, according to that of the Psalmist, *As the hart panteth after the water-brooks.* It thirsts after a good, invisible, immaterial, and immortal, to the enjoyment whereof the ministry of a body is so far from being absolutely necessary, that it feels itself shut up and confined by that to which it is now united, as by a partition wall, and groans under the pressure of it. And those souls that are quite insensible of this thirst, are certainly buried in the body as in the carcass of an impure hog; nor have they so entirely divested themselves of this appetite we have mentioned, nor can they possibly so divest themselves of it, as not to feel it severely to their great misery, sooner or later, either when they awake out of their lethargy within the body, or when they are obliged to leave it. To conclude: Nobody, I believe, will deny that we are to form our judgment of the true nature of the human mind, not from the sloth and stupidity of the most degenerate and vilest of men, but from the sentiments and fervent desires of the best and wisest of the species.

These sentiments concerning the immortality of the soul in its future existence not only include no impossibility or absurdity in them, but are also every way agreeable to sound reason, wisdom and virtue, to the divine economy, and the natural wishes and desires of men; wherefore most nations have, with the greatest reason, universally adopted them, and the wisest in all countries and in all ages have cheerfully embraced them.

Epitaphs.

WORDSWORTH.

IT needs scarcely be said, that an epitaph presupposes a monument, upon which it is said to be engraven. Almost all nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their dead are interred. Among savage tribes unacquainted with letters, this has mostly been done by rude stones placed near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire; first, to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach, or from savage violation: and, secondly, to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial, but some savage nations: as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas, who was wont to say—

"'*Non tumulum curo; sepelit Natura relictos.*'"
"I'm careless of a grave:—Nature her dead will save."

As soon as nations had learned the use of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these monuments, in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived monuments and epitaphs from two sources of feeling: but these do, in fact, resolve themselves into one. "The invention of epitaphs," Weever, in his discourse of funeral monuments, says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or forefeeling of immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the scholars of Linus, the Theban poet, who flourished about the year of the world two thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed this Linus their master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him Elina, afterwards Epitaphia, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved upon the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the consciousness of a principle of immortality in the human soul, man could never have had awakened in him the desire to live in the remembrance of his fellows: mere love,

or the yearning of kind towards kind, could not have produced it. The dog or horse perishes in the field, or in the stall, by the side of his companions, and is incapable of anticipating the sorrow with which his surrounding associates shall bemoan his death or pine for his loss; he cannot preconceive this regret, he can form no thought of it; and, therefore, cannot possibly have a desire to leave such a regret or remembrance behind him. Add to the principle of love, which exists in the inferior animals, the faculty of reason which exists in man alone; will the conjunction of these account for the desire? Doubtless it is a necessary consequence of this conjunction: yet not, I think, as a direct result, but only to be come at through an intermediate thought, viz., that of an intimation or assurance within us, that some part of our nature is imperishable. At least the precedence, in order of birth, of one feeling to the other, is unquestionable. If we look back upon the days of childhood, we shall find that the time is not in remembrance when, with respect to our own individual being, the mind was without this assurance; whereas, the wish to be remembered by our friends or kindred, after death, or even in absence, is, as we shall discover, a sensation that does not form itself till the *social* feelings have been developed, and the reason has connected itself with a wide range of objects. Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of its nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational creature, is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child, to an inability, arising from the imperfect state of his faculties, to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what had been instilled into him! Has such an unfolder of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origination? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions; for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate

feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the *whence*, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the *whither*. Origin and tendency are notions inseparably co-relative. Never did a child stand by the side of a running stream, pondering within himself what power was the feeder of the perpetual current, from what never-wearied sources the body of water was supplied, but he must have been inevitably propelled to follow this question by another: "Towards what abyss is it in progress? what receptacle can contain the mighty influx?" And the spirit of the answer must have been, though the word might be sea or ocean, accompanied, perhaps, with an image gathered from a map, or from the real object in nature—these might have been the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the answer must have been *as* inevitably —a receptacle without bounds or dimensions;—nothing less than infinity. We may, then, be justified in asserting that the sense of immortality, if not a co-existent and twin-birth with reason, is among the earliest of her offspring: and we may further assert, that from these conjoined, and under their countenance, the human affections are gradually formed and opened out. This is not the place to enter into the recesses of these investigations; but the subject requires me here to make a plain avowal, that, for my own part, it is to me inconceivable, that the sympathies of love towards each other, which grow with our growth, could ever attain any new strength, or even preserve the old, after we have received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed, had its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves and to those we love, if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute, that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency,

a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful, that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow. If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that man is an immortal being; and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corpse of an unknown person lying by the sea-side; he buried it, and was honoured throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt; saying, "See the shell of a flown bird!" But it is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought, to which that other sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being, nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corpse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise

which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal soul. Each of these sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings, which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connexion than that of contrast. It is a connexion formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets, conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birth-place in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life: and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts, till she is brought back for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things—of sorrow and of tears.

Recurring to the twofold desire of guarding the remains of the deceased and preserving their memory, it may be said that a sepulchral monument is a tribute to a man as a human being; and that an epitaph (in the ordinary meaning attached to the word) includes this general feeling and something more; and is a record to preserve the memory of the dead, as a tribute due to his individual worth, for a satisfaction to the sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and for the common benefit of the living: which record is to be accomplished, not in a general manner, but, where it can, in *close connexion with the bodily remains of the deceased;* and these, it may be added, among the modern nations of Europe, are deposited within, or contiguous to, their places of worship. In ancient times, as is well known, it was the custom to bury the dead beyond the walls of towns and cities; and among the Greeks and Romans they were frequently interred by the wayside.

I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice. We might ruminate upon the beauty which the monuments, thus placed, must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature—from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running perhaps within sight or hearing, from the beaten road stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shade, whether he had halted from weariness or in compliance with the invitation, "Pause, Traveller!" so often found upon the monuments. And to its epitaph also must have been supplied strong appeals to visible appearances or immediate impressions, lively and affecting analogies of life as a journey—death as a sleep overcoming the tired wayfarer—of misfortune as a storm that falls suddenly upon him—of beauty as a flower that passeth away, or of innocent pleasure as one that may be gathered—of virtue that standeth firm as a rock against the beating waves—of hope "undermined insensibly like the poplar by the side of the river that fed it," or blasted in a moment like a pine-tree by the stroke of lightning on the mountain-top—of admonitions and heart-stirring remembrances, like a refreshing breeze that comes without warning, or the taste of the waters of an unexpected fountain. These and similar suggestions must have given, formerly, to the language of the senseless stone a voice enforced and endeared by the benignity of that nature with which it was in unison. We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced, to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within or contiguous to their places of worship, however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary the recollections associated with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory value when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares, yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the

soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay which the fields and woods offer to the notice of a serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery, in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed.

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A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may, indeed be most favourably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the ancients, with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness which attend the celebration of the Sabbath-day in rural places are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish church in the stillness of the country is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connexion with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind · upon departed worth—upon personal or social sorrow and admiration—upon religion, individual and social —upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contains nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But to entitle an epitaph to praise more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment

may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with sensations of pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence over a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities or the solid virtues of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This, and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living is to be found in them.

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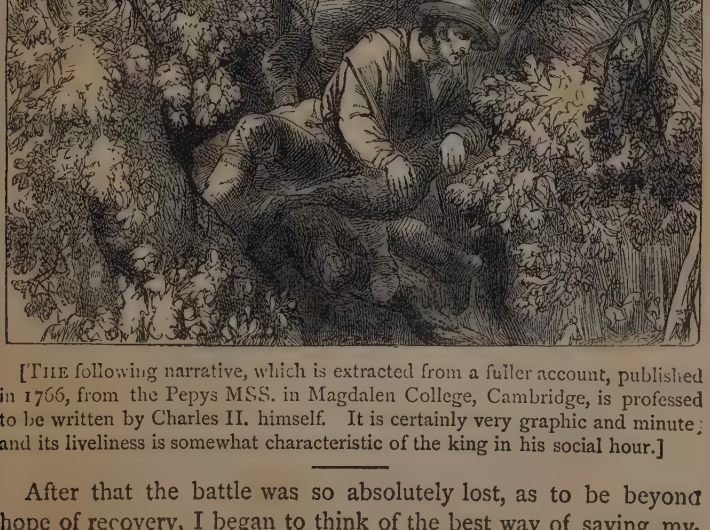
The first requisite in an epitaph is that it should speak, in a tone which shall sink into the heart, the general language of humanity as connected with the subject of death—the source from which an epitaph proceeds; of death and of life. To be born and to die are the two points in which all men feel themselves to be in absolute coincidence. This general language may be uttered so strikingly as to entitle an epitaph to high praise: yet it cannot lay claim to the highest unless other excellences be superadded. Passing through all intermediate steps, we will attempt to determine at once what these excellences are, and wherein consists the perfection of this species of composition. It will be found to lie in a due proportion of the common or universal feeling of humanity to sensations excited by a distinct and clear conception conveyed to the reader's mind of the individual whose death is deplored and whose memory is to be preserved; at least of his character as, after death, it appeared to those who loved him and lament his loss. The general sympathy ought to be quickened, provoked, and diversified by particular thoughts, actions, images —circumstances of age, occupation, manner of life, prosperity which the deceased had known, or adversity to which he had been subject; and these ought to be bound together and solemnised into one harmony by the general sympathy. The two powers should temper, restrain, and exalt each other. The reader ought

to know who and what the man was whom he is called upon to think of with interest. A distinct conception should be given (implicitly where it can, rather than explicitly) of the individual lamented. But the writer of an epitaph is not an anatomist who dissects the internal frame of the mind; he is not even a painter who executes a portrait at leisure and in entire tranquillity: his delineation we must remember, is performed by the side of the grave; and, what is more, the grave of one whom he loves and admires. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The character of a deceased friend or a beloved kinsman is not seen, no—nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a tree through a tender haze or a luminous mist, that spiritualises and beautifies it; that takes away indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and affect the more. Shall we say, then, that this is not truth, not a faithful image; and that accordingly the purposes of commemoration cannot be answered? It *is* truth, and of the highest order! for, though doubtless things are not apparent which did exist, yet, the object being looked at through this medium, parts and proportions are brought into distinct view which before had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is the truth hallowed by love—the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living! This may easily be brought to the test. Let one whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! Enmity melts away; and as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity vanish; and through the influence of commiseration a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale? No—the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer's mind had remained an impression which

was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt, as something midway between what he was on earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a spirit in heaven.

Escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester.



[THE following narrative, which is extracted from a fuller account, published in 1766, from the Pepys MSS. in Magdalen College, Cambridge, is professed to be written by Charles II. himself. It is certainly very graphic and minute; and its liveliness is somewhat characteristic of the king in his social hour.]

After that the battle was so absolutely lost, as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving my-

self; and the first thought that came into my head was, that, If I could possibly, I would get to London as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither: and it being near dark, I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions, which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us of the horse, that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them now I had a mind to it.

So we, that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcey, and several others of my servants, went along northward towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipped away out of the high road that goes to Lancashire, and kept on the right hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road, and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding directly for it, nor could we do it, because there were yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

So we rode through a town short of Wolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went through, there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country-fellow.

We went that night about twenty miles, to a place called White Lady's, hard by Tong Castle, by the advice of Mr Giffard, where we stopped, and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Lady's was a private house, that Mr Giffard, who was a

Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.

And just as we came thither, there came in a country-fellow, that told us there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie, and some other of the general officers; upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me who were very earnest that I should go to him, and endeavour to go into Scotland, which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand to me when they had been beaten.

This made me take the resolution of putting myself into a disguise. And endeavouring to get a-foot to London, in a country-fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray-cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Lady's. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my clothes into a privy-house, that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves. I acquainting none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess; on which consideration, they, with one voice, begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me, (except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting at London, if we escaped, and who endeavoured to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot,) were resolved to go and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were not marched six miles, after they got to them, but they were all routed by a single troop of horse, which shows that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away.

As soon as I was disguised, I took with me a country-fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr Giffard had under-

taken to answer for to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding-holes for priests that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

I was no sooner gone (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day) out of the house with this country-fellow, but, being in a great wood, I sat myself at the edge of the wood, near the highway that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the runaways, and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

In this wood I stayed all day, without meat or drink; and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say, that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was—this contributing to my safety.

As I was in the wood, I talked with the fellow about getting towards London, and asked him many questions about what gentlemen he knew. I did not find he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved of another way of making my escape; which was, to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansea or some other of the sea-towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that, I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales.

So that night as soon as it was dark, Richard Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry, halfway between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night we came up by a mill, where I heard some

people talking, (memorandum, that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in,) and, as we conceived, it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country-fellow desired me not to answer if anybody should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country.

Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill-door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, "Who goes there?" Upon which Richard Penderell answered, "Neighbours going home," or some such-like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, "If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down." Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close; and he ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, "Rogues, rogues!" And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed were soldiers. So we fell a running both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn, where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr Woolfe, that lived in that town, where I might be with great safety; for that he had hiding-holes for priests. But I would not go in till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me: and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I, but only to ask Mr Woolfe whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night—for I durst not go but by night.

Mr Woolfe, when the country-fellow told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said, that for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour anybody that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the king himself. Upon which, Richard Penderell very in-

discreetly, and without my leave, told him that it was I. Upon which Mr Woolfe replied, that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done. At which I was a little troubled; but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that or run some greater danger.

So I came into the house a backway, where I found Mr Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me that he was very sorry to see me there, because there were two companies of the militia foot at that time in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry, to examine everybody that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house, because they had been discovered, and consequently, if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes, and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lie behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day; when towards evening, his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released, and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and then we discoursed with them whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales, which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn, where any passage could be found, for preventing anybody's escape that way into Wales.

Upon this I took the resolution of going that night the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London.

So we set out as soon as it was dark; but we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there, and therefore asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim

or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes by the river side, and I entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle, and thereupon, taking Richard Penderell by the hand, helped him over.

Which being done, we went on our way to one of Penderell's brothers, (his house being not far from White Lady's,) who had been guide to my Lord Wilmot, and we believed might by that time be come back again, for my Lord Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house I inquired where my Lord Wilmot was—it being now towards morning, and having travelled these two nights on foot. Penderell's brother told me that he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr Pitchcroft,* not far from Wolverhampton, a Roman Catholic. I asked him what news. He told me that there was one Major Careless in the house, that was that countryman, whom I knowing, he having been a major in our army, and made his escape thither, a Roman Catholic also, I sent for him into the room where I was, and consulting with him what we should do the next day. He told me that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house, or to go into the wood,—there being a great wood hard by Boscobel; that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was, to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape. Of which proposition of his I approving, we (that is to say, Careless and I) went, and carried up some victuals for the whole day—viz., bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak, that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being

* Charles mistook the name, which was Whitgreave. He was thinking of the field called Pitchcroft, near Worcester, where his army was encamped the night before the memorable battle.

grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all the day. I having, in the meantime, sent Penderell's brother to Mr Pitchcroft's, to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no, and had word brought me by him at night that my lord was there, that there was a very secure hiding-hole in Mr Pitchcroft's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him.

Memorandum :—That while we were in this tree we see soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them now and then peeping out of the wood.

That night Richard Penderell and I went to Mr Pitchcroft's, about six or seven miles off, when I found the gentleman of the house, and an old grandmother of his, and Father Hurlston, who had then the care, as governor, of bringing up two young gentlemen, who, I think, were Sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys.

Here I spoke with my Lord Wilmot, and sent him away to Colonel Lane's about five or six miles off, to see what means could be found for my escaping towards London ; who told my lord, after some consultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers, that was married to one Mr Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol, on Somersetshire side, and she might carry me thither as her man ; and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England.

Artegal and the Giant.

SPENSER.

THEY saw before them, far as they could view,
Full many people gathered in a crew ;
Whose great assembly they did much admire ;
For never there the like resort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to inquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

There they beheld a mighty Giant stand
Upon a rock, and holding forth on high
A huge great pair of balance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie*
That all the world he would weigh equally
If ought he had the same to counterpoise:
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fill'd his balance full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fools, women, and boys.

He said that he would all the earth uptake,
And all the sea, divided each from either;
So would he of the fire one balance make,
And one of air, without or wind or weather;
Then would he balance heaven and hell together
And all that did within them all contain;
Of all whose weight he would not miss a feather:
And look what surplus did of each remain,
He would to his own part restore the same again.

For why, he said, they all unequal were,
And had encroached upon each other's share;
Like as the sea (which plain he showed there)
Had worn the earth, so did the fire the air;
So all the rest did others' parts impair:
And so were realms and nations run awry.
All which he undertook for to repair,
In sort as they were formed anciently;
And all things would reduce into equality.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock
And cluster thick unto his leasings vain;
Like foolish flies about an honey-crock;
In hope by him great benefit to gain,
And uncontrolled freedom to obtain.
All which when *Artegal* did see and hear,
How he misled the simple people's train,
In 'sdainful wise he drew unto him near,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or fear:

"Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equal to restore,
Instead of right meseems great wrong dost show,
And far above thy forces' pitch to soar:

* *Surquedrie*—presumption.

For ere thou limit what is less or more
In everything, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poise of every part of yore:
And look, then, how much it doth overflow
Or fail thereof, so much is more than just to trow.

"For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Maker's might;
And weighed out in balances so near,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immovable abide,
Hemm'd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with air, that not a drop can slide:
All which the heavens contain, and in their courses guide.

"Such heavenly justice doth among them reign,
That every one do know their certain bound;
In which they do these many years remain,
And 'mongst them all no change hath yet been found:
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remain:
All change is perilous, and all chance unsound;
Therefore leave off to weigh them all again,
Till we may be assured they shall their course retain."

"Thou foolish elf," said then the Giant, wroth,
"Seest not how badly all things present be,
And each estate quite out of order goeth?
And sea itself dost not thou plainly see
Encroach upon the land there under thee?
And th' earth itself how daily it's increased
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least?

"Therefore I will throw down these mountains high,
And make them level with the lowly plain;
These tow'ring rocks, which reach unto the sky,
I will thrust down into the deepest main,
And, as they were, them equalise again.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may reign;
And Lordlings curb that Commons over-awe;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poor will draw."

"Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright,"
Then answered the righteous *Artegal*,
"Sith thou misdeemst so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continual
Do eat the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the less, or loseth aught:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying unto it do fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossoms or their blade
Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turn to that whereof they first were made?
All in the power of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most High.

"They live, they die, like as He doth ordain,
Nor ever any asketh reason why.
The hills do not the lowly vales disdain;
The vales do not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;
He maketh subjects to their power obey;
He pulleth down, He setteth up on high;
He gives to this, from that He takes away:
For all we have is His: what He list do, He may.

"Whatever thing is done, by Him is done,
Ne any may His mighty will withstand;
Ne any may His sovereign power shun,
Ne loose that He hath bound with steadfast band.
In vain therefore dost thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His works anew,
Whose counsels' depth thou canst not understand;
Since of things subject to thy daily view
Thou dost not know the causes nor the courses due.

"For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the East doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow.

But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
Thou dost not know the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small."

Therewith the Giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that ever could be laid
Within his balance he could weigh aright.
"Which is," said he, "more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the true?"
He answered that he would try it straight:
So he the words into his balance threw;
But straight the winged words out of his balance flew.

Wroth wax'd he then, and said that words were light,
Ne would within his balance well abide:
But he could justly weigh the wrong or right,
"Well then," said *Artegal*, "let it be tried:
First in one balance set the true aside."
He did so first, and then the first he laid
In th' other scale; but still it down did slide,
And by no means could in the weight be stay'd:
For by no means the false will with the truth be weigh'd.

"Now take the right likewise," said *Artegal*,
"And counterpoise the same with so much wrong."
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Giant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong:
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it poise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chaf'd, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right down weigh.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken,
But *Artegal* him fairly 'gan assuage,
And said, "Be not upon thy balance wroken;
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doom of right must be:
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The ear must be the balance, to decree;
The judge, whether with truth or falsehood they agree

"But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falsehood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tried,
Or else two falses, of each equal share,
And then together do them both compare:
For truth is one, and right is ever one."
So did he; and then plain it did appear,
Whether of them the greater were attone:
But right sat in the middest of the beam alone.

But he the right from thence did thrust away;
For it was not the right which he did seek;
But rather strove extremities to weigh,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eke:
For of the mean he greatly did misleek.
Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheek by cheek
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing in the sea him drown'd.

Like as a ship, whom cruel tempest drives
Upon a rock with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand pieces rives,
And spoiling all her gears and goodly ray
Does make herself misfortune's piteous prey.
So down the cliff the wretched Giant tumbled;
His battered balances in pieces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aspiring with huge ruin humbled.

That when the people, which had thereabout
Long waited, saw his sudden desolation,
They 'gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stir up civil faction
For certain loss of so great expectation:
For well they hoped to have got great good
And wondrous riches by his innovation:
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in arms, and all in battle order stood.

The Nile and the Desert.

H. MARTINEAU.

[FROM EASTERN LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT.]

DIODORUS SICULUS tells us that Antæ (supposed by Wilkinson to be probably the same with Ombte) had charge of the Ethiopian and Lybian parts of the kingdom of Osiris, while Osiris went abroad through the earth to benefit it with his gifts. Antæ seems not to have been always in friendship with the house of Osiris; and was killed here by Hercules on behalf of Osiris; but he was worshipped here, near the spot where the wife and son of Osiris avenged his death on his murderer, Typho. The temple sacred to Antæ, (or, in the Greek, Antæus,) parts of which were standing thirty years ago, was a rather modern affair, having been built about the time of the destruction of the Colossus of Rhodes. Ptolemy Philopater built it; and he was the Egyptian monarch who sent presents and sympathy to Rhodes on occasion of the fall of the Colossus. Now, nothing remains of the monuments but some heaps of stones; nothing whatever that can be seen from the river. The traveller can only look upon hamlets of modern Arabs, and speculate on the probability of vast "treasures hid in the sand."

If I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such an occasion. It should be for a great winnowing fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt. What a scene would be laid open then! One statue and sarcophagus, brought from Memphis, was buried one hundred and thirty feet below the mound surface. Who knows but that the greater part of old Memphis, and of other glorious cities, lies almost unharmed under the sand? Who can say what armies of sphinxes, what sentinels of colossi, might start up on the banks of the river, or come forth from the hill-sides of the interior, when the cloud of sand had been wafted away? The ruins which we now go to

study might then appear occupying only eminences, while below might be ranges of pylons, miles of colonnade, temples intact, and gods and goddesses safe in their sanctuaries. What quays along the Nile, and the banks of forgotten canals! what terraces, and flights of wide shallow steps! What architectural stages might we not find for a thousand miles along the river, where now the orange sands lie so smooth and light as to show the track—the clear foot-print—of every beetle that comes out to bask in the sun! But it is better as it is. If we could once blow away the sand, to discover the temples and palaces, we should next want to rend the rocks, to lay open the tombs; and Heaven knows that this would set us wishing further. It is best as it is; for the time has not come for the full discovery of the treasures of Egypt. It is best as it is. The sand is a fine means of preservation; and the present inhabitants perpetuate enough of the names to serve for guidance when the day for exploration shall come. The minds of scholars are preparing for an intelligent interpretation of what a future age may find; and science, chemical and mechanical, will probably supply such means hereafter as we have not now, for treating and removing the sand, when its conservative office has lasted long enough. We are not worthy yet of this great unveiling; and the inhabitants are not, from their ignorance, trustworthy as spectators. It is better that the world should wait, if only care be taken that the memory of no site now known be lost. True as I feel it to be that we had better wait, I was for ever catching myself in a speculation, not only on the buried treasures of the mounds on shore, but on means for managing this obstinate sand.

And yet, vexatious as is its presence in many a daily scene, this sand has a bright side to its character, like everything else. Besides its great office of preserving unharmed for a future age the records of the oldest times known to man, the sand of the desert has, for many thousand years, shared equally with the Nile the function of determining the character and the destiny of a whole people, who have again operated powerfully on the characters and destiny of other nations. Everywhere the minds and fortunes

of human races are mainly determined by the characteristics of the soil on which they are born and reared. In our own small island, there are, as it were, three tribes of people, whose lives are much determined still, in spite of all modern facilities for intercourse, by the circumstance of their being born and reared on the mineral strip to the west—the pastoral strip in the middle—or the eastern agricultural portion. The Welsh and Cornwall miners are as widely different from the Lincolnshire or Kentish husbandmen, and the Leicestershire herdsmen, as Englishmen can be from Englishmen. Not only their physical training is different; their intellectual faculties are differently exercised, and their moral ideas and habits vary accordingly. So it is in every country where there is a diversity of geological formation: and nowhere is the original constitution of the earth so strikingly influential on the character of its inhabitants as in Egypt. There, everything depends—life itself, and all that it includes—on the state of the unintermitting conflict between the Nile and the Desert. The world has seen many struggles; but no other so pertinacious, so perdurable, and so sublime as the conflict of these two great powers. The Nile, ever young because perpetually renewing its youth, appears to the unexperienced eye to have no chance, with its stripling force, against the great old Goliath, the Desert, whose might has never relaxed, from the earliest days till now; but the giant has not conquered yet. Now and then he has prevailed for a season, and the tremblers, whose destiny hung on the event, have cried out that all was over; but he has once more been driven back, and Nilus has risen up again, to do what we see him doing in the sculptures—bind up his water plants about the throne of Egypt. These fluctuations of superiority have produced extraordinary effects on the people for the time, but these are not the forming and training influences which I am thinking of now. It is true that when the Nile gains too great an accession of strength, and runs in destructively upon the Desert, men are in despair at seeing their villages swept away, and that torrents come spouting out from the sacred tombs in the mountain, as the fearful clouds of the sky come down to aid the river of the valley. It is true that,

in the opposite case, they tremble when the heavens are alive with meteors, and the Nile is too weak to rise and meet the sand columns that come marching on, followed by blinding clouds of the enemy; and that famine is then inevitable, bringing with it the moral curses which attend upon hunger. It is true that at such times strangers have seen (as we know from Abdallatif, himself an eye-witness) how little children are made food of, and even men slaughtered for meat, like cattle. It is true that such have been the violent effects produced on men's conduct by extremity here; —effects much like what are produced by extremity everywhere. It is not of this that I am thinking when regarding the influence on a nation of the incessant struggle between the Nile and the Desert. It is of the formation of their ideas and habits, and the training of their desires.

From the beginning, the people of Egypt have had everything to hope from the river, nothing from the desert; much to fear from the desert, and little from the river. What their fear may reasonably be, any one may know who looks upon a hillocky expanse of sand, where the little jerboa burrows, and the hyæna prowls at night. Under these hillocks lie temples and palaces, and under the level sands a whole city. The enemy has come in from behind, and stifled and buried it. What is the hope of the people from the river, any one may witness who, at the regular season, sees the people grouped on the eminences, watching the advancing waters, and listening for the voice of the crier, or the boom of the cannon, which is to tell the prospect or event of the inundation of the year. Who can estimate the effect on a nation's mind and character, of a perpetual vigilance against the Desert, (see what it is in Holland of a similar vigilance against the sea;) and of an annual mood of hope in regard to the Nile? Who cannot see what a stimulating and enlivening influence this periodical anxiety and relief must exercise on the character of a nation: And, then, there is the effect on their ideas. The Nile was naturally deified by the old inhabitants. It was a god to the mass, and at least one of the manifestations of Deity to the priestly class. As it was the immediate cause of all they had, and all they hoped

for—the creative power regularly at work before their eyes, usually conquering, though occasionally checked, it was to them the good power; and the Desert was the evil one. Hence came a main part of their faith, embodied in the allegory of the burial of Osiris in the sacred stream, whence he rose, once a year, to scatter blessings over the earth. Then, the structure of their country originated or modified their ideas of death and life. As to the disposal of their dead, they could not dream of consigning their dead to the waters which were too sacred to receive any meaner body than the incorruptible one of Osiris; nor must any other be placed within reach of its waters, or in the way of the pure production of the valley. There were the boundary rocks, with the limits afforded by their caves. These became sacred to the dead. After the accumulation of a few generations of corpses, it became clear how much more extensive was the world of the dead than that of the living; and as the proportion of the living to the dead became, before men's eyes, smaller and smaller, the state of the dead became a subject of proportionate importance to them, till their faith and practice grew into what we see them in the records of the temples and tombs—engrossed with the idea of death, and in preparation for it. The unseen world became all and in all to them; and the visible world and present life of little more importance than as the necessary introduction to the higher and greater. The imagery before their eyes perpetually sustained these modes of thought. Everywhere they had in presence the symbols of the worlds of death and life; the limited scene of production, activity, and change;—the valley with its verdure, its floods, and its busy multitudes, who were all incessantly passing away, to be succeeded by their like; while, as a boundary to this scene of life, lay the region of death, to their view unlimited, and everlastingly silent to the human ear. Their imagery of death was wholly suggested by the scenery of their abode. Our reception of this is much injured by our having been familiarised with it first through the ignorant and vulgarised Greek adoption of it, in their imagery of Charon, Styx, Cerberus, and Rhadamanthus: but if we can forget these, and look upon the older records with fresh eyes, it is

inexpressibly interesting to contemplate the symbolical representations of death by the oldest of the Egyptians, before Greek or Persian was heard of in the world; the passage of the dead across the river or lake of the valley, attended by the conductor of souls, the god Anubis; the formidable dog, the guardian of the mansion of Osiris, (or the divine abode;) the balance in which the heart or deeds of the deceased are weighed against the symbol of Integrity; the infant Harpocrates—the emblem of a new life, seated before the throne of the judge; the range of assessors who are to pronounce on the life of the being come up to judgment; and finally the judge himself, whose suspended sceptre is to give the sign of acceptance—or condemnation. Here the deceased has crossed the living valley and river; and in the caves of the death region, where the howl of the wild dog is heard by night, is this process of judgment going forward: and none but those who have seen the contrasts of the region with their own eyes, none who have received the idea through the borrowed imagery of the Greeks, or the traditions of any other people, can have any adequate notion how the mortuary ideas of the primitive Egyptians, and, through them, of the civilised world at large, have been originated by the everlasting conflict of the Nile and the Desert.

How the presence of these elements has, in all ages, determined the occupations and habits of the inhabitants, needs only to be pointed out; the fishing, the navigation, and the almost amphibious habits of the people are what they owe to the Nile, and their practice of laborious tillage to the Desert. A more striking instance of patient industry can nowhere be found than in the method of irrigation practised in all times in this valley. After the subsidence of the Nile, every drop of water needed for tillage, and for all other purposes, for the rest of the year, is hauled up and distributed by human labour, up to the point where the sakia, worked by oxen, supersedes the shadoof, worked by men. Truly the Desert is here a hard task-master; or, rather, a pertinacious enemy, to be incessantly guarded against: but yet a friendly adversary, inasmuch as such natural compulsion to toil is favourable to a nation's character.

One other obligation which the Egyptians owe to the Desert struck me freshly and forcibly, from the beginning of our voyage to the end. It plainly originated their ideas of art; not those of the present inhabitants, which are wholly Saracenic still: but those of the primitive race, who appear to have originated art all over the world. The first thing that impressed me in the Nile scenery, above Cairo, was the angularity in all the forms. The trees appeared almost the only exceptions. The line of the Arabian hills soon became so even as to give them the appearance of being supports of a vast table-land, while the sand, heaped up at their bases, was like a row of pyramids. Elsewhere, one's idea of sand-hills is that, of all round eminences, they are the roundest; but here their form is generally that of truncated pyramids. The entrances of the caverns are square. The masses of sand left by the Nile are square. The river banks are graduated by the action of the water, so that one may see a hundred natural Nilometers in as many miles. Then, again, the forms of the rocks, especially the limestone ranges, are remarkably grotesque. In a few days, I saw, without looking for them, so many colossal figures of men and animals springing from the natural rocks, so many sphinxes and strange birds, that I was quite prepared for anything I afterwards met with in the temples. The higher we went up the country, the more pyramidal became the forms of even the mud houses of the modern people: and in Nubia they were worthy, from their angularity, of old Egypt. It is possible that the people of Abyssinia might, in some obscure age, have derived their ideas of art from Hindostan, and propagated them down the Nile. No one can now positively contradict it. But I did not feel on the spot that any derived art was likely to be in such perfect harmony with its surroundings as that of Egypt certainly is; a harmony so wonderful as to be, perhaps, the most striking circumstance of all to a European, coming from a country where all art is derived,*

* Even the Gothic spire is believed by those who know best to be an attenuated obelisk; as the obelisk is an attenuated pyramid. Our Gothic aisles are sometimes conjectured to be a symmetrical stone copy of the glades of a forest: but there are pillared aisles at El Karnac and Medeenet Haboo, which

and its main beauty therefore lost. It is useless to speak of the beauty of Egyptian architecture and sculpture to those who, not going to Egypt, can form no conception of its main condition;—its appropriateness. I need not add that I think it worse than useless to adopt Egyptian forms and decorations in countries where there is no Nile and no Desert, and where decorations are not, as in Egypt, fraught with meaning—pictured language—messages to the gazer. But I must speak more of this hereafter. Suffice it now that in the hills, angular at their summits, with angular mounds at their bases, and angular caves in their strata, we could not but at once see the originals of temples, pyramids, and tombs. Indeed, the pyramids look like an eternal fixing down of the shifting sand-hills, which are here the main features of the Desert. If we consider further what facility the Desert has afforded for scientific observation—how it was the field for the meteorological studies of the Egyptians, and how its permanent pyramidal forms served them, whether originally or by derivation, with instruments of measurement and calculation for astronomical purposes; we shall see that, one way or another, the Desert has been a great benefactor to the Egyptians of all time, however fairly regarded, in some senses, as an enemy. The sand may, as I said before, have a fair side to its character, if it has taken a leading part in determining the ideas, the feelings, the worship, the occupation, the habits, and the arts of the people of the Nile valley, for many thousand years.

Society at Naples.

FORSYTH.

[JAMES FORSYTH, the author of "Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy," was born at Elgin in 1763. He was educated at Aberdeen, and subsequently became the head of a classical school near London. His passionate desire was to see Italy; and in 1802 and 1803 he accomplished his object, and acquired the materials for the volume which

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were constructed in a country which had no woods, and before the forests of northern Europe are discernible in the dim picture of ancient history.

has given him a more enduring reputation than is won by many tourists. Upon the rupture between England and France, which followed the short peace, Mr Forsyth was seized at Turin, on his return home, and was detained in Italy and France till 1814, when the allied armies entered Paris. His health was broken by his long confinement under the brutal despotism of Napoleon, and he died in 1815.]

Nobility is nowhere so pure as in a barbarous state. When a nation becomes polished, its nobles either corrupt their blood with plebeian mixture, as in England; or they disappear altogether, as in France. Now Naples, in spite of all her fiddlers, is still in a state of barbarian twilight, which resisted the late livid flash of philosophy; and the nobility of Naples remains incorrupt. Though often cut by adultery with footmen, and sometimes reduced to beg in the streets, still is it pure both in heraldry and opinion; for nothing here degrades it but *mésalliance*, commerce, or a hemp rope.

The Neapolitan noblemen have seldom been fairly reported. In England, where rank is more circumscribed, nobility generally commands fortune or pride enough to protect it from common contempt. At Naples it is diffused so widely and multiplies so fast, that you find titles at every corner. Principi or de' principi, without a virtue or a ducat. Hence strangers, who find no access to noblemen of retired merit, must form on those of the coffee-houses their opinion of the whole order, and level it with the lowest lazaroni, till the two extremes of society meet in ignorance and vice.

In fact, these children of the sun are too ardent to settle in mediocrity. Some noblemen rose lately into statesmen and orators in the short-lived republic; some fell gloriously; others have enriched literature or extended the bounds of science; a few speak with a purity foreign to this court; and not a few are models of urbanity. If you pass, however, from these into the mob of gentlemen, you will find men who glory in an exemption from mental improvement, and affect "all the honourable points of ignorance." In a promiscuous company, the most noted sharper or the lowest buffoon shall, three to one, be a nobleman.

In the economy of the noblest houses there is something farcical. In general, their footmen, having only six ducats a month to subsist on, must, from sheer hunger, be thieves. A certain prince, who is probably not singular, allots to his own dinner one ducat a day. For this sum his people are bound to serve up a stated number of dishes, but then he is obliged to watch while eating; for, if he once turn round, half the service disappears. Yet such jugglers as these find their match in his Highness; for, whenever he means to smuggle the remains of his meal, he sends them all out on different errands at the same moment, and then crams his pockets for supper. Yet, when this man gives an entertainment, it is magnificence itself. On these rare occasions he acts like a prince, and his people behave like gentlemen for the day. He keeps a chaplain in his palace; but the poor priest must pay him for his lodging there. He keeps a numerous household; but his officers must play with him for their wages. In short, his whole establishment is a compound of splendour and meanness—a palace of marble thatched with straw.

In this upper class, the ladies, if not superior in person, seem far more graceful than the men, and excel in all the arts of the sex. Those of the middle rank go abroad in black silk mantles, which are fastened behind round the waist, pass over the head, and end in a deep black veil; the very demureness of this costume is but a refinement in coquetry.

If Naples be "a paradise inhabited by devils," I am sure it is by merry devils. Even the lowest class enjoy every blessing that can make the animal happy—a delicious climate, high spirits, a facility of satisfying every appetite, a conscience which gives no pain, a convenient ignorance of their duty, and a church which insures heaven to every ruffian that has faith. Here tatters are not misery, for the climate requires little covering; filth is not misery to them who are born to it; and a few fingerings of maccaroni can wind up the rattling machine for the day.

They are, perhaps, the only people on earth that do not pretend to virtue. On their own stage they suffer the Neapolitan of the drama to be always a rogue. If detected in theft, a lazarone will

ask you, with impudent surprise, how you could possibly expect a poor man to be an angel? Yet what are these wretches? Why, men whose persons might stand as models to a sculptor; whose gestures strike you with the commanding energy of a savage; whose language, gaping and broad as it is, when kindled by passion, bursts into oriental metaphor; whose ideas are cooped indeed within a narrow circle, but a circle in which they are invincible. If you attack them there, you are beaten. Their exertion of soul, their humour, their fancy, their quickness of argument, their address at flattery, their rapidity of utterance, their pantomime and grimace, none can resist but a lazarone himself.

These gifts of nature are left to luxuriate unrepressed by education, by any notions of honesty, or habits of labour. Hence their ingenuity is wasted in crooked little views. Intent on the piddling game of cheating only for their own day, they let the great chance lately go by, and left a few immortal patriots to stake their all for posterity, and to lose it.

In that dreadful trial of men's natures, the lazaroni betrayed a pure love of blood, which they now disavow, and call in the Calabrians to divide the infamy. They reeled ferociously from party to party, from saint to saint, and were steady to nothing but mischief and the Church. These cannibals, feasting at their fires on human carnage, would kneel down and beat their breasts in the fervour of devotion, whenever the sacring bell went past to the sick; and some of Ruffo's cut-throats, would never mount their horses without crossing themselves and muttering a prayer.

On a people so fiery and prompt, I would employ every terror human and divine against murder; yet nowhere is that crime more encouraged by impunity. A mattress-maker called lately at the house where I lodged, with a rueful face and a "Malora! malora!" "What is the matter?" said my landlord. "My son, my poor Gennarro, has had the misfortune to fall out with a neighbour, and is now in sanctuary." "What! has he murdered him?" "Alas! we could not help it." "Wretch! were you an accessory too?" "Nay, I only held the rascal's hands while my poor boy despatched him." "And you call this a misfortune?"

"It was the will of God: what would you have?" "I would have you both hanged. Pray, how have you escaped the gallows?" "Alas! it has cost me two thousand hard-earned ducats to accommodate this foolish affair." "And so the relations of the dead have compounded?" "No, hang them! the cruel monsters insisted on bringing us both to justice. You must know, one of the fellow's 'compari' is a turner, who teaches the prince royal his trade. This vile informer denounced me to his pupil, his pupil to the king, and the king ordered immediate search to be made for me! but the police paid more respect to my ducats than to his majesty's commands. We have now pacified all concerned, except a brother of the deceased, a malicious wretch, who will listen to no terms." "He does perfectly right." "Not if he consult his own safety. My Gennarro, I can assure you, is a lad of spirit." "Miscreant! would you murder the brother too?" "If it be the will of God, it must be done. I am sure we wish to live peaceably with our fellow-citizens; but if they are unreasonable, if they *will* keep honest people away from their families and callings, they must even take the consequences, and submit to God's holy will." My landlord, on repeating this dialogue to me, added, that the mattress-maker is much respected in Naples, as an upright, religious, warm-hearted man, who would cheerfully divide his last ducat with a friend.

A Farewell to Tobacco.

CHARLES LAMB.

MAY the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant,)
To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love thee, so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst woman: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express,
(Fancy and wit in richest dress,)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to feil chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Gorgon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou
That but by reflex canst show,
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart,
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume;
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain:
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth, and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison;
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness

Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express;
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must)
leave thee;
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katharine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweats, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's
wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight
An unconquered Canaanite.

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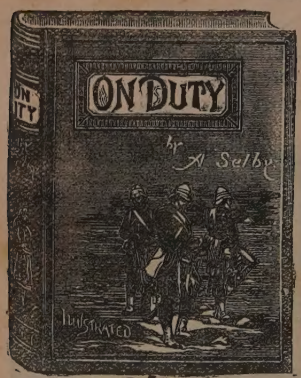

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